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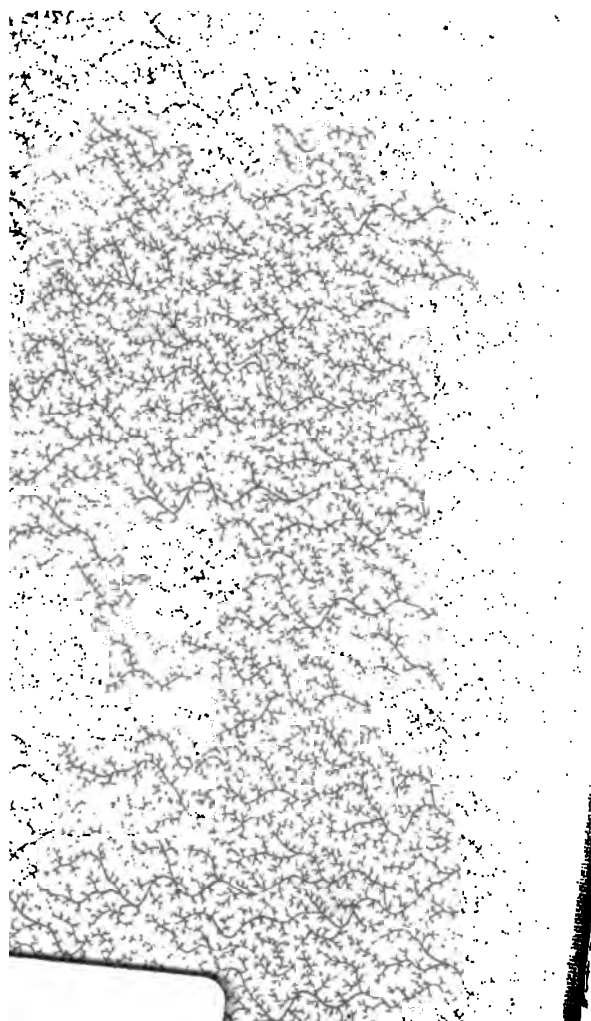
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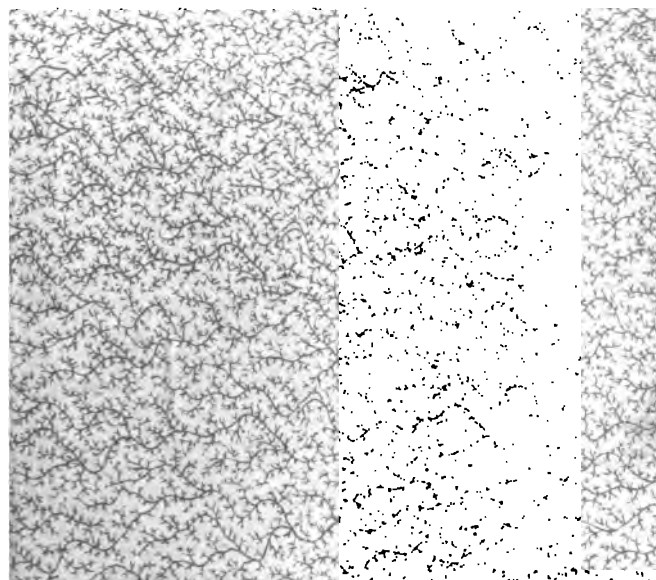
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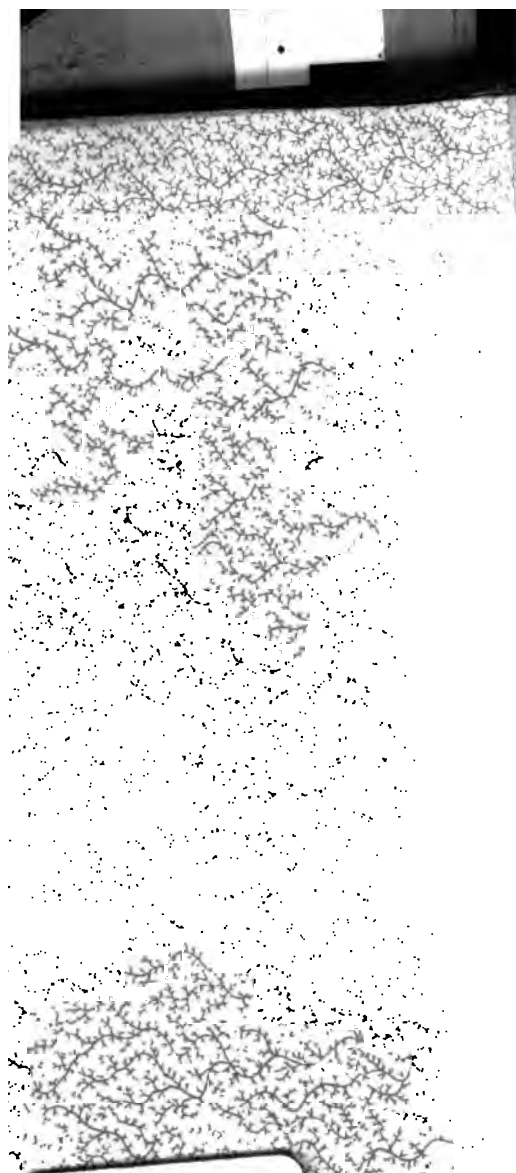


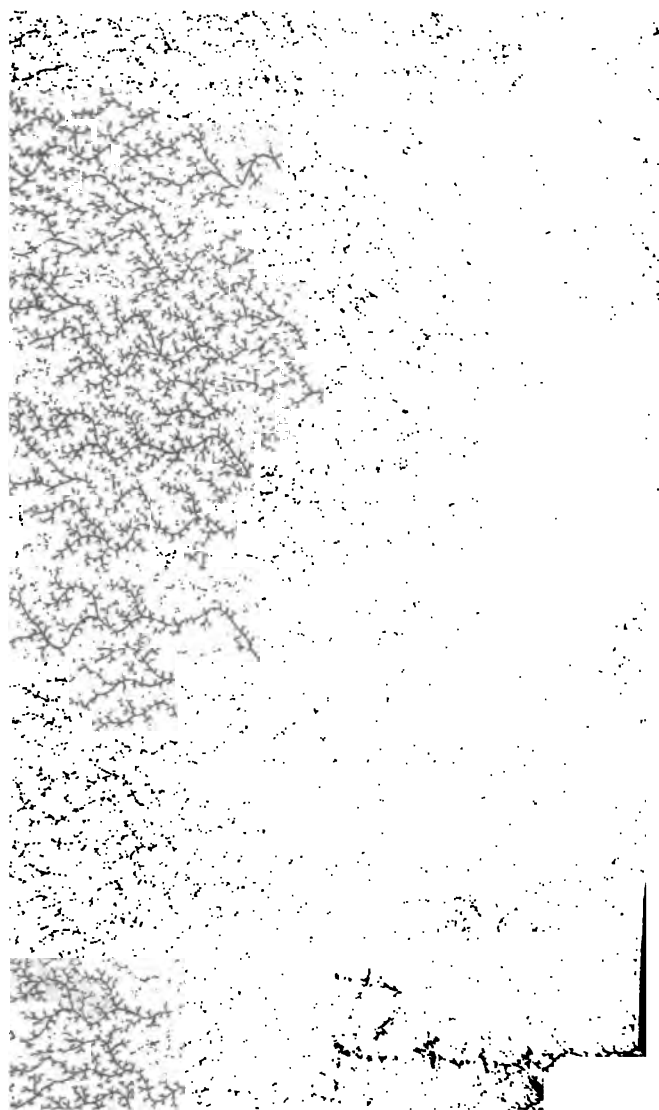
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1871

1872

1873

THE  
P L A Y S  
OF  
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

*VOLUME THE TENTH;*

CONTAINING  
ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA..... CYMBELINE.  
TITUS ANDRONICUS.



L O N D O N :  
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1800.



[REDACTED]





*Anthony and Cleopatra?*

*Act. 4. Scene. 12.*

*Published Oct. 1. 1800. by Terner & Hood. Poultry.*

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Harding's Edition.

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ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA,

A

TRAGEDY.

BY

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

ACCURATELY PRINTED

FROM THE TEXT OF

*Mr. STEEVENS'S LAST EDITION.*

Ornamented with Plates.

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1799.



2000  
2000  
2000

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## OBSERVATIONS.

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**A**MONG the entries in the books of the Stationers' Company, October 19, 1593, I find "A Booke entituled the Tragedie of *Cleopatra*." It is entered by Symon Waterston, for whom some of Daniel's works were printed; and therefore it is probably by that author, of whose *Cleopatra* there are several editions; and, among others, one in 1594.

In the same volumes, May 2, 1608, Edward Blount entered "A Booke called *Anthony and Cleopatra*." This is the first notice I have met with concerning any edition of this play more ancient than the folio, 1623. STEEVENS.

*Anthony and Cleopatra* was written, I imagine, in the year 1608.  
MALONE.


**PERSONS REPRESENTED.**

M. ANTONY,  
OCTAVIUS CÆSAR,  
M. ÆMIL. LEPIDUS, } *Triumvirs.*

SEXTUS POMPEIUS.

MECÆNAS,  
AGRIPPA,  
DOLABELLA,  
PROCULEIUS,  
THYREUS,  
GALLUS.

MENAS, & Friends of POMPEY.

VARRIUS,   
TAURUS, *Lieutenant-General to Cæsar.*

CANIDIUS, Lieutenant-General to Antony.

*An Ambassador from Antony to Cæsar.*

*A Soothsayer. A Clown.*

**OCTAVIA**, *Sister to Cæsar, and Wife to Antony.*

CHARMIAN, } Attendants on Cleopatra.  
IRAS, }

*Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants*

*SCENE, dispersed; in several parts of the Roman Em*

---

# ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

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## ACT I. SCENE I.

---

Alexandria. *A Room in Cleopatra's Palace.*

*Enter DEMETRIUS and PHILO.*

*Philo.*

NAY, but this dotage of our general's,  
O'erflows the measure: those his goodly eyes,  
That o'er the files and musters of the war  
Have glow'd like plated Mars, now bend, now turn,  
The office and devotion of their view  
Upon a tawny front: his captain's heart,  
Which in the scuffles of great fights hath burst  
The buckles on his breast, renews all temper;  
And is become the bellows, and the fan,  
To cool a gipsy's lust. Look, where they come!

*Flourish. Enter ANTONY and CLEOPATRA, with their  
trains; Eunuchs fanning her.*

Take but good note, and you shall see in him  
The triple pillar of the world transform'd  
Into a strumpet's fool: behold and see.

*Cleo.* If it be love indeed, tell me how much.

*Ant.* There's beggary in the love that can be reckon'd.

B

*Cleo.*



*Cleo.* I'll set a bourn how far to be below'd.

*Ant.* Then must thou needs find out new heaven, new earth.

*Enter an Attendant.*

*Att.* News, my good lord, from Rome.

*Ant.* 'Grates me :—The sun

*Cleo.* Nay, hear them, Antony :

Fulvia, perchance, is angry ; Or, who knows  
If the scarce-bearded Cæsar have not sent  
His powerful mandate to you, *Do this, or this ;*  
*Take in that kingdom, and enfranchise that ;*  
*Perform't, or else we damn thee.*

*Ant.* How, my love !

*Cleo.* Perchance,—nay, and most like,  
You must not stay here longer, your dismissal  
Is come from Cæsar ; therefore hear it, Antony.—  
Where's Fulvia's process ? Cæsar's, I would say ?—Both ?—  
Call in the messengers.—*As I am Egypt's queen,*  
*Thou blushest, Antony, and that blood of thine*  
*Is Cæsar's homager : else so thy cheek pays shame,*  
*When shrill-tongued Fulvia scolds.—The messengers.*

*Ant.* Let Rome in Tiber melt ! and the wide arch  
Of the rang'd empire fall ! Here is my space ;  
Kingdoms are clay : our dungy earth alike  
Feeds beast as man : the nobleness of life  
Is, to do thus ; when such a mutual pair, [*Embracing*]  
And such a twain can do't, in which, I bind  
On pain of punishment, the world to weet,  
We stand up peerless.

*Cleo.* Excellent falsehood !

Why did he marry Fulvia, and not love her ?—

I'll seem the fool I am not ; Antony  
Will be himself.

*Ant.* But stirr'd by Cleopatra.—  
Now, for the love of Love, and her soft hours,  
Let's not confound the time with conference harsh :  
There's not a minute of our lives should stretch  
Without some pleasure now : What sport to-night ?

*Cleo.* Hear the ambassadors.

*Ant.* Fye, wrangling queen !  
Whom every thing becomes, to chide, to laugh,  
To weep ; whose every passion fully strives  
To make itself, in thee, fair and admir'd !  
No messenger ; but thine and all alone,  
To-night, we'll wander through the streets, and note  
The qualities of people. Come, my queen ;  
Last night you did desire it :—Speak not to us.

[*Exeunt ANT. and CLEOP. with their train.*]

*Dem.* Is Cæsar with Antonius priz'd so slight ?

*Phi.* Sir, sometimes, when he is not Antony,  
He comes too short of that great property  
Which still should go with Antony.

*Dem.* I'm full sorry,  
That he approves the common liar, who  
Thus speaks of him at Rome : But I will hope  
Of better deeds to-morrow. Rest you happy ! [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.

*The same. Another Room.*

*Enter CHARMIAN, IRAS, ALEXAS, and a Soothsayer.*

*Char.* Lord Alexas, sweet Alexas, most any thing  
Alexas, almost most absolute Alexas, where's the sooth-  
B 2 fayer

fayer that you praised so to the queen? O, that I knew this husband, which, you say, must change his horns with garlands!

*Alex.* Soothfayer.

*Sooth.* Your will?

*Char.* Is this the man?—Is't you, sir, that know things?

*Sooth.* In nature's infinite book of secrecy,

A little I can read.

*Alex.* Show him your hand.

*Enter ENOBARBUS.*

*Eno.* Bring in the banquet quickly; wine enough,  
Cleopatra's health to drink.

*Char.* Good sir, give me good fortune.

*Sooth.* I make not, but foresee.

*Char.* Pray then, foresee me one.

*Sooth.* You shall be yet far fairer than you are.

*Char.* He means, in flesh.

*Iras.* No, you shall paint when you are old.

*Char.* Wrinkles forbid!

*Alex.* Vex not his prescience; be attentive.

*Char.* Hush!

*Sooth.* You shall be more loving, than lov'd.

*Char.* I had rather heat my liver with drinking.

*Alex.* Nay, hear him.

*Char.* Good now, some excellent fortune! Let me be married to three kings in a forenoon, and widow them all: let me have a child at fifty, to whom Herod of Jewry may do homage: find me to marry me with Octavius Cæsar, and companion me with my mistress.

*Sooth.* You shall outlive the lady whom you serve.

*Char.* O excellent! I love long life better than figs.

*Sooth.*

*Sooth.* You have seen and prov'd a fairer former fortune  
Than that which is to approach.

*Char.* Then, belike, my children shall have no names:  
Pr'ythee, how many boys and wenches must I have?

*Sooth.* If every of your wishes had a womb,  
And fertile every with, a million.

*Char.* Out, fool! I forgive thee for a witch.

*Alex.* You think, none but your sheets are privy to  
your wishes.

*Char.* Nay, come, tell Iras hers.

*Alex.* We'll know all our fortunes.

*Eno.* Mine, and most of our fortunes, to night, shall  
be—drunk to bed.

*Iras.* There's a palm presages chastity, if nothing else.

*Char.* Even as the o'erflowing Nilus presageth famine.

*Iras.* Go, you wild bedfellow, you cannot soothsay.

*Char.* Nay, if an oily palm be not a fruitful prognostication,  
I cannot scratch mine ear.—Pr'ythee, tell her but  
a worky-day fortune.

*Sooth.* Your fortunes are alike.

*Iras.* But how, but how? give me particulars.

*Sooth.* I have said.

*Iras.* Am I not an inch of fortune better than she?

*Char.* Well, if you were but an inch of fortune better  
than I, where would you choose it?

*Iras.* Not in my husband's nose.

*Char.* Our worse thoughts heavens mend! Alexas,—  
come, his fortune, his fortune.—O, let him marry a wo-  
man that cannot go, sweet Isis, I beseech thee! And let  
her die too, and give him a worse! and let worse follow  
worse, till the worst of all follow him laughing to his  
grave, fifty-fold a cuckold! Good Isis, hear me this  
prayer, though thou deny me a matter of more weight;  
good Isis, I beseech thee!

*Iras.* Amen. Dear goddess, hear that prayer of the people! for, as it is a heart-breaking to see a handsome man loose-wiv'd, so it is a deadly sorrow to behold a foul knave uncuckolded; Therefore, dear Isis, keep decorum, and fortune him accordingly!

*Char.* Amen.

*Alex.* Lo, now! if it lay in their hands to make me a cuckold, they would make themselves whores, but they'd do't.

*Eno.* Hush! here comes Antony.

*Char.* Not he, the queen.

*Enter CLEOPATRA.*

*Cleo.* Saw you my lord?

*Eno.* No, lady.

*Cleo.* Was he not here?

*Char.* No, madam.

*Cleo.* He was dispos'd to mirth: but on the sudden  
A Roman thought hath struck him.—Enobarbus,—

*Eno.* Madam.

*Cleo.* Seek him, and bring him hither. Where's Alexas?

*Alex.* Here, madam, at your service.—My lord approaches.

*Enter ANTONY, with a Messenger, and Attendants.*

*Cleo.* We will not look upon him: Go with us.

[*Exeunt CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, ALEXAS, IRAS,*  
*CHARMIAN, Soothsayer, and Attendants.*

*Mef.* Fulvia thy wife first came into the field.

*Ant.* Against my brother Lucius?

*Mef.* Ay:

But soon that war had end, and the time's state

Made

Made friends of them, jointing their force 'gainst Cæsar ;  
Whose better issue in the war, from Italy,  
Upon the first encounter, drave them.

*Ant.*

Well,

What worst ?

*Mef.* The nature of bad news infects the teller.

*Ant.* When it concerns the fool, or coward.—On :

Things, that are past, are done, with me.—'Tis thus ;  
Who tells me true, though in his tale lie death,  
I hear him as he flatter'd.

*Mef.*

Labienus

(This is stiff news) hath, with his Parthian force,  
Extended Asia from Euphrâtes ;  
His conquering banner shook, from Syria  
To Lydia, and to Ionia ;

Whilst—

*Ant.* Antony, thou would'st say,—

*Mef.*

O, my lord !

*Ant.* Speak to me home, mince not the general tongue ;  
Name Cleopatra as she's call'd in Rome :  
Rail thou in Fulvia's phrase ; and taunt my faults  
With such full licence, as both truth and malice  
Have power to utter. O, then we bring forth weeds,  
When our quick winds lie still ; and our ills told us,  
Is as our earing. Fare thee well a while.

*Mef.* At your noble pleasure.

[Exit.

*Ant.* From Sicyon how the news ? Speak there.

*1 Att.* The man from Sicyon.—Is there such an one ?

*2 Att.* He stays upon your will.

*Ant.*

Let him appear.—

These strong Egyptian fetters I must break,

*Enter another Messenger.*

Or lose myself in dotage.—What are you?

*2 Mef.* Fulvia thy wife is dead.

*Ant.*

Where died she?

*2 Mef.* In Sicyon:

Her length of sickness, with what else more serious

Importeth thee to know, this bears. [*Gives a Letter.*]

*Ant.*

Forbear me.—

[*Exit Messenger.*]

There's a great spirit gone! Thus did I desire it:

What our contempts do often hurl from us,

We wish it ours again; the present pleasure,

By revolution lowering, does become

The opposite of itself: she's good, being gone;

The hand could pluck her back, that shov'd her on.

I must from this enchanting queen break off;

Ten thousand harms, more than the ills I know,

My idleness doth hatch.—How now! Enobarbus!

*Enter ENOBARBUS.*

*Eno.* What's your pleasure, sir?

*Ant.* I must with haste from hence.

*Eno.* Why, then, we kill all our women: We see how mortal an unkindness is to them; if they suffer our departure, death's the word.

*Ant.* I must be gone.

*Eno.* Under a compelling occasion, let women die: It were pity to cast them away for nothing; though, between them and a great cause, they should be esteem'd nothing. Cleopatra, catching but the least noise of this, dies instantly; I have seen her die twenty times upon far poorer moment: I do think, there is mettle in death, which commits

commits some loving act upon her, she hath such a celebrity in dying.

*Ant.* She is cunning past man's thought.

*Eno.* Alack, sir, no; her passions are made of nothing but the finest part of pure love: We cannot call her winds and waters, sighs and tears; they are greater storms and tempests than almanacks can report: this cannot be cunning in her; if it be, she makes a shower of rain as well as Jove.

*Ant.* 'Would I had never seen her!

*Eno.* O, sir, you had then left unseen a wonderful piece of work; which not to have been blest'd withal, would have discredited your travel.

*Ant.* Fulvia is dead.

*Eno.* Sir?

*Ant.* Fulvia is dead.

*Eno.* Fulvia?

*Ant.* Dead.

*Eno.* Why, sir, give the gods a thankful sacrifice. When it pleaseth their deities to take the wife of a man from him, it shows to man the tailors of the earth; comforting therein, that when old robes are worn out, there are members to make new. If there were no more women but Fulvia, then had you indeed a cut, and the case to be lamented: this grief is crown'd with consolation; your old smock brings forth a new petticoat:—and, indeed, the tears live in an onion, that should water this sorrow.

*Ant.* The business she hath broached in the state, Cannot endure my absence.

*Eno.* And the business you have broach'd here cannot be without you; especially that of Cleopatra's, which wholly depends on your abode.

*Ant.* No more light answers. Let our officers

Have



Have notice what we purpose. I shall break  
 The cause of our expedience to the queen,  
 And get her love to part. For not alone  
 The death of Fulvia, with more urgent touches,  
 Do strongly speak to us; but the letters too  
 Of many our contriving friends in Rome  
 Petition us at home: Sextus Pompeius  
 Hath given the dare to Cæsar, and commands  
 The empire of the sea: our slippery people  
 (Whose love is never link'd to the deserfer,  
 Till his deserts are past) begin to throw  
 Pompey the great, and all his dignities,  
 Upon his son; who, high in name and power,  
 Higher than both in blood and life, stands up  
 For the main soldier: whose quality, going on,  
 The sides o'the world may danger: Much is breeding,  
 Which, like the courser's hair, hath yet but life,  
 And not a serpent's poison. Say, our pleasure,  
 To such whose place is under us, requires  
 Our quick remove from hence.

*Eno.* I shall do't.

[*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III.

*Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and ALEXAS.*

*Cleo.* Where is he?

*Char.* I did not see him since.

*Cleo.* See where he is, who's with him, what he does;—  
 I did not send you;—If you find him sad,  
 Say, I am dancing; if in mirth, report  
 That I am sudden sick: Quick, and return.

[*Exit ALEX.*]

*Char.*

*Char.* Madam, methinks, if you did love him dearly,  
You do not hold the method to enforce  
The like from him.

*Cleo.* What should I do, I do not ?

*Char.* In each thing give him way, cross him in nothing.

*Cleo.* Thou teachest like a fool: the way to lose him.

*Char.* Tempt him not so too far: I wish, forbear;  
In time we hate that which we often fear.

*Enter ANTONY.*

But here comes Antony.

*Cleo.* I am sick, and fullen.

*Ant.* I am sorry to give breathing to my purpose,—

*Cleo.* Help me away, dear Charmian, I shall fall;

It cannot be thus long, the fides of nature  
Will not sustain it.

*Ant.* Now, my dearest queen,—

*Cleo.* Pray you, stand further from me.

*Ant.* What's the matter ?

*Cleo.* I know, by that same eye, there's some good  
news.

What says the married woman?—You may go;  
'Would, she had never given you leave to come!  
Let her not say, 'tis I that keep you here,  
I have no power upon you; hers you are.

*Ant.* The gods best know,—

*Cleo.* O, never was there queen  
So mightily betray'd! Yet, at the first,  
I saw the treasons planted.

*Ant.* Cleopatra,—

*Cleo.* Why should I think, you can be mine, and true,  
Though you in swearing shake the throned gods,  
Who have been false to Fulvia? Riotous madness,

To

To be entangled with those mouth-made vows,  
Which break themselves in swearing!

*Ant.*

Most sweet queen,—

*Cleo.* Nay, pray you, seek no colour for your going,  
But bid farewell, and go: when you sued staying,  
Then was the time for words: No going then;—  
Eternity was in our lips, and eyes;  
Bliss in our brows' bent; none our parts so poor,  
But was a race of heaven: They are so still,  
Or thou, the greatest soldier of the world,  
Art turn'd the greatest liar.

*Ant.*

How now, lady!

*Cleo.* I would, I had thy inches; thou should'st know,  
There were a heart in Egypt.

*Ant.*

Hear me, queen:

The strong necessity of time commands  
Our services a while; but my full heart  
Remains in use with you. Our Italy  
Shines o'er with civil swords: Sextus Pompeius  
Makes his approaches to the port of Rome:  
Equality of two domestick powers  
Breeds scrupulous faction: The hated, grown to strength,  
Are newly grown to love: the condemn'd Pompey,  
Rich in his father's honour, creeps apace  
Into the hearts of such as have not thriv'd  
Upon the present state, whose numbers threaten:  
And quietness, grown sick of rest, would purge  
By any desperate change: My more particular,  
And that which most with you should save my going,  
Is Fulvia's death.

*Cleo.* Though age from folly could not give me freedom,  
It does from childishness:—Can Fulvia die?

*Ant.* She's dead, my queen:

Look

Look here, and, at thy sovereign leisure, read  
The garboils she awak'd; at the last, best:  
See, when, and where she died.

*Cleo.* O most false love!

Where be the sacred vials thou should'st fill  
With sorrowful water? Now I see, I see,  
In Fulvia's death, how mine receiv'd shall be.

*Ant.* Quarrel no more, but be prepar'd to know  
The purposes I bear; which are, to cease,  
As you shall give the advice: Now, by the fire,  
That quickens Nilus' slime, I go from hence,  
Thy soldier, servant; making peace, or war,  
As thou affect'st.

*Cleo.* Cut my lace, Charmian, come;—  
But let it be.—I am quickly ill, and well:  
So Antony loves.

*Ant.* My precious queen, forbear;  
And give true evidence to his love, which stands  
An honourable trial.

*Cleo.* So Fulvia told me.  
I prythee, turn aside, and weep for her;  
Then bid adieu to me, and say, the tears  
Belong to Egypt: Good now, play one scene  
Of excellent dissembling; and let it look  
Like perfect honour.

*Ant.* You'll heat my blood; no more.

*Cleo.* You can do better yet; but this is meetly.

*Ant.* Now, by my sword,—

*Cleo.* And target,—Still he mends;  
But this is not the best: Look, prythee, Charmian,  
How this Herculean Roman does become  
The carriage of his chafe.

*Ant.* I'll leave you, lady.

*Cleo.* Courteous lord, one word,

Sir,

Sir, you and I must part,—but that's not it;  
 Sir, you and I have lov'd,—but there's not it;  
 That you know well : Something it is I would,—  
 O, my oblivion is a very Antony,  
 And I am all forgotten.

*Ant.* But that your royalty  
 Holds idleness your subject, I should take you  
 For idleness itself.

*Cleo.* 'Tis sweating labour,  
 To bear such idleness so near the heart  
 As Cleopatra this. But, sir, forgive me;  
 Since my becoming kills me, when they do not  
 Eye well to you : Your honour calls you hence ;  
 Therefore be deaf to my unpitied folly,  
 And all the gods go with you! upon your sword  
 Sit laurel'd victory! and smooth success  
 Be strew'd before your feet!

*Ant.* Let us go. Come ;  
 Our separation so abides, and flies,  
 That thou, residing here, go'st yet with me,  
 And I, hence fleeting, here remain with thee.  
 Away.

[*Exeunt*]

#### SCENE IV.

Rome. *An Apartment in Cæsar's house.*

*Enter OCTAVIUS, CÆSAR, LEPIDUS, and Attendants.*

*Cæs.* You may see, Lepidus, and henceforth know,  
 It is not Cæsar's natural vice to hate  
 One great competitor : From Alexandria  
 This is the news ; He fishes, drinks, and wastes  
 The lamps of night in revel : is not more manlike

Than Cleopatra ; nor the queen of Ptolemy  
More womanly than he : hardly gave audience, or  
Vouchsaf'd to think he had partners : You shall find there  
A man, who is the abstract of all faults  
That all men follow.

*Lep.* I must not think, there are  
Evils enough to darken all his goodness :  
His faults, in him, seem as the spots of heaven,  
More fiery by night's blackness ; hereditary,  
Rather than purchas'd ; what he cannot change,  
Than what he chooses.

*Cæs.* You are too indulgent : Let us grant, it is not  
Amis to tumble on the bed of Ptolemy ;  
To give a kingdom for a mirth ; to sit  
And keep the turn of tippling with a slave ;  
To reel the streets at noon, and stand the buffet  
With knaves that smell of sweat : say, this becomes him,  
(As his composure must be rare indeed,  
Whom these things cannot blemish,) yet must Antony  
No way excuse his foils, when we do bear  
So great weight in his lightness. If he fill  
His vacancy with his voluptuousness,  
Full surfeits, and the dryness of his bones,  
Call on him for't : but, to confound such time,  
That drums him from his sport, and speaks as loud  
At his own state, and ours,—'tis to be chid  
As we rate boys ; who, being mature in knowledge,  
Pawn their experience to their present pleasure,  
And so rebel to judgement.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Lep.* Here's more news.

*Mes.* Thy biddings have been done ; and every hour,  
Most

Most noble Cæsar, shalt thou have report  
How 'tis abroad. Pompey is strong at sea;  
And it appears, he is belov'd of those  
That only have fear'd Cæsar: to the ports  
The discontents repair, and men's reports  
Give him much wrong'd.

*Cæs.* I should have known no less:—  
It hath been taught us from the primal state,  
That he, which is, was wish'd, until he were;  
And the ebb'd man, ne'er lov'd, till ne'er worth love,  
Comes dear'd, by being lack'd. This common body,  
Like to a vagabond flag upon the stream,  
Goes to, and back, lackeying the varying tide,  
To rot itself with motion.

*Meſ.* Cæsar, I bring thee word,  
Menecrates and Menas, famous pirates,  
Make the sea serve them; which they ear and wound  
With keels of every kind: Many hot inroads  
They make in Italy; the borders maritime  
Lack blood to think on't, and flush youth revolt:  
No vessel can peep forth, but 'tis as soon  
Taken as seen; for Pompey's name strikes more,  
Than could his war resist.

*Cæs.* Antony,  
Leave thy lascivious wassels. When thou once  
Wast beaten from Modena, where thou slew'st  
Hirtius and Pansa, consuls, at thy heel  
Did famine follow; whom thou fought'st against,  
Though daintily brought up, with patience more  
Than savages could suffer: Thou didst drink  
The stale of horses, and the gilded puddle  
Which beasts would cough at: thy palate then did deign  
The roughest berry on the rudest hedge;  
Yea, like the stag, when snow the pasture sheets,

The

The barks of trees thou browsed'st; on the Alps,  
 'tis reported, thou didst eat strange flesh,  
 Which some did die to look on: And all this  
 (It wounds thine honour, that I speak it now,)  
 Was borne so like a soldier, that thy cheek  
 No much as lank'd not.

*Lep.* It is pity of him.

*Cæs.* Let his shames quickly  
 Drive him to Rome: 'Tis time we twain  
 Should show ourselves i' the field; and, to that end,  
 Assemble we immediate council: Pompey  
 Thrives in our idleness.

*Lep.* To-morrow, Cæsar,  
 I shall be furnish'd to inform you rightly  
 Of what by sea and land I can be able,  
 On 'front this present time.

*Cæs.* Till which encounter,  
 Is my business too. Farewell.

*Lep.* Farewell, my lord: What you shall know mean  
 time

Heirs abroad, I shall beseech you, sir,  
 To let me be partaker.

*Cæs.* Doubt not, sir;  
 I'll new it for my bond.

[*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE V.

Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and MARDIAN.*

*Cleo.* Charmian,—

*Char.* Madam.

*Cleo.* Ha, ha!—

Give me to drink mandragora.

C

*Char.*



*Char.* Why, madam ?

*Cleo.* That I might sleep out this great gap of time,  
My Antony is away.

*Char.* You think of him  
Too much.

*Cleo.* O, treason !

*Char.* Madam, I trust, not so.

*Cleo.* Thou, eunuch ! Mardian !

*Mar.* What's your highness' pleasure ?

*Cleo.* Not now to hear thee sing ; I take no pleasure  
In aught an eunuch has : 'Tis well for thee,  
That, being unfeminar'd, thy freer thoughts  
May not fly forth of Egypt. Hast thou affections ?

*Mar.* Yes, gracious madam.

*Cleo.* Indeed ?

*Mar.* Not in deed, madam ; for I can do nothing  
But what in deed is honest to be done :  
Yet have I fierce affections, and think,  
What Venus did with Mars.

*Cleo.* O Charmian,

Where think'st thou he is now ? Stands he, or sits he ?  
Or does he walk ? or is he on his horse ?  
O happy horse, to bear the weight of Antony !  
Do bravely, horse ! for wot'st thou whom thou mov'st ?  
The demi-Atlas of this earth, the arm  
And burgonet of men.—He's speaking now,  
Or murmuring, *Where's my serpent of old Nile ?*  
For so he calls me ; Now I feed myself  
With most delicious poison :—Think on me,  
That am with Phœbus' amorous pinches black,  
And wrinkled deep in time ? Broad-fronted Cæsar,  
When thou wast here above the ground, I was  
A morfel for a monarch : and great Pompey  
Would stand, and make his eyes grow in my brow ;

There

There would he anchor his aspect, and die  
With looking on his life.

*Enter ALEXAS.*

*Alex.* Sovereign of Egypt, hail!

*Cleo.* How much unlike art thou Mark Antony!  
Yet, coming from him, that great medicine hath  
With his tinct gilded thee.—

How goes it with my brave Mark Antony?

*Alex.* Last thing he did, dear queen,  
He kiss'd,—the last of many doubled kisses,  
This orient pearl;—His speech sticks in my heart.

*Cleo.* Mine ear must pluck it thence.

*Alex.* Good friend, quoth he,

*Say, the first Roman to great Egypt sends  
This treasure of an oyster; at whose foot,  
To mend the petty present, I will piece  
Her opulent throne with kingdoms; All the east,  
Say thou, shall call her mistress. So he nodded,  
And soberly did mount a termagant steed,  
Who neigh'd so high, that what I would have spoke  
Was beastly dumb'd by him.*

*Cleo.* What, was he sad, or merry?

*Alex.* Like to the time o' the year between the extremes  
Of hot and cold; he was nor sad, nor merry.

*Cleo.* O well-divided disposition!—Note him,  
Note him, good Charmian, 'tis the man; but note him:  
He was not sad; for he would shine on those  
That make their looks by his: he was not merry;  
Which seem'd to tell them, his remembrance lay  
In Egypt with his joy: but between both:  
O heavenly mingle!—Be'st thou sad, or merry,  
The violence of either thee becomes;  
So does it no man else.—Met'st thou my posts?

C 2

*Alex.*

*Alex.* Ay, madam, twenty several messengers :  
Why do you send so thick ?

*Cleo.* Who's born that day  
When I forget to send to Antony,

Shall die a beggar.—Ink and paper, Charmian.—  
Welcome, my good Alexas.—Did I, Charmian,  
Ever love Cæsar so ?

*Char.* O that brave Cæsar !

*Cleo.* Be chok'd with such another emphasis !  
Say, the brave Antony.

*Char.* The valiant Cæsar !

*Cleo.* By Isis, I will give thee bloody teeth,  
If thou with Cæsar paragon again  
My man of men.

*Char.* By your most gracious pardon,  
I sing but after you.

*Cleo.* My fallad days ;  
When I was green in judgement :—Cold in blood,  
To say, as I said then !—But, come, away :  
Get me ink and paper : he shall have every day  
A several greeting, or I'll unpeople Egypt. [ *Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Messina. *A Room in Pompey's House.*

*Enter POMPEY, MENEKRATES, and MENAS.*

*Pom.* If the great gods be just, they shall assist  
The deeds of justest men.

*Mene.* Know, worthy Pompey,  
That what they do delay, they not deny.

*Pom.* Whiles we are suitors to their throne, decays  
The thing we sue for.

*Mene.* We, ignorant of ourselves,  
Beg often our own harms, which the wife powers  
Deny us for our good; so find we profit,  
By losing of our prayers.

*Pom.* I shall do well:  
The people love me, and the sea is mine;  
My power's a crescent, and my auguring hope  
Says, it will come to the full. Mark Antony  
In Egypt sits at dinner, and will make  
No wars without doors: Cæsar gets money, where  
He loses hearts: Lepidus flatters both,  
Of both is flatter'd; but he neither loves,  
Nor either cares for him.

*Men.* Cæsar and Lepidus  
Are in the field; a mighty strength they carry.

*Pom.* Where have you this? 'tis false.

*Men.* From Silvius, sir.

*Pom.* He dreams; I know, they are in Rome together,  
Looking for Antony: But all charms of love,  
Salt Cleopatra, soften thy waned lip!

Let witchcraft join with beauty, lust with both !  
Tie up the libertine in a field of feasts,  
Keep his brain fuming ; Epicúrean cooks,  
Sharpen with cloyless sauce his appetite ;  
That sleep and feeding may prorogue his honour,  
Even till a Lethe'd dulness.—How now, Varrius ?

*Enter VARRIUS.*

*Var.* This is most certain that I shall deliver :  
Mark Antony is every hour in Rome  
Expected ; since he went from Egypt, 'tis  
A space for further travel.

*Pom.* I could have given less me:  
A better ear.—Menas, I did not think,  
This amorous surfeiter would have don'd his helm  
For such a petty war : his soldier'ship  
Is twice the other twain : But let us rear  
The higher our opinion, that our stirring  
Can from the lap of Egypt's widow pluck  
The ne'er lust-wearied Antony.

*Men.* I cannot hope,  
Cæsar and Antony shall well greet together :  
His wife, that's dead, did trespasses to Cæsar ;  
His brother warr'd upon him ; although, I think,  
Not mov'd by Antony.

*Pom.* I know not, Menas,  
How lesser enmities may give way to greater.  
Were't not that we stand up against them all,  
'Twere pregnant they should square between themselves  
For they have entertained cause enough  
To draw their swords : but how the fear of us  
May cement their divisions, and bind up  
The petty difference, we yet not know.





*Antony and Cleopatra?*

*Act 2, Scene 2.*

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Be it as our gods will have it ! It only stands  
Our lives upon, to use our strongest hands.  
Come, Menas.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.

Rome. *A Room in the House of Lepidus.*

*Enter ENOBARBUS and LEPIDUS.*

*Lep.* Good Enobarbus, 'tis a worthy deed,  
And shall become you well, to entreat your captain  
To soft and gentle speech.

*Eno.* I shall entreat him  
To answer like himself; if Cæsar move him,  
Let Antony look over Cæsar's head,  
And speak as loud as Mars. By Jupiter,  
Were I the wearer of Antonius' beard,  
I would not shav't to-day.

*Lep.* 'Tis not a time  
For private stomaching.

*Eno.* Every time  
Serves for the matter that is then born in it.

*Lep.* But small to greater matters must give way.

*Eno.* Not if the small come first.

*Lep.* Your speech is passion;  
But, pray you, stir no embers up. Here comes  
The noble Antony.

*Enter ANTONY and VENTIDIUS.*

*Eno.* And yonder, Cæsar.



*Enter CÆSAR, MECÆNAS, and AGRIPPA.*

*Ant.* If we compose well here, to Parthia :  
Hark you, Ventidius.

*Cæs.* I do not know,  
Mecænas ; ask Agrippa.

*Lep.* Noble friends,  
That which combin'd us was most great, and let not  
A leaner action rend us. What's amiss,  
May it be gently heard : When we debate  
Our trivial difference loud, we do commit  
Murder in healing wounds : Then, noble partners,  
(The rather, for I earnestly beseech,)  
Touch you the sourest points with sweetest terms,  
Nor curstness grow to the matter.

*Ant.* 'Tis spoken well :  
Were we before our armies, and to fight,  
I should do thus,

*Cæs.* Welcome to Rome.

*Ant.* Thank you.

*Cæs.* Sit.

*Ant.* Sit, sir !

*Cæs.* Nay,

Then—

*Ant.* I learn, you take things ill, which are not so ;  
Or, being, concern you not.

*Cæs.* I must be laugh'd at,  
If, or for nothing, or a little, I  
Should say myself offended ; and with you  
Chiefly i' the world : more laugh'd at, that I should  
Once name you derogately, when to sound your name  
It not concern'd me.

*A*

*Ant.* My being in Egypt, Cæsar,  
What was't to you?

*Cæs.* No more than my residing here at Rome  
Might be to you in Egypt: Yet, if you there  
Did practise on my state, your being in Egypt  
Might be my question.

*Ant.* How intend you, practise'd?

*Cæs.* You may be pleas'd to catch at mine intent,  
By what did here befall me. Your wife, and brother,  
Made wars upon me; and their contestation  
Was theme for you, you were the word of war.

*Ant.* You do mistake your business; my brother never  
Did urge me in his act: I did enquire it;  
And have my learning from some true reports,  
That drew their swords with you. Did he not rather  
Discredit my authority with yours;  
And make the wars alike against my stomach,  
Having alike your cause? Of this, my letters  
Before did satisfy you. If you'll patch a quarrel,  
As matter whole you have not to make it with,  
It must not be with this.

*Cæs.* You praise yourself  
By laying defects of judgement to me; but  
You patch'd up your excuses.

*Ant.* Not so, not so:  
I know you could not lack, I am certain on't,  
Very necessity of this thought, that I,  
Your partner in the cause 'gainst which he fought,  
Could not with graceful eyes attend those wars  
Which 'fronted mine own peace. As for my wife,  
I would you had her spirit in such another:  
The third o' the world is yours; which with a snaffle  
You may pace easy, but not such a wife.

*Eno.*

*Eno.* 'Would, we had all such wives, that the men might go to wars with the women!

*Ant.* So much uncurbable, her garboils, Cæsar, Made out of her impatience, (which not wanted Shrewdness of policy too,) I grieving grant, Did you too much disquiet: for that, you must But say, I could not help it.

*Cæs.* I wrote to you, When rioting in Alexandria; you Did pocket up my letters, and with taunts Did gibe my missive out of audience.

*Ant.* Sir, He fell upon me, ere admitted; then Three kings I had newly feasted, and did want Of what I was i' the morning: but, next day, I told him of myself; which was as much As to have ask'd him pardon: Let this fellow Be nothing of our strife; if we contend, Out of our question wipe him.

*Cæs.* You have broken The article of your oath; which you shall never Have tongue to charge me with.

*Lep.* Soft, Cæsar.

*Ant.* No,

Lepidus, let him speak;  
The honour's sacred which he talks on now,  
Supposing that I lack'd it: But on, Cæsar;  
The article of my oath,—

*Cæs.* To lend me arms, and aid, when I requir'd them;  
The which you both deny'd.

*Ant.* Neglected, rather;  
And then, when poison'd hours had bound me up  
From mine own knowledge. As nearly as I may,

I'll play the penitent to you : but mine honesty  
Shall not make poor my greatness, nor my power  
Work without it : Truth is, that Fulvia,  
To have me out of Egypt, made wars here ;  
For which myself, the ignorant motive, do  
So far ask pardon, as befits mine honour  
To stoop in such a case.

*Lep.* 'Tis nobly spoken.

*Mec.* If it might please you, to enforce no further  
The griefs between ye : to forget them quite,  
Were to remember that the present need  
Speaks to atone you.

*Lep.* Worthily spoke, *Mecænas*.

*Eno.* Or, if you borrow one another's love for the in-  
stant, you may, when you hear no more words of Pompey,  
return it again : you shall have time to wrangle in, when  
you have nothing else to do.

*Ant.* Thou art a soldier only ; speak no more.

*Eno.* That truth should be silent, I had almost forgot.

*Ant.* You wrong this presence, therefore speak no more.

*Eno.* Go to then ; your considerate stone.

*Cæs.* I do not much dislike the matter, but  
The manner of his speech : for it cannot be,  
We shall remain in friendship, our conditions  
So differing in their acts. Yet, if I knew  
What hoop should hold us staunch, from edge to edge  
O' the world, I would pursue it.

*Ag.* Give me leave, *Cæsar*,—

*Cæs.* Speak, *Agrippa*.

*Ag.* Thou hast a sister by the mother's side,  
Admir'd Octavia : great Mark Antony  
Is now a widower.

*Cæs.* Say not so, *Agrippa* ;

If

*Eno.* Half the heart of Cæsar, worthy Mecænas!—my honourable friend, Agrippa!—

*Agr.* Good Enobarbus!

*Mec.* We have cause to be glad, that matters are so well digested. You stay'd well by it in Egypt.

*Eno.* Ay, sir; we did sleep day out of countenance, and made the night light with drinking.

*Mec.* Eight wild boars roasted whole at a breakfast, and but twelve persons there; Is this true?

*Eno.* This was but as a fly by an eagle: we had much more monstrous matter of feast, which worthily deserved noting.

*Mec.* She's a most triumphant lady, if report be square to her.

*Eno.* When the first met Mark Antony, she purfed up his heart, upon the river of Cydnus.

*Agr.* There she appear'd indeed; or my reporter devis'd well for her.

*Eno.* I will tell you:

The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,  
Burn'd on the water: the poop was beaten gold;  
Purple the sails, and so perfumed, that  
The winds were love-sick with them: the oars were silver;  
Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made  
The water, which they beat, to follow faster,  
As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,  
It beggar'd all description: she did lie  
In her pavilion, (cloth of gold, of tissue,)  
O'er-picturing that Venus, where we see,  
The fancy out-work nature: on each side her,  
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,  
With diverse-colour'd fans, whose wind did seem  
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,  
And what they undid, did.

*Agr.* O, rare for Antony!

*Eno.* Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,  
So many mermaids, tended her i' the eyes,  
And made their bends adornings: at the helm  
A seeming mermaid steers; the silken tackle  
Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands,  
That yarely frame the office. From the barge  
A strange invisible perfume hits the sense  
Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast  
Her people out upon her; and Antony,  
Enthron'd in the market-place, did sit alone;  
Whistling to the air; which, but for vacancy,  
Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too,  
And made a gap in nature.

*Agr.* Rare Egyptian!

*Eno.* Upon her landing, Antony sent to her,  
Invited her to supper: she reply'd,  
It should be better, he became her guest;  
Which she entreated: Our courteous Antony,  
Whom ne'er the word of *no* woman heard speak,  
Being barber'd ten times o'er, goes to the feast;  
And, for his ordinary, pays his heart,  
For what his eyes eat only.

*Agr.* Royal wench!

She made great Cæsar lay his sword to bed;  
He plough'd her, and she cropp'd.

*Eno.* I saw her once

Hop forty paces through the publick street:  
And having lost her breath, she spoke, and panted,  
That she did make defect, perfection,  
And, breathless, power breathe forth.

*Mec.* Now Antony must leave her utterly.

*Eno.* Never; he will not;  
Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale

Her

Her infinite variety : Other women  
 Cloy th' appetites they feed ; but she makes hungry,  
 Where most she satisfies. For vilest things  
 Become themselves in her ; that the holy priests  
 Bless her, when she is riggish.

*Mec.* If beauty, wisdom, modesty, can settle  
 'The heart of Antony, Octavia is  
 A blessed lottery to him.

*Agr.* Let us go.—

Good Enobarbus, make yourself my guest,  
 Whilst you abide here.

*Eno.* Humbly, sir, I thank you.

[*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III.

*The same. A Room in Cæsar's House.*

*Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, OCTAVIA between them ; Attendants, and a Soothsayer.*

*Ant.* The world, and my great office, will sometimes  
 Divide me from your bosom.

*Octa.* All which time,

Before the gods my knee shall bow my prayers  
 To them for you.

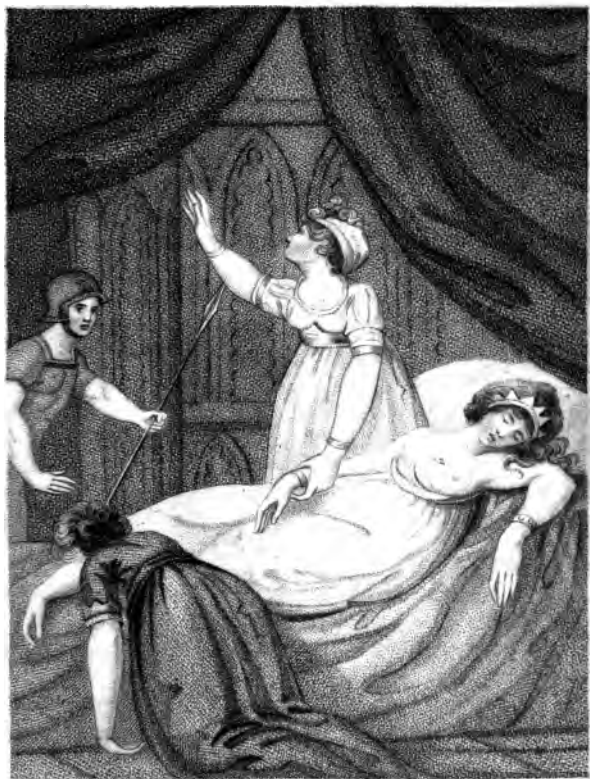
*Ant.* Good night, sir.—My Octavia,  
 Read not my blemishes in the world's report :  
 I have not kept my square ; but that to come  
 Shall all be done by the rule. Good night, dear lady.—

*Octa.* Good night, sir.

*Cæs.* Good night. [*Exeunt CÆSAR and OCTAVIA.*]

*Ant.* Now, sirrah ! you do with yourself in Egypt ?

*Sooth.*



*Antony and Cleopatra?*

*. Act. 5. Scene. 2.*

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*Sooth.* 'Would I had never come from thence, nor you  
Thither!

*Ant.* If you can, your reason?

*Sooth.* I see't in  
My motion, have it not in my tongue: But yet  
Hie you again to Egypt.

*Ant.* Say to me,  
Whose fortunes shall rise higher, Cæsar's, or mine?

*Sooth.* Cæsar's.

Therefore, O Antony, stay not by his side:  
Thy dæmon, that's thy spirit which keeps thee, is  
Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable,  
Where Cæsar's is not; but, near him, thy angel  
Becomes a Fear, as being o'erpower'd; therefore  
Make space enough between you.

*Ant.* Speak this no more.

*Sooth.* To none but thee; no more, but when to thee.  
If thou dost play with him at any game,  
Thou art sure to lose; and, of that natural luck,  
He beats thee 'gainst the odds; thy lustre thickens,  
When he shines by: I say again, thy spirit  
Is all afraid to govern thee near him;  
But, he away, 'tis noble.

*Ant.* Get thee gone:  
Say to Ventidius, I would speak with him:—

[*Exit Soothsayer.*]

He shall to Parthia.—Be it art, or hap,  
He hath spoken true: The very dice obey him;  
And, in our sports, my better cunning faints  
Under his chance: if we draw lots, he speeds:  
His cocks do win the battle still of mine,  
When it is all to nought; and his quails ever  
Beat mine, inhoop'd, at odds. I will to Egypt:  
And though I make this marriage for my peace,

D

*Enter*

*Enter VENTIDIUS.*

I' the east my pleasure lies :—O, come, Ventidius,  
You must to Parthia; your commission's ready:  
Follow me, and receive it. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

*The same. A Street.*

*Enter LEPIDUS, MÆCENAS, and AGRIPPA.*

*Lep.* Trouble yourselves no further: pray you, hasten  
Your generals after.

*Agr.* Sir, Mark Antony  
Will e'en but kiss Octavia, and we'll follow.

*Lep.* Till I shall see you in your soldier's dress,  
Which will become you both, farewell.

*Mec.* We shall,  
As I conceive the journey, be at mount  
Before you, Lepidus.

*Lep.* Your way is shorter,  
My purposes do draw me much about;  
You'll win two days upon me.

*Mec. Agr.* Sir, good success!

*Lep.* Farewell. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

SCENE V.

Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and ALEXAS.

Give me some mufick ; mufick, moody food,  
that trade in love.

*nd.* The mufick, ho !

*Enter MARDIAN.*

Let it alone ; let us to billiards :

Charmian.

My arm is fore, best play with Mardian.

As well a woman with an eunuch play'd,  
th a woman ;—Come, you'll play with me, fir ?

As well as I can, madam.

And when good will is show'd, though it come  
too short,

For may plead pardon. I'll none now :—

ne mine angle,—We'll to the river : there,

ufick playing far off, I will betray

r-finn'd fishes ; my bended hook shall pierce

slimy jaws ; and, as I draw them up,

nk them every one an Antony,

y, Ah, ha ! you're caught.

'Twas merry, when

ager'd on your angling ; when your diver

ng a falt-fish on his hook, which he

ervency drew up.

That time !—O times !—

rd him out of patience ; and that night

rd him into patience : and next morn,

D 2 .

Ere

Ere the ninth hour, I drunk him to his bed ;  
Then put my tires and mantles on him, whilst  
I wore his sword Philippan. O! from Italy;—

*Enter a Messenger.*

Ram thou thy fruitful tidings in mine ears,  
'That long time have been barren.

*Mef.* Madam, madam,—

*Cleo.* Antony's dead?—

If thou say so, villain, thou kill'st thy mistress :  
But well and free,  
If thou so yield him, there is gold, and here  
My bluest veins to kiss ; a hand, that kings  
Have lipp'd, and trembled kissing.

*Mef.* First, madam, he's well

*Cleo.* Why, there's more gold. But, firrah, mark ; W  
use

To say, the dead are well : bring it to that,  
'The gold I give thee, will I melt, and pour  
Down thy ill-uttering throat.

*Mef.* Good madam, hear me.

*Cleo.* Well, go to, I will ;

But there's no goodness in thy face : If Antony  
Be free, and healthful,—why so tart a favour  
To trumpet such good tidings ? If not well,  
Thou should'st come like a fury crown'd with snakes,  
Not like a formal man.

*Mef.* Will't please you hear me ?

*Cleo.* I have a mind to strike thee, ere thou speak'st :  
Yet, if thou say, Antony lives, is well,  
Or friends with Cæsar, or not captive to him,  
I'll set thee in a shower of gold, and hail  
Rich pearls upon thee.

*Mef*

*Mef.* Madam, he's well.

*Cleo.* Well said.

*Mef.* And friends with Cæsar.

*Cleo.* Thou'rt an honest man.

*Mef.* Cæsar and he are greater friends than ever.

*Cleo.* Make thee a fortune from me.

*Mef.* But yet, madam,—

*Cleo.* I do not like *but yet*, it does allay

The good precedence; fye upon *but yet*:

*But yet* is as a gaoler to bring forth

Some monstrous malefactor. Pr'ythee, friend,

Pour out the pack of matter to mine ear,

The good and bad together: He's friends with Cæsar;

In state of health, thou say'st; and, thou say'st, free.

*Mef.* Free, madam! no; I made no such report:

He's bound unto Octavia.

*Cleo.* For what good turn?

*Mef.* For the best turn i' the bed.

*Cleo.* I am pale, Charmian.

*Mef.* Madam, he's married to Octavia.

*Cleo.* The most infectious pestilence upon thee!

[*Strikes him down.*]

*Mef.* Good madam, patience.

*Cleo.* What say you?—Hence,

[*Strikes him again.*]

Horrible villain! or I'll spurn thine eyes

Like balls before me; I'll unhair thy head;

[*She bales him up and down.*]

Thou shalt be whipp'd with wire, and stew'd in brine,

Smarting in ling'ring pickle.

*Mef.* Gracious madam,

I, that do bring the news, made not the match.

*Cleo.* Say, 'tis not so, a province I will give thee,  
And make thy fortunes proud: the blow thou had'st

Shall make thy peace, for moving me to rage;  
And I will boot thee with what gift beside  
Thy modesty can beg.

*Mef.* He's married, madam.

*Cleo.* Rogue, thou hast liv'd too long.

[*Draws a dagger*]

*Mef.* Nay, then I'll run:

What mean you, madam? I have made no fault. [*Exit*]

*Char.* Good madam, keep yourself within yourself;  
The man is innocent.

*Cleo.* Some innocents 'scape not the thunder-bolt.—  
Melt Egypt into Nile! and kindly creatures  
Turn all to serpents!—Call the slave again;  
Though I am mad, I will not bite him:—Call.

*Char.* He is afraid to come.

*Cleo.* I will not hurt him:—  
These hands do lack nobility, that they strike  
A meaner than myself; since I myself  
Have given myself the cause.—Come hither, sir.

*Re-enter Messenger.*

Though it be honest, it is never good  
To bring bad news: Give to a gracious message  
An host of tongues; but let ill tidings tell  
Themselves, when they be felt.

*Mef.* I have done my duty.

*Cleo.* Is he married?

I cannot hate thee worser than I do,  
If thou again say, Yes.

*Mef.* He is married, madam.

*Cleo.* The gods confound thee! dost thou hold the  
still?

*Mef.* Should I lie, madam?

*Cleo.*

O, I would, thou didst;

So half my Egypt were submerg'd; and made  
A cistern for scal'd snakes! Go, get thee hence;  
Had'st thou Narcissus in thy face, to me  
Thou would'st appear most ugly. He is married?

*Mef.* I crave your highness' pardon.

*Cleo.*

He is married?

*Mef.* Take no offence, that I would not offend you:  
To punish me for what you make me do,  
Seems much unequal: He is married to Octavia.

*Cleo.* O, that his fault should make a knave of thee,  
That art not!—What? thou'rt sure of't?—Get thee  
hence:

The merchandise, which thou hast brought from Rome,  
Are all too dear for me; Lie they upon thy hand,  
And be undone by 'em! [Exit Messenger.

*Char.*

Good your highness, patience.

*Cleo.* In praising Antony, I have disprais'd Cæsar.

*Char.* Many times, madam.

*Cleo.*

I am paid for't now.

Lead me from hence,

I faint; O Iras, Charmian,—'Tis no matter:—

Go to the fellow, good Alexas; bid him

Report the feature of Octavia, her years,

Her inclination, let him not leave out

The colour of her hair:—bring me word quickly.—

[Exit ALEXAS.

Let him for ever go:—Let him not—Charmian,

Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,

T' other way he's a Mars:—Bid you Alexas

[To MARDIAN.

Bring me word, how tall she is.—Pity me, Charmian,

But do not speak to me.—Lead me to my chamber.

[Exit.  
SCENE



## SCENE VI.

*Near Misenum.*

*Enter POMPEY, and MENAS, at one side, with drum  
trumpet: at another, CÆSAR, LEPIDUS, AND  
ENOBARBUS, MECÆNAS, with soldiers marching.*

*Pom.* Your hostages I have, so have you mine;  
And we shall talk before we fight.

*Cæs.* Most meet,  
That first we come to words; and therefore have we  
Our written purposes before us sent:  
Which, if thou hast consider'd, let us know.  
If 'twill tie up thy discontented sword;  
And carry back to Sicily much tall youth,  
That else must perish here.

*Pom.* To you all three,  
The senators alone of this great world,  
Chief factors for the gods,—I do not know,  
Wherefore my father should revengers want,  
Having a son, and friends; since Julius Cæsar,  
Who at Philippi the good Brutus ghosted,  
There saw you labouring for him. What was it,  
That mov'd pale Cassius to conspire? And what  
Made the all-honour'd, honest, Roman Brutus,  
With the arm'd rest, courtiers of beauteous freedom  
To drench the Capitol: but that they would  
Have one man but a man? And that is it,  
Hath made me rig my navy; at whose burden  
The anger'd ocean foams; with which I meant  
To scourge the ingratitude that despiteful Rome  
Cast on my noble father.

*Cæs.* Take your time.

*Ant.* Thou canst not fear us, Pompey, with thy sails,  
We'll speak with thee at sea : at land, thou know'st  
How much we do o'er-count thee.

*Pom.* At land, indeed,  
Thou dost o'er-count me of my father's house :  
But, since the cuckoo builds not for himself,  
Remain in't, as thou may'st.

*Lep.* Be pleas'd to tell us,  
(For this is from the present,) how you take  
The offers we have sent you.

*Cæs.* There's the point.

*Ant.* Which do not be entreated to, but weigh  
What it is worth embrac'd.

*Cæs.* And what may follow,  
To try a larger fortune.

*Pom.* You have made me offer  
Of Sicily, Sardinia; and I must  
Rid all the sea of pirates; then, to send  
Measures of wheat to Rome : This 'greed upon,  
To part with unhack'd edges, and bear back  
Our targe undinted.

*Cæs. Ant. Lep.* That's our offer.

*Pom.* Know then,  
I came before you here, a man prepar'd  
To take this offer : But Mark Antony  
Put me to some impatience :—Though I lose  
The praise of it by telling, You must know,  
When Cæsar and your brothers were at blows,  
Your mother came to Sicily, and did find  
Her welcome friendly.

*Ant.* I have heard it, Pompey :  
And am well studied for a liberal thanks,  
Which I do owe you.

*Pom.* Let me have your hand :

I did

I did not think, sir, to have met you here.

*Ant.* The beds i' the east are soft ; and thanks to you,  
That call'd me, timelier than my purpose, hither ;  
For I have gain'd by it.

*Cæs.* Since I saw you last,  
There is a change upon you.

*Pom.* Well, I know not  
What counts harsh fortune casts upon my face ;  
But in my bosom shall she never come,  
To make my heart her vassal.

*Lep* Well met here.

*Pom.* I hope so, Lepidus.—Thus we are agreed :  
I crave, our composition may be written,  
And seal'd between us.

*Cæs.* That's the next to do.

*Pom.* We'll feast each other, ere we part ; and let us  
Draw lots, who shall begin.

*Ant.* That will I, Pompey.

*Pom.* No, Antony, take the lot : but, first,  
Or last, your fine Egyptian cookery  
Shall have the fame. I have heard, that Julius Cæsar  
Grew fat with feasting there.

*Ant.* You have heard much.

*Pom.* I have fair meanings, sir.

*Ant.* And fair words to them

*Pom.* Then so much have I heard :—  
And I have heard, Apollodorus carried—

*Eno.* No more of that :—He did so.

*Pom.* What, I pray you

*Eno.* A certain queen to Cæsar in a mattress.

*Pom.* I know thee now ; How far'st thou, soldier ?

*Eno.* Well

And well am like to do ; for, I perceive,

Four feasts are toward.

*Pom*

*Pom.* Let me shake thy hand ;  
I never hated thee : I have seen thee fight,  
When I have envied thy behaviour.

*Eno.* Sir,  
I never lov'd you much ; but I have prais'd you,  
When you have well deserv'd ten times as much  
As I have said you did.

*Pom.* Enjoy thy plainness,  
It nothing ill becomes thee.—  
Aboard my galley I invite you all :  
Will you lead, lords ?

*Cæs. Ant. Lep.* Show us the way, sir.

*Pom.* Come.

[*Exeunt POMPEY, CÆSAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS,  
Soldiers, and Attendants.*]

*Men.* Thy father, Pompey, would ne'er have made this  
treaty.—[*Aside.*—You and I have known, sir.

*Eno.* At sea, I think.

*Men.* We have, sir.

*Eno.* You have done well by water.

*Men.* And you by land.

*Eno.* I will praise any man that will praise me : though  
it cannot be denied what I have done by land.

*Men.* Nor what I have done by water.

*Eno.* Yes, something you can deny for your own safety :  
you have been a great thief by sea.

*Men.* And you by land.

*Eno.* There I deny my land service. But give me your  
hand, Menas : If our eyes had authority, here they might  
take two thieves kissing.

*Men.* All men's faces are true, whatfoe'er their hands  
are.

*Eno.* But there is never a fair woman has a true face.

*Men.* No slander ; they steal hearts.

*Eno.*

*Eno.* We came hither to fight with you.

*Men.* For my part, I am sorry it is turn'd to a drinking.  
Pompey doth this day laugh away his fortune.

*Eno.* If he do, sure, he cannot weep it back again.

*Men.* You have said, sir. We look'd not for Mark  
Antony here: Pray you, is he married to Cleopatra?

*Eno.* Cæsar's sister is call'd Octavia.

*Men.* True, sir; she was the wife of Caius Marcellus.

*Eno.* But she is now the wife of Marcus Antonius.

*Men.* Pray you, sir?

*Eno.* 'Tis true.

*Men.* Then is Cæsar, and he, for ever knit together.

*Eno.* If I were bound to divine of this unity, I would  
not prophesy so.

*Men.* I think, the policy of that purpose made more in  
the marriage, than the love of the parties.

*Eno.* I think so too. But you shall find, the band that  
seems to tie their friendship together, will be the very  
strangler of their amity: Octavia is of a holy, cold, and  
still conversation.

*Men.* Who would not have his wife so?

*Eno.* Not he, that himself is not so; which is Mark  
Antony. He will to his Egyptian dish again: then shall  
the sighs of Octavia blow the fire up in Cæsar; and, as I  
said before, that which is the strength of their amity, shall  
prove the immediate author of their variance. Antony  
will use his affection where it is; he married but his occa-  
sion here.

*Men.* And thus it may be. Come, sir, will you aboard?  
I have a health for you.

*Eno.* I shall take it, sir: we have us'd our throats in  
Egypt.

*Men.* Come; let's away.

[*Exeunt.*  
SCENE

SCENE VII.

*On board Pompey's Galley, lying near Misenum.*

*Musick. Enter two or three Servants, with a banquet.*

1 *Serv.* Here they'll be, man : Some o' their plants are ill-rooted already, the least wind i' the world will blow them down.

2 *Serv.* Lepidus is high-colour'd.

1 *Serv.* They have made him drink alms-drink.

2 *Serv.* As they pinch one another by the disposition, he cries out, *no more* ; reconciles them to his entreaty, and himself to the drink.

1 *Serv.* But it raises the greater war between him and his discretion.

2 *Serv.* Why, this it is to have a name in great men's fellowship : I had as lief have a reed that will do me no service, as a partizan I could not heave.

1 *Serv.* To be call'd into a huge sphere, and not to be seen to move in't, are the holes where eyes should be, which pitifully disfigure the cheeks.

*A sennet sounded. Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, POMPEY, LEPIDUS, AGRIPPA, MECÆNAS, ENOBARBUS, MENAS, with other Captains.*

*Ant.* Thus do they, sir : [*To CÆSAR.*] They take the flow o' the Nile

By certain scales i' the pyramid ; they know,

1 By the height, the lowness, or the mean, if dearth,

Or foison, follow : The higher Nilus swells,

2 The more it promises : as it ebbs, the seedman

E

Upon

Upon the slime and ooze scatters his grain,  
And shortly comes to harvest.

*Lep.* You have strange serpents there.

*Ant.* Ay, Lepidus.

*Lep.* Your serpent of Egypt is bred now of your mud  
by the operation of your sun : so is your crocodile.

*Ant.* They are so.

*Pom.* Sit,—and some wine.—A health to Lepidus.

*Lep.* I am not so well as I should be, but I'll ne'er  
out.

*Eno.* Not till you have slept; I fear me, you'll be in,  
till then.

*Lep.* Nay, certainly, I have heard, the Ptolemies  
pyramises are very goodly things; without contradiction  
I have heard that.

*Men.* Pompey, a word.

[*Aside*

*Pom.* Say in mine ear: What is't?

*Men.* Forfake thy seat, I do beseech thee, captain,

[*Aside*

And hear me speak a word.

*Pom.* Forbear me till anon.—

This wine for Lepidus.

*Lep.* What manner o' thing is your crocodile?

*Ant.* It is shaped, sir, like it self; and it is as broad as  
it hath breadth: it is just so high as it is, and moves with  
its own organs: it lives by that which nourisheth it; and  
the elements once out of it, it transmigrates.

*Lep.* What colour is it of?

*Ant.* Of its own colour too.

*Lep.* 'Tis a strange serpent.

*Ant.* 'Tis so. And the tears of it are wet.

*Ces.* Will this description satisfy him?

*Ant.* With the health that Pompey gives him, else he  
is a very epicure.

*Pom*

*Pom.* [*To MENAS aside.*] Go, hang, sir, hang! Tell me of that? away!

Do as I bid you.—Where's this cup I call'd for?

*Men.* If for the sake of merit thou wilt hear me, Rise from thy stool.

[*Aside.*

*Pom.* I think, thou'rt mad. The matter?

[*Rises, and walks aside.*

*Men.* I have ever held my cap off to thy fortunes.

*Pom.* Thou hast serv'd me with much faith: What's else to say?

Be jolly, lords.

*Ant.* These quick-sands, Lepidus,

Keep off them, for you sink.

*Men.* Wilt thou be lord of all the world?

*Pom.* What say'st thou?

*Men.* Wilt thou be lord of the whole world? That's twice.

*Pom.* How should that be?

*Men.* But entertain it, and,

Although thou think me poor, I am the man

Will give thee all the world.

*Pom.* Hast thou drunk well?

*Men.* No, Pompey, I have kept me from the cup.

Thou art, if thou dar'st be, the earthly Jove:

Whate'er the ocean pales, or sky inclips,

Is thine, if thou wilt have 't.

*Pom.* Show me which way.

*Men.* These three world-sharers, these competitors,

Are in thy vessel: Let me cut the cable;

And, when we are put off, fall to their throats:

All there is thine.

*Pom.* Ah, this thou should'st have done,

And not have spoke on't! In me, 'tis villainy;

In thee, it had been good service. Thou must know,



'Tis not my profit that does lead mine honour;  
 Mine honour it. Repent, that e'er thy tongue  
 Hath so betray'd thine act: Being done unknown,  
 I should have found it afterwards well done;  
 But must condemn it now. Desist, and drink.

*Men.* For this,

[*Aside.*

I'll never follow thy pall'd fortunes more.—  
 Who seeks, and will not take, when once 'tis offer'd,  
 Shall never find it more.

*Pom.* This health to Lepidus.

*Ant.* Bear him ashore.—I'll pledge it for him, Pompey.

*Eno.* Here's to thee, Menas.

*Men.* Enobarbus, welcome.

*Pom.* Fill, till the cup be hid.

*Eno.* There's a strong fellow, Menas.

[*Pointing to the Attendant who carries off LEPIDUS.*

*Men.* Why?

*Eno.* He bears

The third part of the world, man; See'st not?

*Men.* The third part then is drunk: 'Would it were  
 all,

That it might go on wheels!

*Eno.* Drink thou; increase the reels.

*Men.* Come.

*Pom.* This is not yet an Alexandrian feast.

*Ant.* It ripens towards it.—Strike the vessels, ho!  
 Here is to Cæsar.

*Cæs.* I could well forbear it.

It's monstrous labour, when I wash my brain,  
 And it grows fouler.

*Ant.* Be a child o' the time.

*Cæs.* Possess it, I'll make answer; but I had rather fast  
 From all, four days, than drink so much in one.

*Eno.* Ha, my brave emperor!

[*To ANTONY.*

Shall

Shall we dance now the Egyptian Bacchanals,  
And celebrate our drink ?

*Pom.* Let's ha't, good soldier.

*Ant.* Come, let us all take hands ;  
Till that the conquering wine hath steep'd our sense  
In soft and delicate Lethe.

*Eno.* All take hands.—

Make battery to our ears with the loud musick :—  
The while, I'll place you : Then the boy shall sing ;  
The holding every man shall bear, as loud  
As his strong sides can volley.

[*Musick plays.* ENOBARBUS places them hand in hand.]

S O N G.

*Come, thou monarch of the vine,  
Plumpy Bacchus, with pink eye :  
In thy vats our cares be drown'd ;  
With thy grapes our hairs be crown'd ;  
Cup us till the world go round ;  
Cup us, till the world go round !*

*Ces.* What would you more ?—Pompey, good night.  
Good brother,

Let me request you off : our graver business  
Frowns at this levity.—Gentle lords, let's part ;  
You see, we have burnt our cheeks : strong Enobarbe  
Is weaker than the wine ; and mine own tongue  
Splits what it speaks : the wild disguise hath almost  
Antick'd us all. What needs more words ? Good night.—  
Good Antony, your hand.

*Pom.* I'll try you o' the shore.

*Ant.* And shall, sir ; give's your hand.

*Pom.* O, Antony,  
You

You have my father's house,—But what? we are friend  
Come, down into the boat.

*Eno.*

Take heed you fall not.—

*[Exeunt POM. CÆS. ANT. and Attendants]*

Menas, I'll not on shore.

*Men.*

No, to my cabin.—

These drums!—these trumpets, flutes! what!—

Let Neptune hear we bid a loud farewell

To these great fellows: Sound, and be hang'd, fow  
out.

*[A flourish of trumpets, with drum]*

*Eno.* Ho, says 'a!—There's my cap.

*Men.*

Ho!—noble captain

Come.

*[Exeunt]*

ACT III. SCENE I.

*A Plain in Syria.*

*Enter VENTIDIUS, as after conquest, with SILIUS and other Romans, officers, and soldiers; the dead body of Pacorus borne before him.*

*Ven.* Now, darting Parthia, art thou struck; and now  
Pleas'd fortune does of Marcus Crassus' death  
Make me revenger.—Bear the king's son's body  
Before our army:—Thy Pacorus, Orodes,  
Pays this for Marcus Crassus.

*Sil.* Noble Ventidius,  
Whilſt yet with Parthian blood thy sword is warm,  
The fugitive Parthians follow; ſpur through Media,  
Meſopotamia, and the ſhelters whither  
The routed fly: ſo thy grand captain Antony  
Shall ſet thee on triumphant chariots, and  
Put garlands on thy head.

*Ven.* O Silius, Silius,  
I have done enough: A lower place, note well,  
May make too great an act: For learn this, Silius;  
Better leave undone, than by our deed acquire  
Too high a fame, when him we ſerve's away.  
Cæſar, and Antony, have ever won  
More in their officer, than perſon: Soſſius,  
One of my place in Syria, his lieutenant,  
For quick accumulation of renown,  
Which he achiev'd by the minute, loſt his favour.  
Who does i' the wars more than his captain can,  
Becomes his captain's captain: and ambition,

The soldier's virtue, rather makes choice of loss,  
Than gain, which darkens him.  
I could do more to do Antonius good,  
But 'twould offend him; and in his offence  
Should my performance perish.

*Sil.* Thou hast, Ventidius,  
That without which a soldier and his sword,  
Grants scarce distinction. Thou wilt write to Antony?

*Ven.* I'll humbly signify what in his name,  
That magical word of war, we have effected;  
How, with his banners, and his well-paid ranks,  
The ne'er-yet-beaten horse of Parthia  
We have jaded out o' the field.

*Sil.* Where is he now?  
*Ven.* He purposeth to Athens: whither, with what haste  
The weight we must convey with us will permit,  
We shall appear before him.—On, there; pass along.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.

Rome. *An Ante-chamber in Cæsar's House.*

*Enter AGRIPPA, and ENOBARBUS, meeting.*

*Agr.* What, are the brothers parted?

*Eno.* They have despatch'd with Pompey, he is gone;  
'The other three are sealing. Octavia weeps  
To part from Rome: Cæsar is sad; and Lepidus,  
Since Pompey's feast, as Menas says, is troubled  
With the green sickness.

*Agr.* 'Tis a noble Lepidus.

*Eno.* A very fine one: O, how he loves Cæsar!

*Agr.* Nay, but how dearly he adores Mark Antony!

*Eno.*

*Eno.* Cæsar? Why, he's the Jupiter of men.

*Agr.* What's Antony? The god of Jupiter.

*Eno.* Spake you of Cæsar? How? the nonpareil!

*Agr.* O Antony! O thou Arabian bird!

*Eno.* Would you praise Cæsar, say,—Cæsar;—go no further.

*Agr.* Indeed, he ply'd them both with excellent praises.

*Eno.* But he loves Cæsar best;—Yet he loves Antony:  
Ho! hearts, tongues, figures, scribes, bards, poets, cannot  
Think, speak, cast, write, sing, number, ho, his love  
To Antony. But as for Cæsar,  
Kneel down, kneel down, and wonder.

*Agr.* Both he loves.

*Eno.* They are his shards, and he their beetle. So,—

[*Trumpets.*]

This is to horse.—Adieu, noble Agrippa.

*Agr.* Good fortune, worthy foldier; and farewell.

*Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, and OCTAVIA.*

*Ant.* No further, sir.

*Cæs.* You take from me a great part of myself;  
Use me well in it.—Sister, prove such a wife  
As my thoughts make thee, and as my furthest band  
Shall pass on thy approval.—Most noble Antony,  
Let not the piece of virtue, which is set  
Betwixt us, as the cement of our love,  
To keep it builded, be the ram, to batter  
The fortress of it: for better might we  
Have lov'd without this mean, if on both parts  
This be not cherish'd.

*Ant.* Make me not offended

In your distrust.

*Cæs.* I have said.

E 3

*Ant.*

*Ant.* You shall not find,  
Though you be therein curious, the least cause  
For what you seem to fear : So, the gods keep you,  
And make the hearts of Romans serve your ends !  
We will here part.

*Cæs.* Farewell, my dearest sister, fare thee well ;  
The elements be kind to thee, and make  
Thy spirits all of comfort ! fare thee well.

*Octa.* My noble brother !—

*Ant.* The April's in her eyes : It is love's spring,  
And these the showers to bring it on.—Be cheerful.

*Octa.* Sir, look well to my husband's house ; and—

*Cæs.*

What,

Octavia ?

*Octa.* I'll tell you in your ear.

*Ant.* Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can  
Her heart inform her tongue : the swan's down feather,  
That stands upon the swell at full of tide,  
And neither way inclines.

*Eno.* Will Cæsar weep ? [Aside to AGRIPPA.]

*Agr.* He has a cloud in 's face.

*Eno.* He were the worse for that, were he a horse ;  
So is he, being a man.

*Agr.* Why, Enobarbus ?  
When Antony found Julius Cæsar dead,  
He cried almost to roaring : and he wept,  
When at Philippi he found Brutus slain.

*Eno.* That year, indeed, he was troubled with a rheum ;  
What willingly he did confound, he wail'd ;  
Believe it, till I weep too.

*Cæs.* No, sweet Octavia,  
You shall hear from me still ; the time shall not  
Out-go my thinking on you.

*Ant.* Come, sir, come ;

I'll

I'll wrestle with you in my strength of love :  
Look, here I have you ; thus I let you go,  
And give you to the gods.

*Cef.* Adieu ; be happy !

*Lep.* Let all the number of the stars give light  
To thy fair way !

*Cef.* Farewell, farewell ! [*Kisses OCTAVIA.*]

*Ant.* Farewell !

[*Trumpets sound. Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and ALEXAS.*

*Cleo.* Where is the fellow ?

*Alex.* Half afraid to come.

*Cleo.* Go to, go to :—Come hither, fir.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Alex.* Good majesty,  
Herod of Jewry dare not look upon you,  
But when you are well pleas'd.

*Cleo.* That Herod's head  
I'll have : But how ? when Antony is gone  
Through whom I might command it.—Come thou near.

*Mef.* Most gracious majesty,—

*Cleo.* Didst thou behold  
Octavia ?

*Mef.* Ay, dread queen.

*Cleo.* Where ?

*Mef.* Madam, in Rome

E 4 I look'd



I look'd her in the face ; and saw her led  
Between her brother and Mark Antony.

*Cleo.* Is she as tall as me ?

*Mef.* She is not, madam.

*Cleo.* Didst hear her speak ? Is she shrill-tongu'd, or

*Mef.* Madam, I heard her speak ; she is low-voic'd.

*Cleo.* That's not so good :—he cannot like her long

*Char.* Like her ? O Isis ! 'tis impossible.

*Cleo.* I think so, Charmian : Dull of tongue, and d  
ish !—

What majesty is in her gait ? Remember,  
If e'er thou look'dst on majesty.

*Mef.* She creeps ;

Her motion and her station are as one :

She shows a body rather than a life ;

A statue, than a breather.

*Cleo.* Is this certain ?

*Mef.* Or I have no observance.

*Char.* Three in Egypt

Cannot make better note.

*Cleo.* He's very knowing,

I do perceive't :—There's nothing in her yet :—

The fellow has good judgement.

*Char.* Excellent.

*Cleo.* Guess at her years, I pr'ythee.

*Mef.* Madam,

She was a widow.

*Cleo.* Widow ?—Charmian, hark.

*Mef.* And I do think, she's thirty.

*Cleo.* Bear'st thou her face in mind ? is it long, or re

*Mef.* Round even to faultiness.

*Cleo.* For the most part t

They are foolish that are so.—Her hair, what colour

*Mef.* Brown, madam: And her forehead is as low  
As she would with it.

*Cleo.* There is gold for thee.

Thou must not take my former sharpness ill:—  
I will employ thee back again; I find thee  
Most fit for business: Go, make thee ready;  
Our letters are prepar'd. [Exit Messenger.

*Char.* A proper man.

*Cleo.* Indeed, he is so: I repent me much,  
That so I harry'd him. Why, methinks, by him,  
This creature's no such thing.

*Char.* O, nothing, madam.

*Cleo.* The man hath seen some majesty, and should know.

*Char.* Hath he seen majesty? I'll else defend,  
And serving you so long!

*Cleo.* I have one thing more to ask him yet, good Char-  
mian:—

But 'tis no matter; thou shalt bring him to me  
Where I will write: All may be well enough.

*Char.* I warrant you, madam. [Exit.

# SCENE IV.

Athens. A Room in Antony's House.

Enter ANTONY and OCTAVIA.

*Ant.* Nay, nay, Octavia, not only that,—  
That were excusable, that, and thousands more  
Of semblable import,—but he hath wag'd  
New wars 'gainst Pompey; made his will, and read it  
To publick ear:  
Spoke scantily of me: when perforce he could not  
But pay me terms of honour, cold and sickly

He

He vented them; most narrow measure lent me:  
When the best hint was given him, he not took't,  
Or did it from his teeth.

*Ota.* O my good lord,  
Believe not all; or, if you must believe,  
Stomach not all. A more unhappy lady,  
If this division chance, ne'er stood between,  
Praying for both parts:  
And the good gods will mock me presently,  
When I shall pray, *O, bless my lord and husband!*  
Undo that prayer, by crying out as loud,  
*O, bless my brother!* Husband win, win brother,  
Prays, and destroys the prayer; no midway  
'Twixt these extremes at all.

*Ant.* Gentle Octavia,  
Let your best love draw to that point, which seeks  
Best to preserve it: If I lose mine honour,  
I lose myself: better I were not yours,  
Than yours so branchless. But, as you requested,  
Yourself shall go between us: The mean time, lady,  
I'll raise the preparation of a war  
Shall stain your brother; Make your soonest haste;  
So your desires are yours.

*Ota.* Thanks to my lord.  
The Jove of power make me most weak, most weak,  
Your reconciler! Wars 'twixt you twain would be  
As if the world should cleave, and that slain men  
Should soder up the rift.

*Ant.* When it appears to you where this begins,  
Turn your displeasure that way; for our faults  
Can never be so equal, that your love  
Can equally move with them. Provide your going;  
Choose your own company, and command what cost  
Your heart has mind to.

[*Exeunt*  
SCEN

SCENE V.

*The same. Another Room in the same.*

*Enter ENOBARBUS and EROS, meeting.*

*Eno.* How now, friend Eros?

*Eros.* There's strange news come, sir.

*Eno.* What, man?

*Eros.* Cæsar and Lepidus have made wars upon Pompey.

*Eno.* This is old; What is the success?

*Eros.* Cæsar, having made use of him in the wars 'gainst Pompey, presently denied him rivalry; would not let him partake in the glory of the action: and not resting here, accuses him of letters he had formerly wrote to Pompey; upon his own appeal, seizes him: So the poor third is up, till death enlarge his confine.

*Eno.* Then, world, thou hast a pair of chaps, no more; And throw between them all the food thou hast, They'll grind the one the other. Where's Antony?

*Eros.* He's walking in the garden—thus; and spurns The rust that lies before him; cries, *Fool, Lepidus!* And threats the throat of that his officer, That murder'd Pompey.

*Eno.* Our great navy's rigg'd.

*Eros.* For Italy, and Cæsar. More, Domitius; My lord desires you presently: my news might have told hereafter.

*Eno.* 'Twill be naught; but let it be.—Bring me to Antony.

*Eros.* Come, sir.

*[Exeunt.]*

SCENE

## SCENE VI.

Rome. *A Room in Cæsar's House.*

*Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, and MECÆNAS.*

*Cæs.* Contemning Rome, he has done all this: And more;

In Alexandria,—here's the manner of it,—  
I' the market-place, on a tribunal silver'd,  
Cleopatra and himself in chairs of gold  
Were publicly enthron'd: at the feet, sat  
Cæsarion, whom they call my father's son;  
And all the unlawful issue, that their lust  
Since then hath made between them. Unto her  
He gave the 'stablishment of Egypt; made her  
Of lower Syria, Cyprus, Lydia,  
Absolute queen.

*Mec.* This in the publick eye?

*Cæs.* I' the common show-place, where they exercise.  
His sons he there proclaim'd, The kings of kings:  
Great Media, Parthia, and Armenia,  
He gave to Alexander; to Ptolemy he assign'd  
Syria, Cilicia, and Phœnicia: She  
In the habiliments of the goddess Isis  
That day appear'd; and oft before gave audience  
As 'tis reported, so.

*Mec.* Let Rome be thus  
Inform'd.

*Agr.* Who, queasy with his insolence  
Already, will their good thoughts call from him.

*Cæs.* The people know it; and have now receiv'd  
His accusations.

*Agr*

*Ag.* Whom does he accuse?

*Cæs.* Cæsar: and that, having in Sicily  
Sextus Pompeius spoil'd, we had not rated him  
His part o' the isle: then does he say, he lent me  
Some shipping unrestor'd: lastly, he frets,  
That Lepidus of the triumvirate  
Should be depos'd; and, being, that we detain  
All his revenue.

*Ag.* Sir, this should be answer'd.

*Cæs.* 'Tis done already, and the messenger gone.  
I have told him, Lepidus was grown too cruel;  
That he his high authority abus'd,  
And did deserve his change; for what I have conquer'd,  
I grant him part; but then, in his Armenia,  
And other of his conquer'd kingdoms, I  
Demand the like.

*Mec.* He'll never yield to that.

*Cæs.* Nor must not then be yielded to in this.

*Enter OCTAVIA.*

*Ota.* Hail, Cæsar, and my lord! hail, most dear Cæsar!

*Cæs.* That ever I should call thee, cast-away!

*Ota.* You have not call'd me so, nor have you cause.

*Cæs.* Why have you sto'n upon us thus? You come not  
like Cæsar's sister: The wife of Antony  
should have an army for an usher, and  
The neighs of horse to tell of her approach,  
Long ere she did appear; the trees by the way,  
should have borne men; and expectation fainted,  
longing for what it had not: nay, the dust  
should have ascended to the roof of heaven,  
rais'd by your populous troops: But you are come  
A market-maid to Rome; and have prevented

The

The ostent of our love, which, left unshown  
Is often left unlov'd : we should have met you  
By sea, and land ; supplying every stage  
With an augmented greeting.

*Ota.* Good my lord,  
To come thus was I not constrain'd, but did it  
On my free-will. My lord, Mark Antony,  
Hearing that you prepar'd for war, acquainted  
My grieved ear withal ; whereon, I begg'd  
His pardon for return.

*Cef.* Which soon he granted,  
Being an obstruct 'tween his lust and him.

*Ota.* Do not say so, my lord.

*Cef.* I have eyes upon him,  
And his affairs come to me on the wind.  
Where is he now ?

*Ota.* My lord, in Athens.

*Cef.* No, my most wronged sister ; Cleopatra  
Hath nodded him to her. He hath given his empire  
Up to a whore ; who now are levying  
The kings o' the earth for war : He hath assembled  
Bocchus, the king of Lybia ; Archelaus,  
Of Cappadocia ; Philadelphos, king  
Of Paphlagonia ; the Thracian king, Adallas :  
King Malchus of Arabia ; king of Pont ;  
Herod of Jewry ; Mithridates, king  
Of Comagene ; Polemon and Amintas,  
The kings of Mede, and Lycaonia, with a  
More larger list of scepters.

*Ota.* Ah me, most wretched,  
That have my heart parted betwixt two friends,  
That do afflict each other !

*Cef.* Welcome hither :  
Your letters did withhold our breaking forth ;

Till we perceiv'd, both how you were wrong led,  
 And we in negligent danger. Cheer your heart:  
 Be you not troubled with the time, which drives  
 O'er your content these strong necessities;  
 But let determin'd things to destiny  
 Hold unbewail'd their way. Welcome to Rome:  
 Nothing more dear to me. You are abus'd  
 Beyond the mark of thought: and the high gods,  
 To do you justice, make them ministers  
 Of us, and those that love you. Best of comfort;  
 And ever welcome to us.

*Ag.* Welcome, lady.

*Mec.* Welcome, dear madam.

Each heart in Rome does love and pity you;  
 Only the adulterous Antony, most large  
 In his abominations, turns you off;  
 And gives his potent regiment to a trull,  
 That noises it against us.

*Octa.* Is it so, sir?

*Ces.* Most certain. Sister, welcome: Pray you,  
 Be ever known to patience: My dearest sister! [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE VII.

*Antony's Camp, near the Promontory of Actium.*

*Enter CLEOPATRA and ENOBARBUS.*

*Cleo.* I will be even with thee, doubt it not.

*Eno.* But why, why, why?

*Cleo.* Thou hast forspoke my being in these wars;  
 And say'st, it is not fit.

*Eno.* Well, is it, is it?

*Cleo.*



*Cleo.* Is't not ? Denounce against us, why should not w  
Be there in person ?

*Em.* [*Aside.*] Well, I could reply :—  
If we should serve with horse and mares together,  
The horse were merely lost ; the mares would bear  
A soldier, and his horse.

*Cleo.* What is't you say ?

*Em.* Your preference needs must puzzle Antony ;  
Take from his heart, take from his brain, from his tim  
What should not then be spar'd. He is already  
Traduc'd for levity ; and 'tis said in Rome,  
That Photinus an eunuch, and your maids,  
Manage this war.

*Cleo.* Sink Rome ; and their tongues rot,  
That speak against us ! A charge we bear i' the war,  
And, as the president of my kingdom, will  
Appear there for a man. Speak not against it ;  
I will not stay behind.

*Em.* Nay, I have done :  
Here comes the emperor.

*Enter ANTONY and CANIDIUS.*

*Ant.* Is't not strange, Canidius,  
That from Tarentum, and Brundisium,  
He could so quickly cut the Ionian sea,  
And take in Topyne ?—You have heard on't, sweet ?

*Cleo.* Celerity is never more admir'd,  
Than by the negligent.

*Ant.* A good rebuke,  
Which might have well becom'd the best of men,  
To taunt at slackness.—Canidius, we  
Will fight with him by sea.

*Cleo.* By sea ! What else ?

*Can.* Why will my lord do so ?

*Ant.* For he dares us to't.

*Eno.* So hath my lord dar'd him to single fight.

*Can.* Ay, and to wage this battle at Pharfalia,  
Where Cæsar fought with Pompey : But these offers,  
Which serve not for his vantage, he shakes off ;  
And so should you.

*Eno.* Your ships are not well mann'd :  
Your mariners are muleteers, reapers, people  
Lagg'd by swift impress ; in Cæsar's fleet  
Are those, that often have 'gainst Pompey fought :  
Their ships are yare ; yours, heavy. No disgrace  
Shall fall you for refusing him at sea,  
Being prepar'd for land.

*Ant.* By sea, by sea.

*Eno.* Most worthy sir, you therein throw away  
The absolute soldiership you have by land ;  
Distract your army, which doth most consist  
Of war-mark'd footmen ; leave unexecuted  
Your own renowned knowledge ; quite forego  
The way which promises assurance ; and  
Give up yourself merely to chance and hazard,  
From firm security.

*Ant.* I'll fight at sea.

*Cleo.* I have sixty sails, Cæsar none better.

*Ant.* Our overplus of shipping will we burn ;  
And, with the rest full-mann'd, from the head of Actium  
Beat the approaching Cæsar. But if we fail,

*Enter a Messenger.*

We then can do't at land.—Thy business ?

*Mef.* The news is true, my lord ; he is defcried ;  
Cæsar has taken Tornyne.

F

*Ant.*

*Ant.* Can he be there in person? 'tis impossible;  
Strange, that his power should be.—Canidius,  
Our nineteen legions thou shalt hold by land,  
And our twelve thousand horse:—We'll to our ship;

*Enter a Soldier.*

Away, my Thetis!—How now, worthy soldier?

*Sold.* O noble emperor, do not fight by sea;  
Trust not to rotten planks: Do you misdoubt  
This sword, and these my wounds? Let the Egyptians,  
And the Phœnicians, go a ducking; we  
Have us'd to conquer, standing on the earth,  
And fighting foot to foot.

*Ant.* Well, well, away.

[*Exeunt ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, and ENOBARBUS*

*Sold.* By Hercules, I think, I am i' the right.

*Can.* Soldier, thou art: but his whole action grows  
Not in the power on't: So our leader's led,  
And we are women's men.

*Sold.* You keep by land  
The legions and the horse whole, do you not?

*Can.* Marcus Octavius, Marcus Junius,  
Publicola, and Cælius, are for sea:  
But we keep whole by land. This speed of Cæsar's  
Carries beyond belief.

*Sold.* While he was yet in Rome,  
His power went out in such distractions, as  
Beguil'd all spies.

*Can.* Who's his lieutenant, hear you?

*Sold.* They say, one Taurus.

*Can.* Well I know the man.

*Ent.*

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mes.* The emperor calls for Canidius.

*Can.* With news the time's with labour; and throes forth,

Each minute, some.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII.

*A Plain near Actium.*

*Enter CÆSAR, TAURUS, Officers, and Others.*

*Cæs.* Taurus,—

*Taur.* My lord.

*Cæs.* Strike not by land; keep whole:

Provoke not battle, till we have done at sea.

Do not exceed the prescript of this scroll:

Our fortune lies upon this jump.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter ANTONY and ENOBARBUS.*

*Ant.* Set we our squadrons on yon' side o' the hill,

In eye of Cæsar's battle; from which place

We may the number of the ships behold,

And so proceed accordingly.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter CANIDIUS, marching with his land army one way over the stage; and TAURUS, the lieutenant of Cæsar, other way. After their going in, is heard the noise of sea-fight.*

*Alarum. Re-enter ENOBARBUS.*

*Eno.* Naught, naught, all naught! I can behold no longer:  
The Antoniad, the Egyptian admiral,  
With all their fixty, fly, and turn the rudder;  
To see't, mine eyes are blasted.

*Enter SCARUS.*

*Scar.* Gods, and goddesses,  
All the whole synod of them!

*Eno.* What's thy passion?

*Scar.* The greater cantle of the world is lost  
With very ignorance; we have kiss'd away  
Kingdoms and provinces.

*Eno.* How appears the fight?

*Scar.* On our side like the token'd pestilence,  
Where death is sure. Yon' ribald-rid nag of Egypt,  
Whom leprosy o'ertake! i' the midst o' the fight,—  
When vantage like a pair of twins appear'd,  
Both as the same, or rather ours the elder,—  
The brize upon her, like a cow in June,  
Hoists sails, and flies.

*Eno.* That I beheld: mine eyes  
Did sicken at the sight on't, and could not  
Endure a further view.

*Scar.* She once being loof'd,  
The noble ruin of her magic, Antony,  
Claps on his sea-wing, and like a doting mallard,

Leav'rs

Leaving the fight in height, flies after her :  
I never saw an action of such shame ;  
Experience, manhood, honour, ne'er before  
Did violate so itself.

*Eno.* Alack, alack !

*Enter CANIDIUS.*

*Can.* Our fortune on the sea is out of breath,  
And sinks most lamentably. Had our general  
Been what he knew himself, it had gone well ;  
O, he has given example for our flight,  
Most grossly, by his own.

*Eno.* Ay, are you thereabouts ? Why then, good night  
Indeed. *[Aside.*

*Can.* Towards Peloponnesus are they fled.

*Scar.* 'Tis easy to't ; and there I will attend  
What further comes.

*Can.* To Cæsar will I render  
My legions, and my horse ; six kings already  
Show me the way of yielding.

*Eno.* I'll yet follow  
The wounded chance of Antony, though my reason  
Sits in the wind against me. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.

Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter ANTONY, and Attendant's.*

*Ant.* Hark, the land bids me tread no more upon't,  
It is ashamed to bear me !—Friends, come hither,  
I am so lated in the world, that I  
Have lost my way for ever :—I have a ship

F 3

Laden

Laden with gold ; take that, divide it ; fly,  
And make your peace with Cæsar.

*Att.*

Fly ! not we.

*Ant.* I have fled myself ; and have instructed cowards  
To run, and show their shoulders.—Friends, be gone ;  
I have myself resolv'd upon a course,  
Which has no need of you ; be gone :  
My treasure's in the harbour, take it.—O,  
I follow'd that I blush to look upon :  
My very hairs do mutiny ; for the white  
Reprove the brown for rashness, and they them  
For fear and doting.—Friends, be gone ; you shall  
Have letters from me to some friends, that will  
Sweep your way for you. Pray you, look not sad,  
Nor make replies of loathsomeness : take the hint  
Which my despair proclaims : let that be left  
Which leaves itself : to the sea side straightway :  
I will possess you of that ship and treasure.  
Leave me, I pray, a little : 'pray you now :—  
Nay, do so ; for, indeed, I have lost command,  
Therefore I pray you :—I'll see you by and by.

[*Sits down.*]

*Enter EROS, and CLEOPATRA, led by CHARMIAN and  
IRAS.*

*Eros.* Nay, gentle madam, to him :—Comfort him.

*Iras.* Do, most dear queen.

*Char.* Do ! Why, what else ?

*Gleo.* Let me sit down. O Juno !

*Ant.* No, no, no, no, no.

*Eros.* See you here, sir ?

*Ant.* O fye, fye, fye.

*Char.* Madam,—

*Iras.*

*Iras.* Madam ; O good empress !—

*Eros.* Sir, sir,—

*Ant.* Yes, my lord, yes ;—He, at Philippi, kept  
His sword even like a dancer ; while I struck  
The lean and wrinkled Cassius ; and 'twas I,  
That the mad Brutus ended : he alone  
Dealt on lieutenantry, and no practice had  
In the brave squares of war : Yet now—No matter.

*Cleo.* Ah, stand by.

*Eros.* The queen, my lord, the queen.

*Iras.* Go to him, madam, speak to him ;  
He is unqualitied with very shame.

*Cleo.* Well then,—Sustain me :—O !

*Eros.* Most noble sir, arise ; the queen approaches ;  
Her head's declin'd, and death will seize her ; but  
Your comfort makes the rescue.

*Ant.* I have offended reputation ;  
A most unnoble swerving.

*Eros.* Sir, the queen.

*Ant.* O, whither hast thou led me, Egypt ? See,  
How I convey my shame out of thine eyes  
By looking back on what I have left behind  
'Stroy'd in dishonour.

*Cleo.* O my lord, my lord !  
Forgive my fearful fails ! I little thought  
You would have follow'd.

*Ant.* Egypt, thou knew'st too well,  
My heart was to thy rudder tied by the strings,  
And thou should'st tow me after : O'er my spirit  
Thy full supremacy thou knew'st ; and that  
Thy beck might from the bidding of the gods  
Command me.

*Cleo.* O, my pardon.

*Ant.* Now I must



To the young man send humble treaties, dodge  
 And palter in the shifts of lowness; who  
 With half the bulk o' the world play'd as I pleas'd,  
 Making, and marring fortunes. You did know,  
 How much you were my conqueror; and that  
 My sword, made weak by my affection, would  
 Obey it on all cause.

*Cleo.* O pardon, 'pardon.

*Ant.* Fall not a tear, I say; one of them rates  
 All that is won and lost: Give me a kiss;  
 Even this repays me.—We sent our schoolmaster,  
 Is he come back?—Love, I am full of lead:—  
 Some wine, within there, and our viands:—Fortune know  
 We scorn her most, when most she offers blows. [*Exe*

#### SCENE X.

*Cæsar's Camp, in Egypt.*

*Enter CÆSAR, DOLABELLA, THYREUS, and Others*

*Cæs.* Let him appear that's come from Antony.—  
 Know you him?

*Dol.* Cæsar, 'tis his schoolmaster:  
 An argument that he is pluck'd, when hither  
 He sends so poor a pinion of his wing,  
 Which had superfluous kings for messengers,  
 Not many moons gone by.

*Enter Ambassador from ANTONY.*

*Cæs.* Approach, and speak.

*Amb.* Such as I am, I come from Antony:  
 I was of late as petty to his ends,

As is the morn-dew on the myrtle leaf  
To his grand sea.

*Cæs.* Be it so; Declare thine office.

*Amb.* Lord of his fortunes he salutes thee, and  
Requires to live in Egypt: which not granted,  
He lessens his requests; and to thee sues  
To let him breathe between the heavens and earth,  
A private man in Athens: This for him.  
Next, Cleopatra does confess thy greatness;  
Submits her to thy might; and of thee craves  
The circle of the Ptolemies for her heirs,  
Now hazarded to thy grace.

*Cæs.* For Antony,  
I have no ears to his request. The queen  
Of audience, nor desire, shall fail; so she  
From Egypt drive her all disgraced friend,  
Or take his life there: This if she perform,  
She shall not sue unheard. So to them both.

*Amb.* Fortune pursue thee!

*Cæs.* Bring him through the bands.  
[Exit Ambassador.]

To try thy eloquence, now 'tis time: Despatch;  
From Antony win Cleopatra: promise, [To THYREUS.  
And in our name, what she requires; add more,  
From thine invention, offers: women are not,  
In their best fortunes, strong; but want will perjure  
The ne'er-touch'd vestal: Try thy cunning, Thyreus;  
Make thine own edict for thy pains, which we  
Will answer as a law.

*Thyr.* Cæsar, I go.

*Cæs.* Observe how Antony becomes his flaw;  
And what thou think't his very action speaks  
In every power that moves.

*Thyr.* Cæsar, I shall.

[Exeunt.  
SCENE

## SCENE XI.

Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, CHARMIAN, and IRAS.*

*Cleo.* What shall we do, Enobarbus?

*Eno.* Think, and die.

*Cleo.* Is Antony, or we, in fault for this?

*Eno.* Antony only, that would make his will  
Lord of his reason. What although you fled  
From that great face of war, whose several ranges  
Frighted each other? why should he follow?  
The itch of his affection should not then  
Have nick'd his captainship; at such a point,  
When half to half the world oppos'd, he being  
The mered question: 'Twas a shame no less  
Than was his loss, to course your flying flags,  
And leave his navy gazing.

*Cleo.* Pr'ythee, peace.

*Enter ANTONY, with the Ambassador.*

*Ant.* Is this his answer?

*Amb.* Ay, my lord.

*Ant.* The queen  
Shall then have courtesy, so she will yield  
Us up.

*Amb.* He says so.

*Ant.* Let her know it.—  
To the boy Cæsar send this grizled head,  
And he will fill thy wishes to the brim  
With principalities.

*Cleo.*

*Cleo.* That head, my lord ?

*Ant.* To him again ; Tell him, he wears the rose  
Of youth upon him ; from which, the world should note  
Something particular : his coin, ships, legions,  
May be a coward's ; whose ministers would prevail  
Under the service of a child, as soon  
As i' the command of Cæsar : I dare him therefore  
To lay his gay comparisons apart,  
And answer me declin'd, sword against sword,  
Ourselves alone : I'll write it ; follow me.

[*Exeunt ANTONY and Ambassador.*]

*Eno.* Yes, like enough, high-battled Cæsar will  
Unstate his happiness, and be stag'd to the show,  
Against a sworder.—I see, men's judgements are  
A parcel of their fortunes ; and things outward  
Do draw the inward quality after them,  
To suffer all alike. That he should dream,  
Knowing all measures, the full Cæsar will  
Answer his emptiness !—Cæsar, thou hast subdu'd  
His judgement too.

*Enter an Attendant.*

*Att.* A messenger from Cæsar.

*Cleo.* What, no more ceremony ?—See, my women !—  
Against the blown rose may they stop their nose,  
That kneel'd unto the buds.—Admit him, sir.

*Eno.* Mine honesty, and I, begin to square. [*Aside.*]  
The loyalty, well held to fools, does make  
Our faith mere folly :—Yet, he, that can endure  
To follow with allegiance a fallen lord,  
Does conquer him that did his master conquer,  
And earns a place i' the story.

*Enter*

*Enter THYREUS.*

*Cleo.* Cæsar's will ?

*Thyr.* Hear it apart.

*Cleo.* None but friends ; say boldly.

*Thyr.* So, haply, are they friends to Antony.

*Eno.* He needs as many, sir, as Cæsar has ;  
Or needs not us. If Cæsar please, our master  
Will leap to be his friend : For us, you know,  
Whose he is, we are ; and that's, Cæsar's.

*Thyr.* So.—

Thus then, thou most renown'd ; Cæsar entreats,  
Not to consider in what case thou stand'st,  
Further than he is Cæsar.

*Cleo.* Go on : Right royal.

*Thyr.* He knows, that you embrace not Antony  
As you did love, but as you fear'd him.

*Cleo.* O !

*Thyr.* The scars upon your honour, therefore, he  
Does pity, as constrained blemishes,  
Not as deserv'd.

*Cleo.* He is a god, and knows  
What is most right : Mine honour was not yielded,  
But conquer'd merely.

*Eno.* To be sure of that, *[Aside.*  
I will ask Antony.—Sir, sir, thou'rt so leaky,

That we must leave thee to thy sinking, for  
Thy dearest quit thee. *[Exit ENOBARBUS.*

*Thyr.* Shall I say to Cæsar  
What you require of him ? for he partly begs  
To be desir'd to give. It much would please him,  
That of his fortunes you should make a staff  
To lean upon : but it would warm his spirits,

To hear from me you had left Antony,  
And put yourself under his throwd,  
The universal landlord.

*Cleo.* What's your name?

*Thyr.* My name is Thyreus.

*Cleo.* Most kind messenger.

Say to great Cæsar this, In disputation  
I kiss his conqu'ring hand: tell him, I am prompt  
To lay my crown at his feet, and there to kneel:  
Tell him, from his all-obeying breath I hear  
The doom of Egypt.

*Thyr.* 'Tis your noblest course.  
Wisdom and fortune combating together,  
If that the former dare but what it can,  
No chance may shake it. Give me grace to lay  
My duty on your hand.

*Cleo.* Your Cæsar's father  
Oft, when he hath mus'd of taking kingdoms in,  
Bestow'd his lips on that unworthy place,  
As it rain'd kisses.

*Re-enter ANTONY and ENOBAREUS.*

*Ant.* Favours, by Jove that thunders!—  
What art thou, fellow?

*Thyr.* One, that but performs  
The bidding of the fullest man, and worthiest  
To have command obey'd.

*Eno.* You will be whipp'd.

*Ant.* Approach, there:—Ay, you kite!—Now gods and  
devils!

Authority melts from me: Of late, when I cry'd, *ho!*  
Like boys unto a muf, kings would start forth,  
And cry, *Your will?* Have you no ears? I am

*Enter*

*Enter Attendants.*

Antony yet. Take hence this Jack, and whip him

*Eno.* 'Tis better playing with a lion's whelp,  
Than with an old one dying.

*Ant.* Moon and stars!

Whip him:—Were't twenty of the greatest tributaries  
That do acknowledge Cæsar, should I find them  
So saucy with the hand of the here, (What's her name  
Since she was Cleopatra?)—Whip him, fellows,  
Till, like a boy, you see him cringe his face,  
And whine aloud for mercy: Take him hence.

*Thyr.* Mark Antony,—

*Ant.* Tug him away: being wh

Bring him again:—This Jack of Cæsar's shall  
Bear us an errand to him.—

[*Exeunt Att. with THYR.*]

You were half blasted ere I knew you:—Ha!  
Have I my pillow left unpress'd in Rome,  
Forborne the getting of a lawful race,  
And by a gem of women, to be abus'd  
By one that looks on feeders?

*Cleo.* Good my lord,—

*Ant.* You have been a boggler ever:—  
But when we in our viciousness grow hard,  
(O misery on't!) the wise gods feel our eyes;  
In our own filth drop our clear judgements; make  
Adore our errors; laugh at us, while we strut  
To our confusion.

*Cleo.* O, is it come to this?

*Ant.* I found you as a morsel, cold upon  
Dead Cæsar's trencher: nay, you were a fragment  
Of Cneius Pompey's; besides what hotter hours,

Unregister'd in vulgar fame, you have  
Luxuriously pick'd out :—For, I am sure,  
Though you can guess what temperance should be,  
You know not what it is.

*Cleo.* Wherefore is this ?

*Ant.* To let a fellow that will take rewards,  
And say, *God quit you !* be familiar with  
My playfellow, your hand ; this kingly seal,  
And plighter of high hearts !—O, that I were  
Upon the hill of Bafan, to outroar  
The horned herd ! for I have savage cause ;  
And to proclaim it civilly, were like  
A halter'd neck, which does the hangman thank  
For being yare about him.—Is he whipp'd ?

*Re-enter Attendants, with THYREUS.*

*Att.* Soundly, my lord.

*Ant.* Cry'd he ? and begg'd he pardon ?

*Att.* He did ask favour.

*Ant.* If that thy father live, let him repent  
Thou wast not made his daughter ; and be thou sorry  
To follow Cæsar in his triumph, since  
Thou hast been whipp'd for following him : henceforth,  
The white hand of a lady fever thee,  
Shake thou to look on't.—Get thee back to Cæsar,  
Tell him thy entertainment : Look, thou say,  
He makes me angry with him : for he seems  
Proud and disdainful ; harping on what I am,  
Not what he knew I was : He makes me angry ;  
And at this time most easy 'tis to do't ;  
When my good stars, that were my former guides,  
Have empty left their orbs, and shot their fires  
Into the abism of hell. If he mislike

My



My speech, and what is done; tell him, he has  
Hipparchus, my enfranchis'd bondman, whom  
He may at pleasure whip, or hang, or torture,  
As he shall like, to quit me: Urge it thou;  
Hence with thy stripes, begone. [Exit THYREUS.]

*Cleo.* Have you done yet?

*Ant.* Alack, our terrene moon  
Is now eclips'd; and it portends alone  
The fall of Antony!

*Cleo.* I must stay his time.

*Ant.* To flatter Cæsar, would you mingle eyes  
With one that ties his points?

*Cleo.* Not know me yet?

*Ant.* Cold-hearted toward me?

*Cleo.* Ah, dear, if I be so,  
From my cold heart let heaven engender hail,  
And poison it in the source; and the first stone  
Drop in my neck: as it determines, so  
Dissolve my life! The next Cæsarion smite!  
Till, by degrees, the memory of my womb,  
Together with my brave Egyptians all,  
By the discandying of this pelleted storm,  
Lie graveless; till the flies and gnats of Nile  
Have buried them for prey!

*Ant.* I am satisfied.  
Cæsar sits down in Alexandria; where  
I will oppose his fate. Our force by land  
Hath nobly held; our sever'd navy too  
Have knit again, and fleet, threat'ning most sea-like.  
Where hast thou been, my heart?—Dost thou hear, lady!  
If from the field I shall return once more  
To kiss these lips, I will appear in blood;  
I and my sword will earn our chronicle;  
There is hope in it yet.

*Cleo.*

That's my brave lord !  
 will be treble-finew'd, hearted, breath'd,  
 at maliciously : for when mine hours  
 ce and lucky, men did ransom lives  
 or jests ; but now, I'll set my teeth,  
 d to darknes all that stop me.—Come,  
 ve one other gaudy night : call to me  
 sad captains, fill our bowls ; once more  
 ock the midnight bell.

It is my birth-day :  
 ought, to have held it poor ; but, since my lord  
 ny again, I will be Cleopatra.  
 We'll yet do well.  
 Call all his noble captains to my lord.  
 Do so, we'll speak to them ; and to-night I'll force-  
 ie peep through their scars.—Come on, my queen ;  
 sap in't yet. The next time I do fight,  
 e death love me ; for I will contend  
 th his pestilent scythe.  
*Exeunt ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, and Attendants.*  
 Now he'll out-stare the lightning. To be furious,  
 e frightened out of fear : and in that mood,  
 re will peck the estridge ; and I see still,  
 ution in our captain's brain  
 his heart : When valour preys on reason,  
 he sword it fights with. I will seek  
 y to leave him. *[Exit.]*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

*Cæsar's Camp at Alexandria.*

*Enter CÆSAR, reading a letter; AGRIFFA, MECENAS,  
and Others.*

*Cæs.* He calls me boy; and chides, as he had power  
To beat me out of Egypt: my messenger  
He hath whipp'd with rods; dares me to personal combat;  
Cæsar to Antony: Let the old ruffian know,  
I have many other ways to die; mean time,  
Laugh at his challenge.

*Mec.* Cæsar must think,  
When one so great begins to rage, he's hunted  
Even to falling. Give him no breath, but now  
Make boot of his distraction: Never anger  
Made good guard for itself.

*Cæs.* Let our best heads  
Know, that to-morrow the last of many battles  
We mean to fight:—Within our files there are  
Of those that serv'd Mark Antony but late,  
Enough to fetch him in. See it be done;  
And feast the army: we have store to do't,  
And they have earn'd the waste. Poor Antony!

*[Exeunt]*

SCEN

## SCENE II.

*Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.*

ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, CHARMIAN,  
IRAS, ALEXAS, and Others.

He will not fight with me, Domitius.

No.

Why should he not?

He thinks, being twenty times of better fortune,  
twenty men to one.

To-morrow, soldier,  
and land I'll fight; or I will live,  
e my dying honour in the blood  
ake it live again. Woo't thou fight well?  
I'll strike; and cry, *Take all.*

Well said; come on.—  
th my household servants; let's to-night

*Enter Servants.*

nteous at our meal.—Give me thy hand,  
aft been rightly honest;—so hast thou;—  
ou,—and thou,—and thou;—you have serv'd me  
well,  
ngs have been your fellows.

What means this?

'Tis one of those odd tricks, which sorrow shoots  
[*Aside.*]  
the mind.

And thou art honest too.  
I could be made so many men;

G 2

And

And all of you clapp'd up together in  
An Antony; that I might do you service,  
So good as you have done.

*Serv.* The gods forbid!

*Ant.* Well, my good fellows, wait on me to-night;  
Scant not my cups; and make as much of me,  
As when mine empire was your fellow too,  
And suffer'd my command.

*Cleo.* What does he mean?

*Eno.* To make his followers weep.

*Ant.* Tend me to-night;

May be, it is the period of your duty:  
Haply, you shall not see me more; or if,  
A mangled shadow: perchance, to-morrow  
You'll serve another master. I look on you,  
As one that takes his leave. Mine honest friends,  
I turn you not away; but, like a master  
Married to your good service, stay till death:  
Tend me to-night two hours, I ask no more,  
And the gods yield you for't!

*Eno.* What mean you, sir,  
To give them this discomfort? Look, they weep;  
And I, an afs, am onion-ey'd; for shame,  
Transform us not to women.

*Ant.* Ho, ho, ho!  
Now the witch take me, if I meant it thus!  
Grace grow where those drops fall! My hearty friends,  
You take me in too dolorous a sense:  
I spake to you for your comfort: did desire you  
To burn this night with torches: Know, my hearts,  
I hope well of to-morrow; and will lead you,  
Where rather I'll expect victorious life,  
Than death and honour. Let's to supper; come,  
And drown consideration.

[*Exeunt.*  
SCENE

SCENE III.

*The same. Before the Palace.*

*Enter two Soldiers, to their guard.*

*Sold.* Brother, good night : to-morrow is the day.

*Sold.* It will determine one way : fare you well.  
and you of nothing strange about the streets ?

*Sold.* Nothing : What news ?

*Sold.* Belike, 'tis but a rumour :  
good night to you.

*Sold.* Well, fir, good night.

*Enter two other Soldiers.*

*Sold.* Soldiers,  
be careful watth.

*Sold.* And you : Good night, good night.  
[*The first two place themselves at their posts.*]

*Sold.* Here we : [*They take their posts.*] and if to-mor-  
row

our navy thrive, I have an absolute hope  
our landmen will stand up.

*Sold.* 'Tis a brave army,  
and full of purpose. [*Musick of bawthoys under the flags.*]

*Sold.* Peace, what noise ?

*Sold.* Lift, lift !

*Sold.* Hark !

*Sold.* Musick i' the air.

*Sold.* Under the earth.

*Sold.* It signs well,  
is't it not ?

3 Sold. No.

1 Sold. Peace, I say. What should this mean?

2 Sold. 'Tis the god Hercules, whom Antony lov'd,  
Now leaves him.

1 Sold. Walk; let's see if other watchmen  
Do hear what we do. [They advance to another post.]

2 Sold. How now, masters?

Sold. How now?

How now? do you hear this? [Several speaking together.]

1 Sold. Ay; Is't not strange?

3 Sold. Do you hear, masters? do you hear?

1 Sold. Follow the noise so far as we have quarter;  
Let's see how't will give off.

Sold. [Several speaking,] Content: 'Tis strange.  
[Exeunt.]

#### SCENE IV,

*The same. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter ANTONY, and CLEOPATRA; CHARMIAN, and  
Others, attending.

Ant. Eros! mine armour, Eros!

Cleo. Sleep a little.

Ant. No, my chuck.—Eros, come; mine armour, Eros!

*Enter EROS, with armour.*

Come, my good fellow, put thine iron on:—  
If fortune be not ours to-day, it is  
Because we brave her.—Come.

Cleo. Nay, I'll help too.

What's this for?

Ant.

*Ant.* Ah, let be, let be! thou art  
: armourer of my heart:—False, false; this, this.

*Leo.* Sooth, la, I'll help: Thus it must be.

*Ant.* Well, well;  
shall thrive now.—Seest thou, my good fellow?  
, put on thy defences.

*Eros.* Briefly, sir.

*Leo.* Is not this buckled well?

*Ant.* Rarely, rarely:  
that unbuckles this, till we do please  
doft't for our repose, shall hear a storm.—  
ou fumblest, Eros; and my queen's a squire  
re tight at this, than thou: Despatch.—O love,  
at thou could'st see my wars to-day, and knew'st  
e royal occupation! thou should'st see

*Enter an Officer, armed.*

workman in't.—Good morrow to thee; welcome:  
ou look'st like him that knows a warlike charge;  
business that we love, we risk betime,  
d go to it with delight.

*Off.* A thousand, sir,  
ly though it be, have on their riveted trim,  
d at the port expect you. [*Shout. Trumpets; flourish.*]

*Enter other Officers, and Soldiers.*

*Off.* The morn is fair.—Good morrow, general.

*All.* Good morrow, general.

*Ant.* 'Tis well blown, lads.  
is morning, like the spirit of a youth  
at means to be of note, begins betimes.—  
so; come, give me that: this way; well said.



Fare thee well, dame, what'er becomes of me :  
 This is a soldier's kiss : rebukable, [Kisses her.  
 And worthy shameful check it were, to stand  
 On more mechanick compliment ; I'll leave thee  
 Now, like a man of steel.—You, that will fight,  
 Follow me close ; I'll bring you to't,—Adieu.

[Exit ANT. EROS, Officers, and Soldiers.

Char. Please you, retire to your chamber ?

Cleo.

Lead me.

He goes forth gallantly. That he and Cæsar might  
 Determine this great war in single fight !

Then, Antony,—But now,—Well, on.

[Exit,

#### SCENE V.

Antony's Camp near Alexandria.

*Trumpets sound. Enter ANTONY and EROS ; a Soldier  
 meeting them.*

Sold. The gods make this a happy day to Antony !

Ant. 'Would, thou and those thy scars had once pre-  
 vail'd

To make me fight at land !

Sold, Had'st thou done so,

The kings that have revolted, and the foldier  
 That has this morning left thee, would have still  
 Follow'd thy heels.

Ant, Who's gone this morning ?

Sold.

Who ?

One ever near thee : Call for Enobarbus,  
 He shall not hear thee ; or from Cæsar's camp  
 Say, *I am none of thine.*

Ant.

What say'st thou ?

Sold.

V. ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

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l. Sir,  
with Cæsar.  
r. Sir, his chefts and treasure  
s not with him.  
l. Is he gone?  
r. Most certain.  
l. Go, Eros, send his treasure after; do it;  
n no jot, I charge thee: write to him  
ll subferibe) gentle adieus, and greetings:  
that I wish he never find more cause  
nange a master.—O, my fortunes have  
pted honest men:—Eros, despatch.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

*Cæsar's Camp before Alexandria.*

*ifb. Enter CÆSAR, with AGRIPPA, ENOBARBUS,  
and Others.*

l. Go forth, Agrippa, and begin the fight:  
will is, Antony be took alive;  
: it so known.  
r. Cæsar, I shall. [Exit AGRIPPA,  
f. The time of universal peace is near:  
: this a prosperous day, the three-nook'd world  
bear the olive freely.

*Enter a Messenger.*

f. Antony  
me into the field.  
f. Go, charge Agrippa  
: those that have revolted in the van,

That

That Antony may seem to spend his fury  
Upon himself. [*Exeunt CÆSAR and his Train.*]

*Eno.* Alexas did revolt; and went to Jewry,  
On affairs of Antony; there did persuade  
Great Herod to incline himself to Cæsar,  
And leave his master Antony: for this pains,  
Cæsar hath hang'd him. Canidius, and the rest  
That fell away, have entertainment, but  
No honourable trust. I have done ill;  
Of which I do accuse myself so sorely,  
That I will joy no more.

*Enter a Soldier of CÆSAR'S.*

*Sold.* Enobarbus, Antony  
Hath after thee sent all thy treasure, with  
His bounty overplus: The messenger  
Came on my guard; and at thy tent is now,  
Unloading of his mules.

*Eno.* I give it you.

*Sold.* Mock me not, Enobarbus.  
I tell you true: Best that you sav'd the bringer  
Out of the host; I must attend mine office,  
Or would have done't myself. Your emperor  
Continues still a Jove. [*Exit Soldier.*]

*Eno.* I am alone the villain of the earth,  
And feel I am so most. O Antony,  
Thou mine of bounty, how would'st thou have paid  
My better service, when my turpitude  
Thou dost so crown with gold! This blows my heart:  
If swift thought break it not, a swifter mean  
Shall outstrike thought: but thought will do't, I feel.  
I fight against thee!—No: I will go seek

Some

Some ditch, wherein to die ; the foul't best fits  
My latter part of life.

[Exit.

SCENE VII.

*Field of Battle between the Camps.*

*Alarum. Drums and Trumpets. Enter AGRIPPA, and  
Others.*

*Agr.* Retire, we have engag'd ourselves too far :  
Cæsar himself has work, and our oppression  
Exceeds what we expected. [Exeunt.

*Alarum. Enter ANTONY and SCARUS, wounded.*

*Scar.* O my brave emperor, this is fought indeed !  
Had we done so at first, we had driven them home  
With clouts about their heads.

*Ant.* Thou bleed'st apace.

*Scar.* I had a wound here that was like a T,  
But now 'tis made an H.

*Ant.* They do retire.

*Scar.* We'll beat 'em into bench-holes ; I have yet  
Room for six scotches more.

*Enter EROS.*

*Eros.* They are beaten, sir ; and our advantage serves  
For a fair victory.

*Scar.* Let us score their backs,  
And snatch 'em up, as we take hares, behind ;  
'Tis sport to maul a runner.

*Ant.* I will reward thee

Once for thy spiritly comfort, and ten-fold  
For thy good valour. Come thou on.

*Scar.*

I'll halt after. [*Ex*

### SCENE VIII.

*Under the Walls of Alexandria.*

*Alarum. Enter ANTONY, marching; SCARUS, at  
Forces.*

*Ant.* We have beat him to his camp: Run one before  
And let the queen know of our guests.—To-morrow,  
Before the sun shall see us, we'll spill the blood  
That has to-day escap'd. I thank you all;  
For doughty-handed are you; and have fought  
Not as you serv'd the cause, but as it had been  
Each man's like mine; you have shown all Hectors.  
Enter the city, clip your wives, your friends,  
Tell them your feats; whilst they with joyful tears  
Wash the congealment from your wounds, and kiss  
The honour'd gashes whole.—Give me thy hand;

[*To SCAR*

*Enter CLEOPTRA, attended.*

To this great fairy I'll commend thy acts,  
Make her thanks blest thee.—O thou day o' the world  
Chain mine arm'd neck; leap thou, attire and all,  
Through proof of harness to my heart, and there  
Ride on the pants triumphing.

*Cleo.*

Lord of lords!

O infinite virtue! com'st thou smiling from  
The world's great snare uncaught?

*Ant.* My nightingale,  
We have beat them to their beds. What, girl? though  
grey

Do something mingle with our brown; yet have we  
A brain that nourishes our nerves, and can  
Get goal for goal of youth. Behold this man;  
Commend unto his lips thy favouring hand;—  
Kiss it, my warrior:—He hath fought to-day,  
As if a god, in hate of mankind, had  
Destroy'd in such a shape.

*Cleo.* I'll give thee, friend,  
An armour all of gold; it was a king's.

*Ant.* He has deserv'd it, were it carbuncled  
Like holy Phœbus' car.—Give me thy hand;—  
Through Alexandria make a jolly march;  
Bear our back'd targets like the men that owe them;  
Had our great palace the capacity  
To camp this host, we all would sup together;  
And drink carouses to the next day's fate,  
Which promises royal peril.—Trumpeters,  
With brazen din blast you the city's ear;  
Make mingle with our rattling tabourines;  
That heaven and earth may strike their sounds together,  
Applauding our approach. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE IX.

*Cæsar's Camp.*

*Sentinels on their post. Enter ENOBARBUS.*

*1 Sold.* If we be not reliev'd within this hour,  
We must return to the court of guard; The night

Is shiny; and, they say, we shall embattle  
By the second hour i' the morn.

1 *Sold.*

This last day was

A threwd one to us.

*Eno.*

O, bear me witness, night,—

3 *Sold.* What man is this?

2 *Sold.*

Stand close, and list to him.

*Eno.* Be witness to me, O thou blessed moon,  
When men revolted shall upon record  
Bear hateful memory, poor Enobarbus did  
Before thy face repent!—

1 *Sold.*

Enobarbus!

3 *Sold.*

Peace;

Hark further.

*Eno.* O sovereign mistress of true melancholy,  
The poisonous damp of night dispunge upon me;  
That life, a very rebel to my will,  
May hang no longer on me: Throw my heart  
Against the flint and hardness of my fault;  
Which, being dried with grief, will break to powder,  
And finish all foul thoughts. O Antony,  
Nobler than my revolt is infamous,  
Forgive me in thine own particular;  
But let the world rank me in register  
A master-leaver, and a fugitive:  
O Antony! O Antony!

[Dies]

2 *Sold.*

Let's speak

To him.

1 *Sold.* Let's hear him, for the things he speaks  
May concern Cæsar.

3 *Sold.*

Let's do so. But he sleeps.

1 *Sold.* Swoons rather; for so bad a prayer as his  
Was never yet for sleeping.

2 *Sold.*

Go we to him.

3 *Sold.*

3 *Sold.* Awake, awake, fir; speak to us.

2 *Sold.* Hear you, fir?

1 *Sold.* The hand of death hath raught him. Hark, the drums [Drums afar' off.]

temurely wake the sleepers. Let us bear him  
To the court of guard; he is of note; our hour  
is fully out.

3 *Sold.* Come on then;

he may recover yet. [Exeunt with the body.]

SCENE X.

*Between the two Camps.*

*Enter ANTONY and SCARUS, with Forces, marching.*

*Ant.* Their preparation is to-day by sea;  
We please them not by land.

*Scar.* For both, my lord.

*Ant.* I would, they'd fight i' the fire, or in the air;  
We'd fight there too. But this it is; Our foot  
Upon the hills adjoining to the city,  
shall stay with us: order for sea is given;  
They have put forth the haven: Further on,  
Where their appointment we may best discover,  
And look on their endeavour. [Exeunt.]

*Enter CÆSAR, and his Forces, marching.*

*Cæs.* But being charg'd, we will be still by land,  
Which, as I take't, we shall; for his best force  
is forth to man his gallies. To the vales,  
And hold our best advantage. [Exeunt.]

*Re-enter* 



*Re-enter ANTONY and SCARUS.*

*Ant.* Yet they're not join'd : Where yonder pine does stand

I shall discover all : I'll bring thee word  
Straight, how 'tis like to go.

[*Exit.*

*Scar.* Swallows have built  
In Cleopatra's sails their nests : the augurers  
Say, they know not—they cannot tell ;—look grimly,  
And dare not speak their knowledge. Antony  
Is valiant, and dejected ; and, by starts,  
His fretted fortunes give him hope, and fear,  
Of what he has, and has not.

*Alarum afar off, as at a sea-fight.*

*Re-enter ANTONY.*

*Ant.*

All is lost ;

This foul Egyptian hath betrayed me :  
My fleet hath yielded to the foe ; and yonder  
They cast their caps up, and carouse together  
Like friends long lost.—Triple-turn'd whore ! 'tis thou  
Hast fold me to this novice ; and my heart  
Makes only wars on thee.—Bid them all fly ;  
For when I am reveng'd upon my charm,  
I have done all :—Bid them all fly, be gone.

[*Exit SCARUS.*

O sun, thy uprise shall I see no more :  
Fortune and Antony part here ; even here  
Do we shake hands.—All come to this ?—The hearts  
That spaniel'd me at heels, to whom I gave  
Their wishes, do discandy, melt their sweets

On

n blossoming Cæsar; and this pine is bark'd,  
 'hat overtopp'd them all. Betray'd I am :  
 ' this false soul of Egypt! this grave charm,—  
 ' whose eye beck'd forth my wars, and call'd them home;  
 ' whose bosom was my crownet, my chief end,  
 ' like a right gipsy, hath, at fast and loose,  
 ' beguild me to the very heart of loss.—  
 ' What, Eros, Eros!

*Enter CLEOPATRA.*

Ah, thou spell! Avaunt.

*Cleo.* Why is my lord enrag'd against his love?

*Ant.* Vanish; or I shall give thee thy deserving,  
 and blemish Cæsar's triumph. Let him take thee,  
 and hoist thee up to the shouting Plebeians :  
 follow his chariot, like the greatest spot  
 of all thy sex; most monster-like, be shown  
 or poor't diminutives, to dolts; and let  
 atient Octavia plough thy visage up  
 With her prepared nails. [*Exit CLEO.*] 'Tis well thou'rt  
 gone,

'Tis well to live: But better 'twere  
 'thou fell'st into my fury, for one death  
 might have prevented many.—Eros, ho!—  
 'The shirt of Nessus is upon me: Teach me,  
 'Ides, thou mine ancestor, thy rage :  
 'let me lodge Lichas on the horns o' the moon;  
 'and with those hands, that grasp'd the heaviest club,  
 'abdue my worthiest self. The witch shall die;  
 'to the Roman boy she hath sold me, and I fall  
 'under this plot: she dies for't.—Eros, ho!

[*Exit.*]

## SCENE XI.

*Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and MARDIAN.*

*Cleo.* Help me, my women! O, he is more mad  
Than Telamon for his shield; the boar of Theffaly  
Was never so emboss'd.

*Char.* To the monument;  
There lock yourself, and send him word you are dead  
The soul and body rive not more in parting,  
Than greatness going off.

*Cleo.* To the monument:—  
Mardian, go tell him I have slain myself;  
Say, that the last I spoke was, Antony,  
And word it, pr'ythee, piteously: Hence,  
Mardian; and bring me how he takes my death.—  
To the monument. [

## SCENE XII.

*The same. Another Room.*

*Enter ANTONY and EROS.*

*Ant.* Eros, thou yet behold'st me?

*Eros.* Ay, noble lord.

*Ant.* Sometime, we see a cloud that's dragonish;  
A vapour, sometime, like a bear, or lion,  
A tower'd citadel, a pendant rock,  
A forked mountain, or blue promontory  
With trees upon't, that nod unto the world,

And mock our eyes with air: Thou hast seen these signs;  
They are black vesper's pageants.

*Eros.* Ay, my lord.

*Ant.* That, which is now a horse, even with a thought,  
The rack dissolves; and makes it indistinct,  
As water is in water.

*Eros.* It does, my lord.

*Ant.* My good knave, Eros, now thy captain is  
Even such a body: here I am Antony;  
Yet cannot hold this visible shape, my knave.  
I made these wars for Egypt; and the queen,—  
Whose heart, I thought, I had, for she had mine;  
Which, whilst it was mine, had annex'd unto't  
A million more, now lost,—she, Eros, has  
Pack'd cards with Cæsar, and false play'd my glory  
Unto an enemy's triumph.—  
Nay, weep not, gentle Eros; there is left us  
Ourselves to end ourselves.—O, thy vile lady!

*Enter MARDIAN.*

She has robb'd me of my sword.

*Mar.* No, Antony;  
My mistress lov'd thee, and her fortunes mingled  
With thine entirely.

*Ant.* Hence, saucy eunuch; peace;  
She hath betray'd me, and shall die the death.

*Mar.* Death of one person can be paid but once;  
And that she has discharg'd: What thou would'st do,  
Is done unto thy hand; the last she spake  
Was, Antony! most noble Antony!  
Then in the midst a tearing groan did break  
The name of Antony; it was divided

H a

Between

Between her heart and lips : she render'd life,  
Thy name so buried in her.

*Ant.*

Dead then ?

*Mar.*

Dead.

*Ant.* Eros, unarm ; the long day's task is done,  
And we must sleep :—That thou depart'it hence safe,  
Does pay thy labour richly ; Go.—Off, pluck off ;—

[*Exit MANDIAN.*

The seven-fold shield of Ajax cannot keep  
The battery from my heart. O, cleave, my sides !  
Heart, once be stronger than thy continent,  
Crack thy frail case !—Apace, Eros, apace.—  
No more a foldier :—Bruis'd pieces, go ;  
You have been nobly borne.—From me a while.—

[*Exit EROS.*

I will o'ertake thee, Cleopatra, and  
Weep for my pardon. So it must be, for now  
All length is torture :—Since the torch is out,  
Lie down, and stray no further : Now all labour  
Marrs what it does ; yea, very force entangles  
Itself with strength : Seal then, and all is done.—  
Eros !—I come, my queen :—Eros !—Stay for me :  
Where souls do couch on flowers, we'll hand in hand,  
And with our spritely port make the ghosts gaze :  
Dido and her Æneas shall want troops,  
And all the haunt be ours.—Come, Eros, Eros !

*Re-enter EROS.*

*Eros.* What would my lord ?

*Ant.*

Since Cleopatra died,

I have liv'd in such dishonour, that the gods  
Detest my baseness. I, that with my sword  
Quarter'd the world, and o'er green Neptune's back

Wit

With ships made cities, condemn myself, to lack  
The courage of a woman; less noble mind  
Than she, which, by her death, our Cæsar tells,  
*I am conqueror of myself.* Thou art sworn, Eros,  
That when the exigent should come, (which now  
Is come, indeed,) when I should see behind me  
The inevitable prosecution of  
Disgrace and horror, that, on my command,  
Thou then would'st kill me; do't; the time is come;  
Thou strik'st not me, 'tis Cæsar thou defeat'st.  
Put colour in thy cheek.

Eros. The gods withhold me!  
Shall I do that, which all the Parthian darts,  
Though enemy, lost aim, and could not?

Ant. Eros,  
Would'st thou be window'd in great Rome, and see  
Thy master thus with pleach'd arms, bending down  
His corrigible neck, his face subdued  
To penetrative shame; whilst the wheel'd seat  
Of fortunate Cæsar, drawn before him, branded  
His baseness that ensued?

Eros. I would not see't.

Ant. Come then; for with a wound I must be cur'd.  
Draw that thy honest sword, which thou hast worn  
Most useful for thy country.

Eros. O, sir, pardon me.

Ant. When I did make thee free, swor'st thou not then  
To do this when I bade thee? Do it at once;  
Or thy precedent services are all  
But accidents unpurpos'd. Draw, and come.

Eros. Turn from me then that noble countenance,  
Wherein the worship of the whole world lies.

Ant. Lo thee.

[Turning from him.]

Eros. My sword is drawn.

*Ant.* Then let it do at once  
The thing why thou hast drawn it.

*Eros.* My dear master,  
My captain, and my emperor! let me say,  
Before I strike this bloody stroke, farewell.

*Ant.* 'Tis said, man;—and farewell.

*Eros.* Farewell, great chief. Shall I strike now?

*Ant.* Now, *Eros.*

*Eros.* Why, there then:—*[Falls on his sword.]* I  
I do escape the sorrow

Of Antony's death. [*L*]

*Ant.* Thrice nobler than myself!  
Thou teachest me, O valiant Eros, what  
I should, and thou could'st not. My queen and Eros  
Have, by their brave instruction, got upon me  
A nobleness in record: But I will be  
A bridegroom in my death, and run into't  
As to a lover's bed. Come then; and, Eros,  
Thy master dies thy scholar; to do thus

*[Falling on his sword]*  
I learn'd of thee. How! not yet dead? not dead?—  
The guard!—ho!—O, despatch me.

*Enter DERCETAS and Guard.*

*1 Guard.* What's the noi

*Ant.* I have done my work ill, friends; O, make  
end

Of what I have begun.

*2 Guard.* The star is fallen.

*1 Guard.* And time is at his period.

*All.* Alas, and wo

*Ant.* Let him that loves me, strike me dead.

*1 Guard.* Not I.

*2 G*

2 Guard. Nor I.

3 Guard. Nor any one. [Exit Guard.]

Der. Thy death and fortunes bid thy followers fly.

This sword but shewn to Cæsar, with this tidings,  
Shall enter me with him.

Enter DIOMEDES.

Dio. Where's Antony?

Der. There, Diomed, there.

Dio. Lives he?

Wilt thou not answer, man? [Exit DERCEBAS.]

Ant. Art thou there, Diomed? Draw thy sword, and  
give me

sufficing strokes for death.

Dio. Most absolute lord,

My mistress Cleopatra sent me to thee.

Ant. When did she send thee?

Dio. Now, my lord.

Ant. Where is she?

Dio. Lock'd in her monument. She had a prophesying  
fear

Of what hath come to pass: for when she saw  
(Which never shall be found,) you did suspect  
She had dispos'd with Cæsar, and that your rage  
Would not be purg'd, she sent you word she was dead;  
But fearing since how it might work, hath sent  
Me to proclaim the truth; and I am come,  
I dread, too late.

Ant. Too late, good Diomed:—Call my guard, I pr'y-  
thee.

Dio. What, ho! the emperor's guard! The guard,  
what, ho!

Come, your lord calls.



*Enter some of the Guard.*

*Ant.* Bear me, good friends, where Cleopatra bides;  
'Tis the last service that I shall command you.

*1 Guard.* Woe are we, sir, you may not live to wear  
All your true followers out.

*All.* Most heavy day!

*Ant.* Nay, good my fellows, do not please sharp fate  
To grace it with your sorrows: bid that welcome  
Which comes to punish us, and we punish it  
Seeming to bear it lightly. Take me up:  
I have led you oft; carry me now, good friends,  
And have my thanks for all.

*[Exeunt, bearing ANTONY.]*

### SCENE XIII.

*The same. A Monument.*

*Enter above, CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, and IRAS.*

*Cleo.* O Charmian, I will never go from hence.

*Char.* Be comforted, dear madam.

*Cleo.* No, I will not:  
All strange and terrible events are welcome,  
But comforts we despise; our size of sorrow,  
Proportion'd to our cause, must be as great

*Enter DIOMEDES.*

As that which makes it.—How now? is he dead?

*Dio.* His death's upon him, but not dead.

*Lool*

Look out o' the other side your monument,  
His guard have brought him thither.

*Enter ANTONY, borne by the Guard.*

*Cleo.* O thou sun,  
Burn the great sphere thou mov'st in!—darkling stand  
The varying shore o' the world!—O Antony!  
Antony, Antony!—Charmian, help; help, Iras;  
Help, friends below; let's draw him hither.

*Ant.* Peace:  
Not Cæsar's valour hath o'erthrown Antony,  
But Antony's hath triumph'd on itself.

*Cleo.* So it should be, that none but Antony  
Should conquer Antony; but woe 'tis so!

*Ant.* I am dying, Egypt, dying; only  
I here importune death a while, until  
Of many thousand kisses the poor last  
I lay upon thy lips.—

*Cleo.* I dare not, dear,  
(Dear my lord, pardon,) I dare not,  
Lest I be taken: not the imperious show  
Of the full-fortun'd Cæsar ever shall  
Be brooch'd with me; if knife, drugs, serpents, have  
Edge, sting, or operation, I am safe:  
Your wife Octavia, with her modest eyes,  
And still conclusion, shall acquire no honour  
Demuring upon me.—But come, come, Antony,—  
Help me, my women,—we must draw thee up;—  
Assist, good friends.

*Ant.* O, quick, or I am gone.

*Cleo.* Here's sport, indeed!—How heavy weighs my  
lord!  
Our strength is all gone into heaviness,

That

That makes the weight: Had I great Juno's power,  
The strong-wing'd Mercury should fetch thee up,  
And set thee by Jove's side. Yet come a little,—  
Wishers were ever fools;—O, come, come, come;

[*They draw ANTONY up*]

And welcome, welcome! die, where thou hast liv'd:  
Quicken with kissing; had my lips that power,  
Thus would I wear them out.

*All.*

A heavy sight!

*Ant.* I am dying, Egypt, dying:  
Give me some wine, and let me speak a little.

*Cleo.* No, let me speak; and let me rail so high,  
That the false housewife Fortune break her wheel,  
Provok'd by my offence.

*Ant.* One word, sweet queen:  
Of Cæsar seek your honour, with your safety.—O!

*Cleo.* They do not go together.

*Ant.*

Gentle, hear me:

None about Cæsar trust, but Proculeius.

*Cleo.* My resolution, and my hands, I'll trust;  
None about Cæsar.

*Ant.* The miserable change now at my end,  
Lament nor sorrow at: but please your thoughts,  
In feeding them with those my former fortunes  
Wherein I liv'd, the greatest prince o' the world,  
The noblest: and do now not basely die,  
Nor cowardly; put off my helmet to  
My countryman, a Roman, by a Roman  
Valiantly vanquish'd. Now, my spirit is going;  
I can no more.

[*Exit*]

*Cleo.* Noblest of men, woo't die?  
Hast thou no care of me? shall I abide  
In this dull world, which in thy absence is  
No better than a sty?—O, see, my women,

The crown o' the earth doth melt :—My lord!—  
 O, wither'd is the garland of the war,  
 The soldier's pole is fallen ; young boys, and girls,  
 Are level now with men : the odds is gone,  
 And there is nothing left remarkable  
 Beneath the visiting moon. [*She faints.*]

*Char.* O, quietness, lady!

*Iras.* She is dead too, our sovereign.

*Char.* Lady,—

*Iras.* Madam,—

*Char.* O madam, madam, madam!

*Iras.* Royal Egypt!

Empress!

*Char.* Peace, peace, Iras.

*Cleo.* No more, but e'en a woman ; and commanded  
 By such poor passion as the maid that milks,  
 And does the meanest chares.—It were for me  
 To throw my scepter at the injurious gods ;  
 To tell them, that this world did equal theirs,  
 Till they had stolen our jewel. All's but naught ;  
 Patience is sottish ; and impatience does  
 Become a dog that's mad : Then is it sin,  
 To rush into the secret house of death,  
 Ere death dare come to us ?—How do you, women ?  
 What, what ? good cheer ! Why, how now, Charmian ?  
 My noble girls !—Ah, women, women ! look,  
 Our lamp is spent, it's out :—Good firs, take heart :—

[*To the guard below.*]

We'll bury him : and then, what's brave, what's noble,  
 Let's do it after the high Roman fashion,  
 And make death proud to take us. Come, away !  
 This case of that huge spirit now is cold.  
 Ah, women, women ! come ; we have no friend  
 But resolution, and the briefest end.

[*Exeunt ; those above bearing off ANTONY's body.*]

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

*Cæsar's Camp before Alexandria.*

*Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, DOLABELLA, MECÆNAS,  
GALLUS, PROCULEIUS, and Others.*

*Cæs.* Go to him, Dolabella, bid him yield ;  
Being so frustrate, tell him, he mocks us by  
The pauses that he makes.

*Dol.*

Cæsar, I shall.

*[Exit DOLABELLA]*

*Enter DERCETAS, with the sword of ANTONY.*

*Cæs.* Wherefore is that ? and what art thou, that dar  
Appear thus to us ?

*Der.*

I am call'd Dercetas ;

Mark Antony I serv'd, who best was worthy  
Best to be serv'd : whilst he stood up, and spoke,  
He was my master ; and I wore my life,  
To spend upon his haters : If thou please  
To take me to thee, as I was to him  
I'll be to Cæsar ; if thou pleasest not,  
I yield thee up my life.

*Cæs.*

What is't thou say'st ?

*Der.* I say, O Cæsar, Antony is dead.

*Cæs.* The breaking of so great a thing should make  
A greater crack : The round world should have shook  
Lions into civil streets,  
And citizens to their dens :—The death of Antony

Is not a single doom ; in the name lay  
A moiety of the world.

*Der.* He is dead, Cæsar ;  
Not by a publick minister of justice,  
Nor by a hired knife ; but that self hand,  
Which writ his honour in the acts it did,  
Hath, with the courage which the heart did lend it,  
Splitted the heart.—This is his sword,  
I robb'd his wound of it ; behold it stain'd  
With his most noble blood.

*Cæs.* Look you sad, friends ?  
The gods rebuke me, but it is a tidings  
To wash the eyes of kings.

*Ag.* And strange it is,  
That nature must compel us to lament  
Our most persisted deeds.

*Mec.* His taints and honours  
Waged equal with him.

*Ag.* A rarer spirit never  
Did steer humanity : but you, gods, will give us  
Some faults to make us men. Cæsar is touch'd.

*Mec.* When such a spacious mirror's set before him,  
He needs must see himself.

*Cæs.* O Antony !  
I have follow'd thee to this ;—But we do lance  
Diseases in our bodies : I must perforce  
Have shown to thee such a declining day,  
Or look on thine ; we could not stall together  
In the whole world : But yet let me lament,  
With tears as sovereign as the blood of hearts,  
That thou, my brother, my competitor  
In top of all design, my mate in empire,  
Friend and companion in the front of war,  
The arm of mine own body, and the heart

Where

Where mine his thoughts did kindle,—that our stars,  
 Unreconcilable, should divide  
 Our equalness to this.—Hear me, good friends,—  
 But I will tell you at some meetest season ;

*Enter a Messenger.*

The business of this man looks out of him,  
 We'll hear him what he says.—Whence are you ?

*Mef.* A poor Egyptian yet. The queen my mistress,  
 Confin'd in all she has, her monument,  
 Of thy intents desires instruction ;  
 That she preparedly may frame herself  
 To the way she's forc'd to.

*Cæs.* Bid her have good heart ;  
 She soon shall know of us, by some of ours,  
 How honourable and how kindly we  
 Determine for her : for Cæsar cannot live  
 To be ungentle.

*Mef.* So the gods preserve thee ! [*Ex*

*Cæs.* Come hither, Proculeius ; Go, and say,  
 We purpose her no shame : give her what comforts  
 The quality of her passion shall require ;  
 Left, in her greatness, by some mortal stroke  
 She do defeat us : for her life in Rome  
 Would be eternal in our triumph : Go,  
 And, with your speediest, bring us what she says,  
 And how you find of her.

*Pro.* Cæsar, I shall.

[*Exit PROCULEIUS*

*Cæs.* Gallus, go you along.—Where's Dolabella,  
 To second Proculeius ? [*Exit GALLUS*

*Agr. Mec.* Dolabella !

*Cæs.* Let him alone, for I remember now

ur first, How he's employ'd ; he shall in time be ready.  
 Go with me to my tent, where you shall see  
 is,— How hardly I was drawn into this war ;  
 How calm and gentle I proceeded still  
 In all my writings : Go with me, and see  
 What I can shew in this.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Alexandria. *A Room in the Monument.*

*Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, and IRAS.*

art; *Cleo.* My desolation does begin to make  
 A better life : 'Tis paltry to be Cæsar ;  
 Not being fortune, he's but fortune's knave,  
 A minister of her will ; And it is great  
 To do that thing that ends all other deeds ;  
 [Exit] Which shackles accidents, and bolts up change ;  
 Which sleeps, and never palates more the dung,  
 The beggar's nurse and Cæsar's.

*Enter, to the gates of the Monument, PROCULEIUS, GAL-  
 LUS, and Soldiers.*

*Pro.* Cæsar sends greeting to the queen of Egypt ;  
 And bids thee study on what fair demands  
 Thou mean'st to have him grant thee.

*Cleo.* [*Within.*] What's thy name ?

*Pro.* My name is Proculeius.

*Cleo.* [*Within.*] Antony

Did tell me of you, bade me trust you ; but  
 I do not greatly care to be deceiv'd,  
 That have no use for trusting. If your master

Would



Would have a queen his beggar, you must tell him,  
That majesty, to keep decorum, must  
No less beg than a kingdom : if he please  
To give me conquer'd Egypt for my son,  
He gives me so much of mine own, as I  
Will kneel to him with thanks.

*Pro.* Be of good cheer ;  
You are fallen into a princely hand, fear nothing :  
Make your full reference freely to my lord,  
Who is so full of grace, that it flows over  
On all that need : Let me report to him  
Your sweet dependancy ; and you shall find  
A conqueror, that will pray in aid for kindness,  
Where he for grace is kneel'd to.

*Cleo.* [*Within.*] Pray you, tell him  
I am his fortune's vassal, and I fend him  
The greatness he has got. I hourly learn  
A doctrine of obedience ; and would gladly  
Look him i' the face.

*Pro.* This I'll report, dear lady.  
Have comfort ; for, I know, your plight is pity'd  
Of him that caus'd it.

*Gal.* You see how easily she may be surpriz'd ;  
[*Here PROCULEIUS, and two of the guard, ascend the  
monument by a ladder placed against a window, and  
having descended, come behind CLEOPATRA. Some  
of the guard unbar and open the gates.*

Guard her till Cæsar come.

[*To PROCULEIUS and the guard. Exit GALLUS.*

*Iras.* Royal queen !

*Char.* O Cleopatra ! thou art taken, queen !—

*Cleo.* Quick, quick, good hands. [*Drawing a dagger.*

*Pro.* Hold, worthy lady, hold ;  
[*Seizes, and disarms her.*

Do

Do not yourself such wrong, who are in this  
Reliev'd, but not betray'd.

*Cleo.*

What, of death too,

That rids our dogs of languish?

*Pro.*

Cleopatra,

Do not abuse my master's bounty, by  
The undoing of yourself: let the world see  
His nobleness well acted, which your death  
Will never let come forth.

*Cleo.*

Where art thou, death?

Come hither, come! come, come, and take a queen  
Worth many babes and beggars!

*Pro.*

O, temperance, lady!

*Cleo.* Sir, I will eat no meat, I'll not drink, sir;  
If idle talk will once be necessary,

I'll not sleep neither: This mortal house I'll ruin,

Do Cæsar what he can. Know, sir, that I

Will not wait pinion'd at your master's court;

Nor once be chastis'd with the sober eye

Of dull Octavia. Shall they hoist me up,

And show me to the shouting varletry

Of censuring Rome? Rather a ditch in Egypt

Be gentle grave to me! rather on Nilus' mud

Lay me stark naked, and let the water-flies

Blow me into abhorring! rather make

My country's high pyramides my gibbet,

And hang me up in chains!

*Pro.*

You do extend

These thoughts of horror further than you shall

Find cause in Cæsar.

I

*Enter*

*Cleo.* His legs bestrid the ocean : his rear'd arm  
Crested the world : his voice was propertied  
As all the tuned spheres, and that to friends ;  
But when he meant to quail and shake the orb,

He was as rattling thunder. For his bounty,  
There was no winter in't; an autumn 'twas,  
That grew the more by reaping: His delights  
Were dolphin-like; they show'd his back above  
The element they liv'd in: In his livery  
Walk'd crowns, and crownets; realms and islands were  
As plates dropp'd from his pocket.

*Dol.* Cleopatra,—

*Cleo.* Think you, there was, or might be, such a man  
As this I dream'd of?

*Dol.* Gentle madam, no.

*Cleo.* You lie, up to the hearing of the gods.  
But, if there be, or ever were one such,  
It's past the size of dreaming: Nature wants stuff  
To vie strange forms with fancy; yet, to imagine  
An Antony, were nature's piece 'gainst fancy,  
Condemning shadows quite.

*Dol.* Hear me, good madam:  
Your loss is as yourself, great; and you bear it  
As answering to the weight: 'Would I might never  
Overtake pursu'd success, but I do feel,  
By the rebound of yours, a grief that shoots  
My very heart at root.

*Cleo.* I thank you, sir.  
Know you, what Cæsar means to do with me?

*Dol.* I am loath to tell you what I would you knew.

*Cleo.* Nay, pray you, sir,—

*Dol.* Though he be honourable,—

*Cleo.* He'll lead me then in triumph?

*Dol.* Madam, he will;  
I know it.

*Within.* Make way there,—Cæsar.

*Enter CÆSAR, GALLUS, PROCULEIUS, MECÆNAS,  
SELEUCUS, and Attendants.*

*Cæs.* Which is the queen  
Of Egypt?

*Dol.* 'Tis the emperor, madam.

[*CLEOPATRA kneels*

*Cæs.* Arise,

You shall not kneel:—

I pray you, rise; rise, Egypt.

*Cleo.* Sir, the gods

Will have it thus; my master and my lord

I must obey.

*Cæs.* Take to you no hard thoughts:

The record of what injuries you did us,

Though written in our flesh, we shall remember

As things but done by chance.

*Cleo.* Sole sir o' the world,

I cannot project mine own cause so well

To make it clear; but do confess, I have

Been laden with like frailties, which before

Have often sham'd our sex.

*Cæs.* Cleopatra, know,

We will extenuate rather than enforce:

If you apply yourself to our intents,

(Which towards you are most gentle,) you shall find

A benefit in this change; but if you seek

To lay on me a cruelty, by taking

Antony's course, you shall bereave yourself

Of my good purposes, and put your children

To that destruction which I'll guard them from,

If thereon you rely. I'll take my leave.

*Cleo.* And may, through all the world: 'tis yours; and  
Yo

Your 'scutcheons, and your signs of conquest, shall  
Hang in what place you please. Here, my good lord.

*Cæs.* You shall advise me in all for Cleopatra.

*Cleo.* This is the brief of money, plate, and jewels,  
I am possess'd of: 'tis exactly valued;  
Not petty things admitted.—Where's Seleucus?

*Sel.* Here, madam.

*Cleo.* This is my treasurer; let him speak, my lord,  
Upon his peril, that I have reserv'd  
To myself nothing. Speak the truth, Seleucus.

*Sel.* Madam,  
I had rather feel my lips, than, to my peril,  
Speak that which is not.

*Cleo.* What have I kept back?

*Sel.* Enough to purchase what you have made known.

*Cæs.* Nay, blush not, Cleopatra; I approve  
Your wisdom in the deed.

*Cleo.* See, Cæsar! O, behold,  
How pomp is follow'd! mine will now be yours;  
And, should we shift estates, yours would be mine.  
The ingratitude of this Seleucus does  
Even make me wild:—O slave, of no more trust  
Than love that's hir'd!—What, goest thou back? thou  
shalt

Go back, I warrant thee; but I'll catch thine eyes,  
Though they had wings: Slave, foul-lefs villain, dog!  
O rarely base!

*Cæs.* Good queen, let us entreat you.

*Cleo.* O Cæsar, what a wounding shame is this;  
That thou, vouchsafing here to visit me,  
Doing the honour of thy lordliness  
To one so meek, that mine own servant should  
Parcel the sum of my disgraces by  
Addition of his envy! Say, good Cæsar,

That I some lady trifles have reserv'd,  
 Immoment toys, things of such dignity  
 As we greet modern friends withal; and say,  
 Some nobler token I have kept apart  
 For Livia, and Octavia, to induce  
 Their mediation; must I be unfolded  
 With one that I have bred? The gods! It fmites me  
 Beneath the fall I have. Pr'ythee, go hence;

[To SELEUCUS]

Or I shall show the cinders of my spirits  
 Through the ashes of my chance:—Wert thou a man,  
 Thou would'st have mercy on me.

*Cæs.*

Forbear, Seleucus.

[Exit SELEUCUS]

*Cleo.* Be it known, that we, the greatest, are misthought  
 For things that others do; and, when we fall,  
 We answer others' merits in our name,  
 Are therefore to be pitied.

*Cæs.*

Cleopatra,

Not what you have reserv'd, nor what acknowledg'd,  
 Put we in the roll of conquest: still be it yours,  
 Bestow it at your pleasure; and believe,  
 Cæsar's no merchant, to make prize with you  
 Of things that merchants fold. Therefore be cheer'd;  
 Make not your thoughts your prisons: no, dear queen.  
 For we intend so to dispose you, as  
 Yourself shall give us counsel. Feed, and sleep:  
 Our care and pity is so much upon you,  
 That we remain your friend; And so adieu.

*Cleo.* My master, and my lord!

*Cæs.*

Not so: Adieu.

[Exit CÆSAR, and his train]

*Cleo.* He words me, girls, he words me, that I should not  
 Be noble to myself; but hark thee, Charmian.

[Whispers CHARMIAN]

*Ira*

*Iras.* Finish, good lady; the bright day is done,  
And we are for the dark.

*Cleo.* Hie thee again :  
I have spoke already, and it is provided ;  
Go, put it to the haste.

*Char.* Madam, I will.

*Re-enter DOLABELLA.*

*Dol.* Where is the queen ?

*Char.* Behold, fir.

[*Exit CHARMIAN.*

*Cleo.* Dolabella ?

*Dol.* Madam, as thereto sworn by your command,  
Which my love makes religion to obey,  
I tell you this : Cæsar through Syria  
Intends his journey; and, within three days,  
You with your children will he send before :  
Make your best use of this : I have perform'd  
Your pleasure, and my promise.

*Cleo.* Dolabella,  
I shall remain your debtor.

*Dol.* I your servant.  
Adieu, good queen ; I must attend on Cæsar.

*Cleo.* Farewell, and thanks. [*Exit DOLA.*] Now, *Iras*,  
what think'st thou ?

Thou, an Egyptian puppet, shalt be shown  
In Rome, as well as I : mechanick slaves  
With greasy aprons, rules, and hammers, shall  
Uplift us to the view ; in their thick breaths,  
Rank of gross diet, shall we be enclouded,  
And forc'd to drink their vapour.

*Iras.* The gods forbid !

*Cleo.* Nay, 'tis most certain, *Iras* : Saucy lictors  
I 4 Will



Will catch at us, like strumpets; and scald rhymers  
 Ballad us out o' tune: the quick comedians  
 Extemporally will stage us, and present  
 Our Alexandrian revels; Antony  
 Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall see  
 Some squeaking Cleopatra boy my greatness  
 I' the posture of a whore.

*Iras.* O the good gods!

*Cleo.* Nay, that is certain.

*Iras.* I'll never see it; for, I am sure, my nails  
 Are stronger than mine eyes.

*Cleo.* Why, that's the way  
 To fool their preparation, and to conquer  
 Their most absurd intents.—Now, Charmian?

*Enter CHARMIAN.*

Show me, my women, like a queen;—Go fetch  
 My best attires;—I am again for Cydnus,  
 To meet mark Antony;—Sirrah, *Iras*, go.—  
 Now, noble Charmian, we'll despatch indeed;  
 And, when thou hast done this chare, I'll give thee leave  
 To play till dooms-day.—Bring our crown and all.  
 Wherefore's this noise? [*Exit IRAS. A noise with*

*Enter one of the Guard.*

*Guard.* Here is a rural fellow,  
 That will not be deny'd your highness' presence;  
 He brings you figs.

*Cleo.* Let him come in. How poor an instrument

[*Exit GUS*

May do a noble deed! he brings me liberty.  
 My resolution's plac'd, and I have nothing

Of woman in me : Now from head to foot  
I am marble-constant : now the fleeting moon  
No planet is of mine.

*Re-enter Guard, with a Clown bringing a basket.*

*Guard.* This is the man.

*Cleo.* Avoid, and leave him. [*Exit Guard.*]

Hast thou the pretty worm of Nilus there,  
That kills and pains not ?

*Clown.* Truly I have him : but I would not be the  
party that should desire you to touch him, for his biting  
is immortal ; those, that do die of it, do seldom or never  
recover.

*Cleo.* Remember'st thou any that have died on't ?

*Clown.* Very many, men and women too. I heard of  
one of them no longer than yesterday : a very honest wo-  
man, but something given to lie ; as a woman should not  
do, but in the way of honesty : how she died of the biting  
of it, what pain she felt,—Truly, she makes a very good  
report o' the worm : But he that will believe all that they  
say, shall never be saved by half that they do : But this is  
most fallible, the worm's an odd worm.

*Cleo.* Get thee hence ; farewell.

*Clown.* I wish you all joy of the worm.

*Cleo.* Farewell. [*Clown sets down the basket.*]

*Clown.* You must think this, look you, that the worm  
will do his kind.

*Cleo.* Ay, ay ; farewell.

*Clown.* Look you, the worm is not to be trusted, but  
in the keeping of wise people ; for, indeed, there is no  
goodness in the worm.

*Cleo.* Take thou no care ; it shall be heeded.

*Clown.*

*Clown.* Very good : give it nothing, I pray you, is not worth the feeding.

*Cleo.* Will it eat me ?

*Clown.* You must not think I am so simple, but I the devil himself will not eat a woman : I know, woman is a d'sh for the gods, if the devil drefs he But, truly, these same whoreson devils do the gods harm in their women ; for in every ten that they the devils mar five.

*Cleo.* Well, get thee gone ; farewell.

*Clown.* Yes, forsooth ; I wish you joy of the wo-

*Re-enter IRAS, with a robe, crown, &c.*

*Cleo.* Give me my robe, put on my crown ; I ha  
Immortal longings in me : Now no more  
The juice of Egypt's grape shall moist this lip :—  
Yare, yare, good Iras ; quick.—Methinks, I hear  
Antony call ; I see him rouse himself  
To praise my noble act ; I hear him mock  
The luck of Cæsar, which the gods give men  
To excuse their after wrath : Husband, I come :  
Now to that name my courage prove my title !  
I am fire, and air ; my other elements  
I give to baser life.—So,—have you done ?  
Come then, and take the last warmth of my lips.  
Farewell, kind Charmian ;—Iras, long farewell.

[*Kisses them.* IRAS falls an

Have I the aspick in my lips ? Dost fall ?

If thou and nature can so gently part,

The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch,

Which hurts, and is desir'd. Dost thou lie still ?

If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world

It is not worth leave-taking.

*Char.* Dissolve, thick cloud, and rain; that I may say  
The gods themselves do weep!

*Cleo.* This proves me base:

If the first meet the curled Antony,

He'll make demand of her; and spend that kiss,

Which is my heaven to have.—Come, mortal wretch,

*[To the asp, which she applies to her breast.]*

With thy sharp teeth this knot intrinsecate

Of life at once untie: poor venomous fool,

Be angry, and despatch. O, could'st thou speak!

That I might hear thee call great Cæsar, asp

Upolicied!

*Char.* O eastern star!

*Cleo.* Peace, peace!

Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,

That sucks the nurse asleep?

*Char.* O, break! O, break!

*Cleo.* As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as gentle,—

O Antony!—Nay, I will take thee too:—

*[Applying another asp to her arm.]*

What should I stay—

*[Falls on a bed, and dies.]*

*Char.* In this wild world?—So, fare thee well.—

Now boast thee, death! in thy possession'lies

A last unparallel'd.—Downy windows, close;

And golden Phœbus never be beheld

Of eyes again so royal! Your crown's awry;

I'll mend it, and then play.

*Enter the Guard, rushing in.*

*Guard.* Where is the queen?

*Char.* Speak softly, wake her not. .

*Guard.*

1 *Guard.* Cæsar hath sent—

*Char.* Too slow a messenger  
[*Applie.*]

O, come; apace, despatch: I partly feel thee.

1 *Guard.* Approach, ho! All's not well: Cæsar  
guil'd.

2 *Guard.* There's Dolabella sent from Cæsar;—

1 *Guard.* What work is here?—Charmian, is it  
done?

*Char.* It is well done, and fitting for a prince:  
Descended of so many royal kings.

Ah, foldier!

*Enter DOLABELLA.*

*Dol.* How goes it here?

2 *Guard.* All dead.

*Dol.* Cæsar, thy touch  
Touch their effects in this: Thyself art coming  
To see perform'd the dreaded act, which thou  
So fought'st to hinder.

*Within.* A way there, way for Cæsar!

*Enter CÆSAR, and Attendants.*

*Dol.* O, sir, you are too sure an augurer;  
That you did fear, is done.

*Cæs.* Brav'd it at the last:  
She levell'd at our purposes, and, being royal,  
Took her own way.—The manner of their death  
I do not see them bleed.

*Dol.* Who was last with them?

1 *Guard.* A simple countryman, that brought  
This was his basket.

Poison'd then.

*ard.* O Cæsar,  
harmian liv'd but now; she stood, and spake:  
d her trimming up the diadem  
dead mistress; tremblingly she stood,  
n the sudden dropp'd.

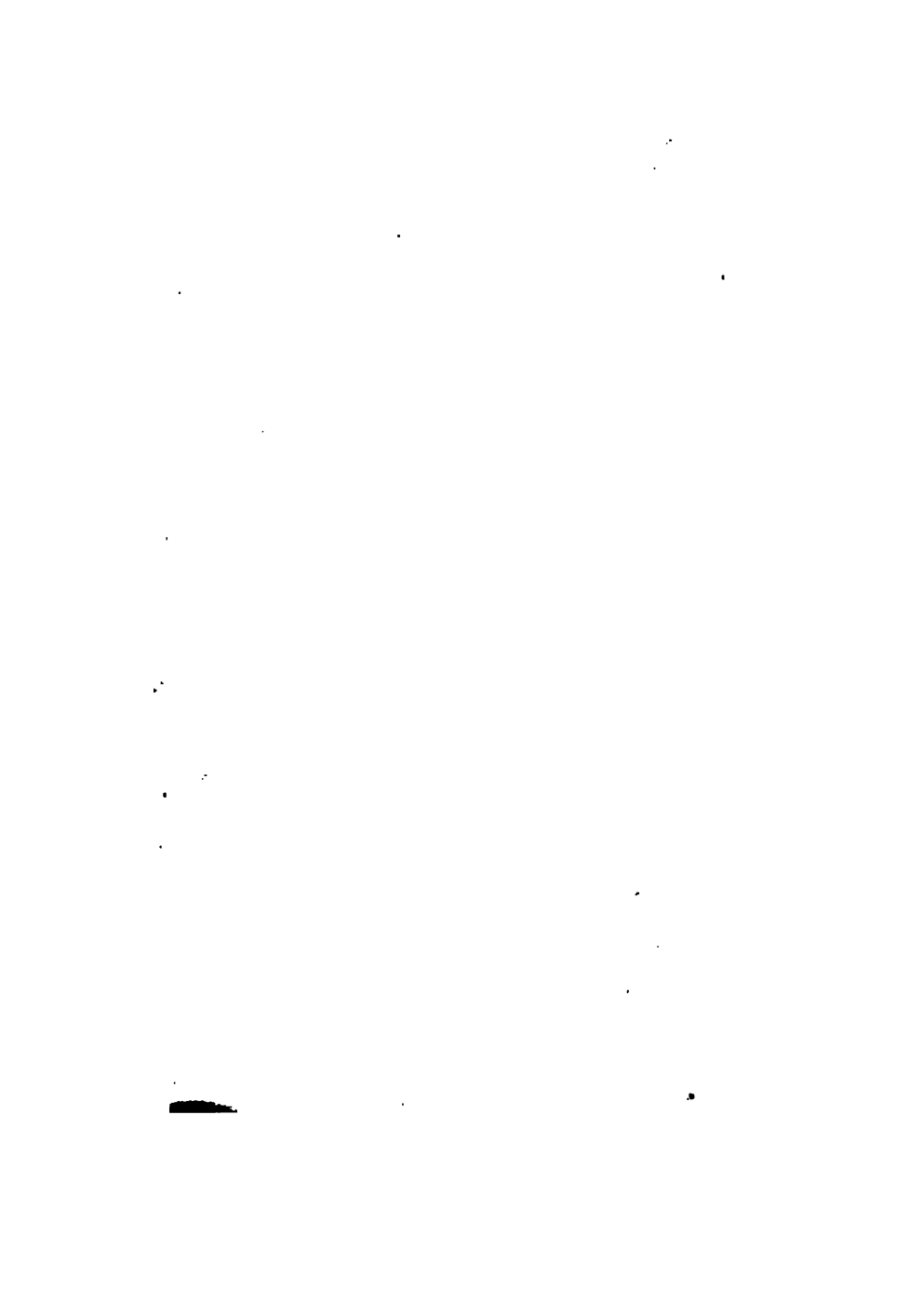
O noble weakness!—  
had swallow'd poison, 'twould appear  
ernal swelling: but she looks like sleep,  
would catch another Antony  
strong toil of grace.

Here, on her breast,  
is a vent of blood, and something blown:  
ke is on her arm.

*ard.* This is an aspick's trail: and these fig-leaves  
lime upon them, such as the aspick leaves  
the caves of Nile.

Most probable,  
o she died; for her physician tells me,  
th pursu'd conclusions infinite  
y ways to die.—Take up her bed;  
ear her women from the monument:—  
all be buried by her Antony:  
ive upon the earth shall clip in it  
so famous. High events as these  
those that make them: and their story is  
s in pity, than his glory, which  
ht them to be lamented. Our army shall,  
mn show, attend this funeral;  
hen to Rome.—Come, Dolabella, see  
order in this great solemnity.

[*Exeunt.*]









*Thompson del*

*Victims of Time! Act.*  
*Song:—Fear no more the heat of the*

*Published Jan. 1. 1796. by Thomas W. Wood, Printer*

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Harding's Edition.

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CYMBELINE,  
A  
TRAGEDY,  
BY  
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

ACCURATELY PRINTED  
FROM THE TEXT OF  
*Mr. STEEVENS'S LAST EDITION.*

Ornamented with Plates.

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1798.

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## OBSERVATIONS.

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MR. Pope supposed the story of this play to have been ed from a novel of Boccace; but he was mistaken, as *tion* of it is found in an old story-book entitled *W. Smelts*. This imitation differs in as many particular Italian novelist, as from Shakspeare, though they contain material parts of the fable. It was published in a quarto 1603. This is the only copy of it which I have hithe  
There is a late entry of it in the books of the Stationery, Jan. 1619, where it is said to have been written *Kingston*. STEEVENS.

The only part of the fable which can be pronounced tainty to be drawn from the tale in *Westward for Smee*. gen's wandering about after Pisanio has left her in the being almost famished; and being taken, at a subsequent into the service of the Roman General as a *page*. The scheme of *Cymbeline* is, in my opinion, formed on a novel (Day 2, Nov. 9.) and Shakspeare has taken a cue from it, that is not mentioned in the other tale. It appears in the preface to the old translation of the *Decamerone*, 1620, that many of the novels had before received a dress, and had been printed separately: "I know, my lord, (says the printer in his Epistle Dedicatory,) that them [the novels of Boccace] have long since been published, stolen from the original author, and yet not beautified with sweet style and elocution of phrase, neither favouring regular moral applications."

*Cymbeline*, I imagine, was written in the year 1605. The king from whom the play takes its title began his reign, according to Holinshed, in the 19th year of the reign of Augustus Cæsar; and the play commences in or about the twenty-fourth year of Cymbeline's reign, which was the forty-second year of the reign of Augustus, and the 16th of the Christian æra: notwithstanding which, Shakspeare has peopled Rome with modern Italians; *Philario, Iachimo, &c.* Cymbeline is said to have reigned thirty-five years, leaving at his death two sons, Guiderius and Arviragus.

MALONE.

## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

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CYMBELINE, *King of Britain.*

CLOTEN, *son to the Queen by a former husband.*

LEONATUS POSTHUMUS, *a gentleman, husband*

BELARIUS, *a banished lord, disguised under the name of*  
*Morgan.*

GUIDERIUS, } *disguised under the names of Po*  
ARVIRAGUS, } *Cadwal, supposed sons to Belarius.*

PHILARIO, *friend to Posthumus,* } *Italians.*

IACHIMO, *friend to Philario,*

*A French Gentleman, friend to Philario.*

CAIUS LUCIUS, *General of the Roman forces.*

*A Roman Captain. Two British Captains.*

PISANIO, *servant to Posthumus.*

CORNELIUS, *a Physician.*

*Two Gentlemen.*

*Two Gaolers.*

QUEEN, *wife to Cymbeline.*

IMOGEN, *daughter to Cymbeline by a former queen.*

HELEN, *woman to Imogen.*

*Lords, Ladies, Roman Senators, Tribunes, Attendants,*

*Soothsayer, a Dutch Gentleman, a Spanish Gentleman,  
Musicians, Officers, Captains, Soldiers, Messengers,  
other Attendants.*

SCENE, *sometimes in Britain; sometimes in Rome.*

---

# CYMBELINE.

---

## ACT I. SCENE I.

---

Britain. *The Garden behind Cymbeline's Palace.*

*Enter two Gentlemen.*

*1 Gentleman.*

YOU do not meet a man, but frowns : our bloods  
No more obey the heavens, than our courtiers ;  
Still seem, as does the king's.

*2 Gent.* But what's the matter ?

*1 Gent.* His daughter, and the heir of his kingdom, whom  
He purpos'd to his wife's sole son, (a widow,  
That late he married) hath referr'd herself  
Unto a poor, but worthy, gentleman : She's wedded ;  
Her husband banish'd ; she imprison'd : all  
Is outward sorrow ; though, I think, the king  
Be touch'd at very heart.

*2 Gent.* None but the king ?

*1 Gent.* He, that hath lost her, too : so is the queen,  
That most desir'd the match : But not a courtier,  
Although they wear their faces to the bent  
Of the king's looks, hath a heart that is not  
Glad at the thing they frown at.

*2 Gent.*

And why so ?

B

*1 Gent.*

1 *Gent.* He that hath mis'd the princess, is a thing  
Too bad for bad report : and he that hath her,  
(I mean, that married her,—alack, good man!—  
And therefore banish'd,) is a creature such  
As, to seek through the regions of the earth  
For one his like, there would be something failing  
In him that should compare. I do not think,  
So fair an outward, and such stuff within,  
Endows a man but he.

2 *Gent.* You speak him far.

1 *Gent.* I do extend him, fir, within himself;  
Crush him together, rather than unfold  
His measure duly.

2 *Gent.* What's his name, and birth?

1 *Gent.* I cannot delve him to the root : His father  
Was call'd Sicilius, who did join his honour,  
Against the Romans, with Cassibelan ;  
But had his titles by Tenantius, whom  
He serv'd with glory and admir'd success ;  
So gain'd the sur-addition, Leonatus :  
And had, besides this gentleman in question,  
Two other sons ; who, in the wars o' the time,  
Died with their swords in hand ; for which, their father  
(Then old and fond of issue,) took such sorrow,  
That he quit being ; and his gentle lady,  
Big of this gentleman, our theme, deceas'd  
As he was born. The king, he takes the babe  
To his protection ; calls him Posthumus ;  
Breeds him, and makes him of his bed-chamber :  
Puts to him all the learnings that his time  
Could make him the receiver of ; which he took,  
As we do air, fast as 'twas minister'd ; and  
In his spring became a harvest : Liv'd in court,  
(Which rare it is to do,) most prais'd, most lov'd :

A fi

A sample to the youngest ; to the more mature,  
A glass that feated them ; and to the graver,  
A child that guided dotards : to his mistress,  
For whom he now is banish'd,—her own price  
Proclaims how she esteem'd him and his virtue ;  
By her election may be truly read,  
What kind of man he is.

2 *Gent.* I honour him

Even out of your report. But, 'pray you, tell me,  
Is the sole child to the king ?

1 *Gent.* His only child.

He had two sons, (if this be worth your hearing,  
Mark it,) the eldest of them at three years old,  
I' the swathing clothes the other, from their nursery  
Were stolen ; and to this hour, no guess in knowledge  
Which way they went.

2 *Gent.* How long is this ago ?

1 *Gent.* Some twenty years.

2 *Gent.* That a king's children should be so convey'd !  
So slackly guarded ! And the search so slow,  
That could not trace them !

1 *Gent.* Howsoe'er 'tis strange,  
Or that the negligence may well be laugh'd at,  
Yet is it true, sir.

2 *Gent.* I do well believe you.

1 *Gent.* We must forbear : Here comes the gentleman,  
The queen, and princess. [*Exeunt.*



## SCENE II.

*The same.**Enter the Queen, POSTHUMUS, and IMOGEN.*

*Queen.* No, be assur'd, you shall not find me, daughter  
After the slander of most step-mothers,  
Evil-ey'd unto you : you are my prisoner, but  
Your gaoler shall deliver you the keys  
That lock up your restraint. For you, Posthumus,  
So soon as I can win the offended king,  
I will be known your advocate : marry, yet  
The fire of rage is in him ; and 'twere good,  
You lean'd unto his sentence, with what patience  
Your wisdom may inform you.

*Post.*

Please your highness,

I will from hence to-day.

*Queen.*

You know the peril :—

I'll fetch a turn about the garden, pitying  
The pangs of barr'd affections ; though the king  
Hath charg'd you should not speak together.

[*Exit Queen*

O

*Imo.*

Dissembling courtesy ! How fine this tyrant  
Can tickle where the wounds !—My dearest husband,  
I something fear my father's wrath ; but nothing,  
(Always reserv'd my holy duty,) what  
His rage can do on me : You must be gone ;  
And I shall here abide the hourly shot  
Of angry eyes ; not comforted to live,  
But that there is this jewel in the world,  
That I may see again.

*Post.*

My queen! my mistress!  
 y, weep no more; lest I give cause  
 suspected of more tenderness  
 loth become a man! I will remain  
 yal't husband that did e'er plight troth.  
 idence in Rome, at one Philario's;  
 o my father was a friend, to me  
 but by letter: thither write, my queen,  
 ith mine eyes I'll drink the words you send,  
 h ink be made of gall.

*Re-enter Queen.*

*n.* Be brief, I pray you:  
 king come, I shall incur I know not  
 uch of his displeasure:—Yet I'll move him  
 [Aside.  
 k this way: I never do him wrong,  
 does buy my injuries, to be friends;  
 ear for my offences. [Exit.

Should we be taking leave  
 g a term as yet we have to live,  
 athness to depart would grow: Adieu!  
 Nay, stay a little:  
 ou but riding forth to air yourself,  
 arting were too petty. Look here, love;  
 iamond was my mother's: take it, heart;  
 ep it till you woo another wife,  
 Imogen is dead.

How! how! another?—  
 ntle gods, give me but this I have,  
 ar up my embracements from a next  
 onds of death!—Remain, remain thou here

[Putting on the ring.

B 3

While

While sense can keep it on ! And sweetest, fairest,  
As I my poor self did exchange for you,  
To your so infinite loss ; so, in our trifles  
I still win of you : For my sake, wear this ;  
It is a manacle of love ; I'll place it  
Upon this fairest prisoner. [*Putting a bracelet on her arm*  
*Imo.* O, the gods !  
When shall we see again ?

*Enter CYMBELINE, and Lords.*

*Post.* Alack, the king !

*Cym.* Thou basest thing, avoid ! hence, from my sight  
If, after this command, thou fraught the court  
With thy unworthiness, thou diest : Away !  
Thou art poison to my blood.

*Post.* The gods protect you !  
And bless the good remainders of the court !  
I am gone. [*Exit*

*Imo.* There cannot be a pinch in death  
More sharp than this is.

*Cym.* O disloyal thing,  
That should'st repair my youth ; thou heapest  
A year's age on me !

*Imo.* I beseech you, sir,  
Harm not yourself with your vexation ; I  
Am senseless of your wrath ; a touch more rare  
Subdues all pangs, all fears.

*Cym.* Past grace ? obedience ?

*Imo.* Past hope, and in despair ; that way, past grace.

*Cym.* That might'st have had the sole son of my queen

*Imo.* O bless'd, that I might not ! I chose an eagle,  
And did avoid a puttock.

*Cy.*

*Cym.* Thou took'st a beggar; would'st have made my throne  
A seat for baseness.

*Imo.* No; I rather added  
A lustre to it.

*Cym.* O thou vile one!

*Imo.* Sir,  
It is your fault that I have lov'd Posthumus:  
You bred him as my play-fellow; and he is  
A man, worth any woman; overbuys me  
Almost the sum he pays.

*Cym.* What!—art thou mad?

*Imo.* Almost, sir: Heaven restore me!—'Would I were  
A neatherd's daughter! and my Leonatus  
Our neighbour shepherd's son!

*Re-enter Queen.*

*Cym.* Thou foolish thing!—  
They were again together: you have done [To the Queen.  
Not after our command. Away with her,  
And pen her up.

*Queen.* 'Beseech your patience:—Peace,  
Dear lady daughter, peace;—Sweet sovereign,  
Leave us to ourselves; and make yourself some comfort  
Out of your best advice.

*Cym.* Nay, let her languish  
A drop of blood a day; and, being aged,  
Die of this folly!

[Exit.

*Enter PISANIO.*

*Queen.* Fie!—you must give way;  
Here is your servant.—How now, sir? What news?

B 4

*Pis.*

*Pis.* My lord your son drew on my master.

*Queen.*

Ha!

No harm, I trust, is done?

*Pis.*

There might have been,  
But that my master rather play'd than fought,  
And had no help of anger: they were parted  
By gentlemen at hand.

*Queen.*

I am very glad on't.

*Imo.* Your son's my father's friend; he takes his part.—  
To draw upon an exile!—O brave fir!—  
I would they were in Africk both together;  
Myself by with a needle, that I might prick  
The goer back.—Why came you from your master?

*Pis.* On his command: He would not suffer me  
To bring him to the haven: left these notes  
Of what commands I should be subject to,  
When it pleas'd you to employ me.

*Queen.*

This hath been  
Your faithful servant: I dare lay mine honour,  
He will remain so.

*Pis.*

I humbly thank your highness.

*Queen.* Pray, walk a while.

*Imo.*

About some half hour hence,  
I pray you, speak with me: you shall, at least,  
Go see my lord aboard: for this time, leave me.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

## SCENE III.

*A publick Place.**Enter CLOTEN, and two Lords.*

1 *Lord.* Sir, I would advise you to shift a shirt; the violence of action hath made you reek as a sacrifice: Where air comes out, air comes in: there's none abroad so wholesome as that you vent.

*Clo.* If my shirt were bloody, then to shift it—Have I hurt him?

2 *Lord.* No, faith; not so much as his patience. [*Aside.*]

1 *Lord.* Hurt him? his body's a passable carcass, if he be not hurt: it is a thoroughfare for steel, if it be not hurt.

2 *Lord.* His steel was in debt; it went the backside the town. [*Aside.*]

*Clo.* The villain would not stand me.

2 *Lord.* No; but he fled forward still, toward your face. [*Aside.*]

1 *Lord.* Stand you! You have land enough of your own: but he added to your having; gave you some ground.

2 *Lord.* As many inches as you have oceans: Puppies! [*Aside.*]

*Clo.* I would, they had not come between us.

2 *Lord.* So would I, till you had measured how long a fool you were upon the ground. [*Aside.*]

*Clo.* And that she should love this fellow, and refuse me!

2 *Lord.* If it be a sin to make a true election, she is damn'd. [*Aside.*]

1 *Lord.* Sir, as I told you always, her beauty and her brain

brain go not together : She's a good sign, but I hav  
small reflection of her wit.

2 *Lord.* She shines not upon fools, lest the res  
should hurt her.

*Clo.* Come, I'll to my chamber : 'Would there ha  
some hurt done!

2 *Lord.* I wish not so; unless it had been the fall  
as, which is no great hurt.

*Clo.* You'll go with us?

1 *Lord.* I'll attend your lordship.

*Clo.* Nay, come, let's go together.

2 *Lord.* Well, my lord.

[1

## SCENE IV.

*A Room in Cymbeline's Palace.*

*Enter IMOGEN and PISANIO.*

*Imo.* I would thou grew'st unto the shores o'the  
And question'dst every sail : if he should write,  
And I not have it, 'twere a paper lost  
As offer'd mercy is. What was the last  
That he spake to thee?

*Pis.* 'Twas, *His queen, his queen*

*Imo.* Then wav'd his handkerchief?

*Pis.* And kiss'd it, n

*Imo.* Senseless linen! happier therein than I!—  
And that was all?

*Pis.* No, madam; for so long  
As he could make me with this eye or ear  
Distinguish him from others, he did keep  
The deck, with glove, or hat, or handkerchief,  
Still waving, as the fits and starts of his mind

Could best express how slow his soul sail'd on,  
How swift his ship.

*Imo.* Thou should'st have made him  
As little as a crow, or less, ere left  
To after-eye him.

*Pis.* Madam, so I did.

*Imo.* I would have broke mine eye-strings; crack'd  
them, but

To look upon him; till the diminution  
Of space had pointed him sharp as my needle:  
Nay, follow'd him, till he had melted from  
The smallness of a gnat to air; and then  
Have turn'd mine eye, and wept.—But, good Pisanio,  
When shall we hear from him?

*Pis.* Be assur'd, madam,  
With his next vantage.

*Imo.* I did not take my leave of him, but had  
Most pretty things to say: ere I could tell him,  
How I would think on him, at certain hours,  
Such thoughts, and such; or I could make him swear  
The shes of Italy should not betray  
Mine interest, and his honour; or have charg'd him,  
At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight,  
To encounter me with orisons, for then  
I am in heaven for him; or ere I could  
Give him that parting kiss, which I had set  
Betwixt two charming words, comes in my father,  
And, like the tyrannous breathing of the north,  
Shakes all our buds from growing.

*Enter a Lady.*

*Lady.*  
Desires your highness' company.

The queen, madam,

*Imo.*



*Imo.* Those things I bid you do, get them despatch'd.—  
I will attend the queen.

*Pis.* Madam, I shall. [Exit

## SCENE V.

Rome. *An Apartment in Philario's House.*

*Enter* PHILARIO, IACHIMO, a Frenchman, a Dutchman  
and a Spaniard.

*Iach.* Believe it, sir: I have seen him in Britain: he was then of a crescent note; expected to prove so worthy as since he hath been allowed the name of; but I could then have look'd on him without the help of admiration though the catalogue of his endowments had been tabled by his side, and I to peruse him by items.

*Pbi.* You speak of him when he was less furnish'd, than now he is, with that which makes him both without and within.

*French.* I have seen him in France: we had very many there, could behold the sun with as firm eyes as he.

*Iach.* This matter of marrying his king's daughter (wherein he must be weigh'd rather by her value, than his own,) words him, I doubt not, great deal from the matter

*French.* And then his banishment:—

*Iach.* Ay, and the approbation of those, that weep this lamentable divorce, under her colours, are wonderful to extend him; be it but to fortify her judgment, which else an easy battery might lay flat, for taking a beggar without more quality. But how comes it, he is to sojourn with you? How creeps acquaintance?

*Pbi.* His father and I were soldiers together; to whom I have been often bound for no less than my life:—

*Enter POSTHUMUS.*

Here comes the Briton: Let him be so entertained amongst you, as suits, with gentlemen of your knowing, to a stranger of his quality.—I beseech you all, be better known to this gentleman; whom I commend to you, as a noble friend of mine: How worthy he is, I will leave to appear hereafter, rather than story him in his own hearing.

*French.* Sir, we have known together in Orleans.

*Post.* Since when I have been debtor to you for courtesies, which I will be ever to pay, and yet pay still.

*French.* Sir, you o'er-rate my poor kindness: I was glad I did atone my countryman and you; it had been pity, you should have been put together with so mortal a purpose, as then each bore, upon importance of so slight and trivial a nature.

*Post.* By your pardon, sir, I was then a young traveller; rather shunn'd to go even with what I heard, than in my every action to be guided by others' experiences: but, upon my mended judgement, (if I offend not to say it is mended,) my quarrel was not altogether slight.

*French.* 'Faith, yes, to be put to the arbitrement of swords; and by such two, that would, by all likelihood, have confounded one the other, or have fallen both.

*Iach.* Can we, with manners, ask what was the difference?

*French.* Safely, I think: 'twas a contention in publick, which may, without contradiction, suffer the report. It was much like an argument that fell out last night, where each of us fell in praise of our country mistresses: This gentleman at that time vouching, (and upon warrant of bloody affirmation,) his to be more fair, virtuous, wife, chaste, constant-qualified, and less attemptible, than any the rarest of our ladies in France.

*Iach.*

*Iach.* That lady is not now living; or this gentleman's opinion, by this, worn out.

*Post.* She holds her virtue still, and I my mind.

*Iach.* You must not so far prefer her 'fore ours of Italy.

*Post.* Being so far provoked as I was in France, I would abate her nothing; though I profess myself her adorer, not her friend.

*Iach.* As fair, and as good, (a kind of hand-in-hand comparison,) had been something too fair, and too good, for any lady in Britany. If she went before others I have seen, as that diamond of yours outlustres many I have beheld, I could not but believe she excell'd many: but I have not seen the most precious diamond that is, nor you the lady.

*Post.* I prais'd her, as I rated her: so do I my stone.

*Iach.* What do you esteem it at?

*Post.* More than the world enjoys.

*Iach.* Either your unparagon'd mistress is dead, or she's outprized by a trifle.

*Post.* You are mistaken: the one may be sold, or given; if there were wealth enough for the purchase, or merit for the gift: the other is not a thing for sale, and only the gift of the gods.

*Iach.* Which the gods have given you?

*Post.* Which, by their graces, I will keep.

*Iach.* You may wear her in title yours: but, you know, strange fowl light upon neighbouring ponds. Your ring may be stolen too: so, of your brace of unprizeable estimations, the one is but frail, and the other casual; a cunning thief, or a that-way-accomplish'd courtier, would hazard the winning both of first and last.

*Post.* Your Italy contains none so accomplish'd a courtier, to convince the honour of my mistress; if, in the holding or loss of that, you term her frail. I do nothing doubt,

bt, you have store of thieves ; notwithstanding, I fear my ring.

*bi.* Let us leave here, gentlemen.

*off.* Sir, with all my heart. This worthy signior, I think him, makes no stranger of me ; we are familiar at

*acb.* With five times so much conversation, I should ground of your fair mistress : make her go back, even the yielding ; had I admittance, and opportunity to end.

*off.* No, no.

*acb.* I dare, thereupon, pawn the moiety of my estate your ring ; which, in my opinion, o'ervalues it something : But I make my wager rather against your confidence, in her reputation : and, to bar your offence herein too, first attempt it against any lady in the world.

*off.* You are a great deal abused in too bold a persuasion ; and I doubt not you sustain what you're worthy of, your attempt.

*acb.* What's that ?

*off.* A repulse : Though your attempt, as you call it, serve more ; a punishment too.

*bi.* Gentlemen, enough of this : it came in too suddenly ; let it die as it was born, and, I pray you, be better mainted.

*acb.* 'Would I had put my estate, and my neighbour's the approbation of what I have spoke.

*off.* What lady would you choose to assail ?

*acb.* Yours ; whom in constancy, you think, stands so . I will lay you ten thousand ducats to your ring, , commend me to the court where your lady is, with more advantage than the opportunity of a second conference, and I will bring from thence that honour of hers, which you imagine so reserved.

*off.*

*Post.* I will wage against your gold, gold to it : my ring I hold dear as my finger ; 'tis part of it.

*Iach.* You are a friend, and therein the wiser. If you buy ladies' flesh at a million a dram, you cannot preserve it from tainting : But, I see, you have some religion in you, that you fear.

*Post.* This is but a custom in your tongue ; you bear : graver purpose, I hope.

*Iach.* I am the master of my speeches ; and would undergo what's spoken, I swear.

*Post.* Will you ?—I shall but lend my diamond till your return :—Let there be covenants drawn between us : My mistress exceeds in goodness the hugeness of your unworthy thinking : I dare you to this match : here's my ring.

*Phi.* I will have it no lay.

*Iach.* By the gods it is one :—If I bring you no sufficient testimony that I have enjoy'd the dearest bodily part of your mistress, my ten thousand ducats are yours ; so is your diamond too. If I come off, and leave her in such honour as you have trust in, she your jewel, this your jewel, and my gold are yours :—provided, I have your commendation, for my more free entertainment.

*Post.* I embrace these conditions ; let us have articles betwixt us :—only, thus far you shall answer. If you make your voyage upon her, and give me directly to understand you have prevail'd, I am no further your enemy, she is not worth our debate : if she remain unseduced, (you not making it appear otherwise,) for your ill opinion, and the assault you have made to her chastity, you shall answer me with your sword.

*Iach.* Your hand ; a covenant : We will have these things set down by lawful counsel, and straight away for Britain ; lest the bargain should catch cold, and starve : I will fetch my gold, and have our two wagers recorded.

*Post.*

. Agreed. [*Exeunt POSTHUMUS and IACHIMO.*  
*ach.* Will this hold, think you?  
 . Signior Iachimo will not from it. Pray, let us  
 them. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE VI.

Britain. *A Room in Cymbeline's Palace.*

*Enter Queen, Ladies, and CORNELIUS.*

*Queen.* Whiles yet the dew's on ground, gather those  
 flowers;

*ach.* haste: Who has the note of them?

*ach.*

I, madam.

*Queen.* Despatch.—

[*Exeunt Ladies.*

master doctor; have you brought those drugs?

. Pleaseth your highness, ay: here they are, madam:

[*Presenting a small box.*

I beseech your grace, (without offence;  
 conscience bids me ask;) wherefore you have  
 randed of me these most poisonous compounds,  
 h are the movers of a languishing death;  
 though slow, deadly.

*Queen.*

I do wonder, doctor,  
 ask'st me such a question: Have I not been  
 pupil long? Hast thou not learn'd me how  
 take perfumes? distill? preserve? yea, so,  
 our great king himself doth woo me oft  
 y confections? Having thus far proceeded,  
 s'st thou think'st me devilish,) is't not meet  
 I did amplify my judgement in

C

Other

Other conclusions? I will try the forces  
 Of these thy compounds on such creatures as  
 We count not worth the hanging, (but none human,)  
 To try the vigour of them, and apply  
 Allayments to their act; and by them gather  
 Their several virtues, and effects.

*Cor.* Your highness  
 Shall from this practice but make hard your heart:  
 Besides, the seeing these effects will be  
 Both noisome and infectious.

*Queen.*

O, content thee.—

*Enter PISANIO.*

Here comes a flattering rascal; upon him [*Aside.*]  
 Will I first work: he's for his master,  
 And enemy to my son.—How now, Pisanio?—  
 Doctor, your service for this time is ended;  
 Take your own way.

*Cor.* I do suspect you, madam;  
 But you shall do no harm.

*Queen.*

Hark thee, a word.—

[*To PISANIO.*]

*Cor.* [*Aside.*] I do not like her. She doth think, she  
 has

Strange lingering poisons: I do know her spirit,  
 And will not trust one of her malice with  
 A drug of such damn'd nature: Those, she has,  
 Will stupify and dull the sense a while:  
 Which first, perchance, she'll prove on cats; and dogs;  
 Then afterward up higher: but there is  
 No danger in what show of death it makes,  
 More than the locking up the spirits a time,  
 To be more fresh, reviving. She is fool'd

With a most false effect ; and I the truer,  
so to be false with her.

*Queen.* No further service, doctor,  
Until I send for thee.

*Cor.* I humbly take my leave. [*Exit.*

*Queen.* Weeps she still, say'st thou? Dost thou think,  
in time

She will not quench ; and let instructions enter  
Where folly now possesses ? Do thou work :  
When thou shalt bring me word, she loves my son,  
I'll tell thee, on the instant, thou art then  
As great as is thy master : greater ; for  
His fortunes all lie speechless, and his name  
Is at last gasp : Return he cannot, nor  
Continue where he is : to shift his being,  
Is to exchange one misery with another ;  
And every day, that comes, comes to decay  
A day's work in him : What shalt thou expect,  
To be depender on a thing that leans ?  
Who cannot be new built ; nor has no friends,

[*The Queen drops a box : PISANIO takes it up.*

So much as but to prop him ?—Thou tak'st up  
Thou know'st not what ; but take it for thy labour :  
It is a thing I made, which hath the king  
Five times redeem'd from death : I do not know  
What is more cordial :—Nay, I pry'thee, take it ;  
It as an earnest of a further good  
That I mean to thee. Tell thy mistress how  
The case stands with her ; do't, as from thyself.  
Think what a chance thou changest on ; but think  
Thou hast thy mistress still ; to boot, my son,  
Who shall take notice of thee : I'll move the king  
To any shape of thy preferment, such  
Is thou'lt desire ; and then myself, I chiefly,





Is the desire that's glorious : Blessed be those,  
How mean foe'er, that have their honest wills,  
Which seasons comfort.—Who may this be ? Fie !

*Enter PISANIO and IACHIMO.*

*Pis.* Madam, a noble gentleman of Rome ;  
Comes from my lord with letters.

*Iach.* Change you, madam ?  
The worthy Leonatus is in safety,  
And greets your highness dearly. [*Presents a letter.*]

*Imo,* Thanks, good sir ;  
You are kindly welcome.

*Iach.* All of her, that is out of door, most rich ! [*Aside,*  
If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare,  
She is alone the Arabian bird ; and I  
Have lost the wager. Boldness be my friend !  
Arm me, audacity, from head to foot !  
Or, like the Parthian, I shall flying fight ;  
Rather, directly fly.

*Imo.* [*Reads.*].—*He is one of the noblest nate, to whose kindnesses  
I am most infinitely tied. Reflect upon him accordingly, as  
you value your truest* LEONATUS.

so far I read aloud :  
But even the very middle of my heart  
Is warm'd by the rest, and takes it thankfully.—  
You are as welcome, worthy sir, as I  
Have words to bid you ; and shall find it so,  
In all that I can do,

*Iach.* Thanks, fairest lady.—  
What ! are men mad ? Hath nature given them eyes  
To see this vaulted arch, and the rich crop

Of sea and land, which can distinguish 'twixt  
The fiery orbs above, and the twinn'd stones  
Upon the number'd beach? and can we not  
Partition make with spectacles so precious  
'Twixt fair and foul?

*Imo.* What makes your admiration?

*Iach.* It cannot be i' the eye; for apes and monkeys,  
'Twixt two such shes, would chatter this way, and  
Contemn with mowes the other: Nor i' the judgement;  
For idiots, in this case of favour, would  
Be wisely definite: Nor i' the appetite;  
Sluttery, to such neat excellence oppos'd,  
Should make desire vomit emptiness,  
Not so allur'd to feed.

*Imo.* What is the matter, trow?

*Iach.* The cloyed will,  
(That satiate yet unsatisfied desire,  
That tub both fill'd and running,) ravening first  
The lamb, longs after for the garbage.

*Imo.* What, dear sir,

Thus raps you? Are you well?

*Iach.* Thanks, madam; well:—'Beseech, you, sir, de-  
fire [To *PISANIO*.

My man's abode where I did leave him: he  
Is strange and peevish.

*Pis.* I was going, sir,

To give him welcome. [*Exit PISANIO.*

*Imo.* Continues well my lord? His health, 'beseech you!

*Iach.* Well, madam.

*Imo.* Is he dispos'd to mirth? I hope, he is.

*Iach.* Exceeding pleasant; none a stranger there  
So merry and so gamesome: he is call'd  
The Briton reveller.

*Imo.* When he was here,

He

He did incline to sadness ; and oft-times  
Not knowing why.

*Iach.*

I never saw him sad.

There is a Frenchman his companion, one  
An eminent monsieur, that, it seems, much loves  
A Gallian girl at home : he furnaces  
The thick sighs from him ; whiles the jolly Briton  
(Your lord, I mean,) laughs from's free lungs, cries, *O !*  
*Can my sides bold, to think, that man,—who knows*  
*By history, report, or his own proof,*  
*What woman is, yea, what she cannot choose*  
*But must be,—will his free hours languish for*  
*Assured bondage ?*

*Imo.*

Will my lord say so ?

*Iach.* Ay, madam ; with his eyes in flood with laughter.

It is a recreation to be by,  
And hear him mock the Frenchman : But, heavens know,  
Some men are much to blame.

*Imo.*

Not he, I hope.

*Iach.* Not he : But yet heaven's bounty towards him  
might

Be us'd more thankfully. In himself, 'tis much ;  
In you,—which I count his, beyond all talents,—  
Whilst I am bound to wonder, I am bound  
To pity too.

*Imo.* What do you pity, sir ?

*Iach.* Two creatures, heartily.

*Imo.*

Am I one, sir ?

You look on me ; What wreck discern you in me,  
Deserves your pity ?

*Iach.*

Lamentable ! What !

To hide me from the radiant sun, and solace  
the dungeon by a snuff ?

*Imo.* I pray you, sir,  
Deliver with more openness your answers  
To my demands. Why do you pity me?

*Iach.* That others do,  
I was about to say, enjoy your——But  
It is an office of the gods to venge it,  
Not mine to speak on't.

*Imo.* You do seem to know  
Something of me, or what concerns me; 'Pray you,  
(Since doubting things go ill, often hurts more  
Than to be sure they do: For certainties  
Either are past remedies; or, timely knowing,  
The remedy then born,) discover to me  
What both you spur and stop.

*Iach.* Had I this cheek  
To bathe my lips upon; this hand, whose touch,  
Whose every touch, would force the feeler's soul  
To the oath of loyalty; this object, which  
Takes prisoner the wild motion of mine eye,  
Fixing it only here: should I (damn'd then)  
Slaver with lips as common as the stairs  
That mount the Capitol; join gripes with hands  
Made hard with hourly falsehood (falsehood, as  
With labour;) then lie peeping in an eye,  
Base and unlustrous as the smoky light  
That's fed with stinking tallow; it were fit,  
That all the plagues of hell should at one time  
Encounter such revolt.

*Imo.* My lord, I fear,  
Has forgot Britain.

*Iach.* And himself. Not I,  
Inclin'd to this intelligence, pronounce  
The beggary of his change; but 'tis your graces

That, from my muteſt conſcience, to my tongue,  
Charms this report out.

*Imo.* Let me hear no more.

*Iach.* O deareſt ſoul! your cauſe doth ſtrike my heart  
With pity, that doth make me ſick. A lady  
So fair, and faſten'd to an empery,  
Would make the great'ſt king double! to be partner'd  
With tomboys, hir'd with that ſelf-exhibition  
Which your own coſſers yield! with diſeaſ'd ventures,  
That play with all infirmities for gold  
Which rottenneſs can lend nature! ſuch boil'd ſtuff,  
As well might poiſon poiſon! Be reveng'd;  
Or ſhe, that bore you, was no queen, and you  
Recoil from your great ſtock.

*Imo.* Reveng'd!

How ſhould I be reveng'd? If this be true,  
(As I have ſuch a heart, that both mine ears  
Muſt not in haſte abuſe,) if it be true,  
How ſhould I be reveng'd?

*Iach.* Should he make me  
Live like Diana's prieſt, betwixt cold ſheets;  
Whiles he is vaulting variable ramps,  
In your deſpite, upon your purſe? Revenge it.  
I dedicate myſelf to your ſweet pleaſure;  
More noble than that runagate to your bed;  
And will continue faſt to your affection,  
Still cloſe, as ſure.

*Imo.* What ho, Piſanio!

*Iach.* Let me my ſervice tender on your lips.

*Imo.* Away!—I do condemn mine ears, that have  
So long attended thee.—If thou wert honourable,  
Thou would'ſt have told this tale for virtue, not  
For ſuch an end thou ſeck'ſt; as baſe, as ſtrange.

Thou

Thou wrong'st a gentleman, who is as far  
 From thy report, as thou from honour; and  
 Solicit'st here a lady, that disdains  
 Thee and the devil alike.—What ho, Pisanio!—  
 The king my father shall be made acquainted  
 Of thy assault: if he shall think it fit,  
 A faucy stranger, in his court, to mart  
 As in a Romish stew, and to expound  
 His beastly mind to us; he hath a court  
 He little cares for, and a daughter whom  
 He not respects at all.—What ho, Pisanio!—

*Iac.* O happy Leonatus! I may say;  
 The credit, that thy lady hath of thee,  
 Deserves thy trust; and thy most perfect goodness  
 Her assur'd credit!—Blessed live you long!  
 A lady to the worthiest sir, that ever  
 Country call'd his! and you his mistress, only  
 For the most worthiest fit! Give me your pardon.  
 I have spoke this, to know if your affiance  
 Were deeply rooted; and shall make your lord,  
 That which he is, new o'er: And he is one  
 The truest manner'd; such a holy witch,  
 That he enchants societies unto him;  
 Half all men's hearts are his.

*Imo.*

You make amends.

*Iac.* He sits 'mongst men, like a descended god;  
 He hath a kind of honour sets him off,  
 More than a mortal seeming. Be not angry,  
 Most mighty princess, that I have adventur'd  
 To try your taking a false report; which hath  
 Honour'd with confirmation your great judgement  
 In the election of a sir so rare,  
 Which you know, cannot err: The love I bear him

M:

e to fan you thus ; but the gods made you,  
 ll others, chaffels. Pray, your pardon.  
 All's well, sir : Take my power i' the court for yours.  
 My humble thanks. I had almost forgot  
 eat your grace but in a small request,  
 of moment too, for it concerns  
 rd ; myself, and other noble friends,  
 tners in the business.

Pray, what is't ?  
 Some dozen Romans of us, and your lord,  
 (st feather of our wing) have mingled fums,  
 a present for the emperor ;  
 [, the factor for the rest, have done  
 ce : 'Tis plate, of rare device ; and jewels,  
 and exquisite form ; their values great ;  
 m something curious, being strange,  
 : them in safe stowage ; May it please you  
 : them in protection ?

Willingly ;  
 n mine honour for their safety : since  
 hath interest in them, I will keep them  
 ed-chamber.

They are in a trunk,  
 d by my men : I will make bold  
 them to you, only for this night ;  
 board to-morrow.

O, no, no.  
 Yes, I beseech ; or I shall thort my word,  
 h'ning my return. From Gallia  
 the seas on purpose, and on promise  
 our grace.

I thank you for your pains,  
 away to-morrow ?

O, I must, madam :

Therefore,



Therefore, I shall beseech you, if you please  
To greet your lord with writing, do 't to-night:  
I have outstood my time ; which is material  
To the tender of our present.

*Imo.*

I will write.

Send your trunk to me ; it shall safe be kept,  
And truly yielded you : You are very welcome. [*E.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

*Court before Cymbeline's Palace.*

*Enter CLOTEN, and two Lords.*

*Clo.* Was there ever man had such luck! when I kiss'd the jack upon an up-cast, to be hit away! I had a hundred pound on't: And then a whoreson jackanapes must take me up for swearing; as if I borrow'd mine oaths of him, and might not spend them at my pleasure.

*1 Lord.* What got he by that? You have broke his pate with your bowl.

*2 Lord.* If his wit had been like him that broke it, it would have run all out. *[Aside.]*

*Clo.* When a gentleman is disposed to swear, it is not for any standers-by to curtail his oaths: Ha?

*2 Lord.* No, my lord; nor *[Aside.]* crop the ears of them.

*Clo.* Whoreson dog!—I give him satisfaction? 'Would, he had been one of my rank!

*2 Lord.* To have smelt like a fool. *[Aside.]*

*Clo.* I am not more vex'd at any thing in the earth,—A pox on't! I had rather not be so noble as I am; they dare not fight with me, because of the queen my mother: every jack slave hath his belly full of fighting, and I must go up and down like a cock that nobody can match.

*2 Lord.* You are cock and capon too; and you crow, cock, with your comb on. *[Aside.]*

*Clo.* Sayest thou?

*1 Lord.*

1 *Lord.* It is not fit, your lordship should u  
every companion that you give offence to.

*Clo.* No, I know that; but it is fit; I should  
offence to my inferiors.

2 *Lord.* Ay, it is fit for your lordship only.

*Clo.* Why, so I say.

1 *Lord.* Did you hear of a stranger, that's come  
to-night?

*Clo.* A stranger! and I not know on't!

2 *Lord.* He's a strange fellow himself, and know

1 *Lord.* There's an Italian come; and, 'tis thou  
of Leonatus' friends.

*Clo.* Leonatus! a banish'd rascal; and he's  
whatsoever he be. Who told you of this stranger?

1 *Lord.* One of your lordship's pages.

*Clo.* Is it fit, I went to look upon him? Is ther  
rogation in 't?

1 *Lord.* You cannot derogate, my lord.

*Clo.* Not easily, I think.

2 *Lord.* You are a fool granted; therefore you  
being foolish, do not derogate.

*Clo.* Come, I'll go see this Italian: What I t  
to-day at bowls, I'll win to-night of him. Come

2 *Lord.* I'll attend your lordship.

[*Exeunt CLOTEN and fir,*

That such a crafty devil as is his mother  
Should yield the world this afs! a woman, that  
Bears all down with her brain; and this her son  
Cannot take two from twenty for his heart,  
And leave eighteen. Alas, poor princess,  
Thou divine Imogen, what thou endur'st!  
Betwixt a father by thy step-dame govern'd,  
A mother hourly coining plots; a wooer,

More hateful than the foul expulsion is  
Of thy dear husband, than that horrid act  
Of the divorce he'd make! The heavens hold firm  
The walls of thy dear honour; keep unshak'd  
That temple, thy fair mind; that thou may'st stand,  
To enjoy thy banish'd lord, and this great land! [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

*A Bed-chamber; in one part of it a Trunk.*

IMOGEN *reading in her bed; a Lady attending.*

*Imo.* Who's there? my woman Helen?

*Lady.*

Please you, madam.

*Imo.* What hour is it?

*Lady.*

Almost midnight, madam.

*Imo.* I have read three hours then: mine eyes are weak:—  
Fold down the leaf where I have left: To bed;  
Take not away the taper, leave it burning;  
And if thou canst awake by four o' the clock,  
I prythee, call me. Sleep hath seiz'd me wholly.

[*Exit Lady.*]

To your protection I commend me, gods!  
From fairies, and the tempters of the night,  
Guard me, beseech ye!

[*Sleeps.* IACHIMO, *from the trunk.*]

*Iach.* The crickets sing, and man's o'er-labour'd sense  
Repairs itself by rest: Our Tarquin thus  
Did softly press the rushes, ere he waken'd  
The chastity he wounded.—Cytherea,  
How bravely thou becom'st thy bed! fresh lily!  
And whiter than the sheets! That I might touch!  
But kiss; one kiss!—Rubies unparagon'd,

How

How dearly they do't!—'Tis her breathing that  
 Perfumes the chamber thus: The flame o' the taper  
 Bows toward her; and would under-peep her lids,  
 To see the enclōsed lights, now canopied  
 Under these windows: White and azure, lac'd  
 With blue of heaven's own tinct.—But my design?  
 To note the chamber:—I will write all down:—  
 Such, and such, pictures;—There the window:—So  
 The adornment of her bed;—The arras, figures,  
 Why, such, and such:—And the contents o' the sto  
 Ah, but some natural notes about her body,  
 Above ten thousand meaner moveables  
 Would testify, to enrich mine inventory:  
 O sleep, thou ape of death, lie dull upon her! -  
 And be her sense but as a monument,  
 Thus in a chapel lying!—Come off, come off;—

*[Taking off her bra]*

As slippery, as the Gordian knot was hard!—  
 'Tis mine; and this will witness outwardly,  
 As strongly as the conscience does within,  
 To the madding of her lord. On her left breast  
 A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops  
 I' the bottom of a cowslip: Here's a voucher,  
 Stronger than ever law could make: this secret  
 Will force him think I have pick'd the lock, and ta'  
 The treasure of her honour. No more.—To what  
 Why should I write this down, that's riveted,  
 Screw'd to my memory? She hath been reading late  
 The tale of Tereus; here the leaf's turn'd down,  
 Where Philomel gave up;—I have enough:  
 To the trunk again, and shut the spring of it.  
 Swift, swift, you dragons of the night!—that dawn  
 May bare the raven's eye: I lodge in fear;

Th

Though this a heavenly angel, hell is here. [*Clock strikes.*  
One, two, three,—Time, time!

[*Goes into the trunk. The scene closes.*

SCENE III.

*An Ante-Chamber adjoining Imogen's Apartment.*

*Enter CLOTEN and Lords.*

1 *Lord.* Your lordship is the most patient man in loss,  
the most coldest that ever turn'd up ace.

*Clo.* It would make any man cold to lose.

1 *Lord.* But not every man patient after the noble temper  
of your lordship; You are most hot, and furious,  
when you win.

*Clo.* Winning will put any man into courage; If I  
could get this foolish Imogen, I should have gold enough;  
It's almost morning, is 't not?

1 *Lord.* Day, my lord.

*Clo.* I would this music would come; I am advis'd to  
give her music o' mornings; they say, it will penetrate.

*Enter Musicians.*

Come on; tune: If you can penetrate her with your fingering,  
so; we'll try with tongue too; if none will do,  
let her remain; but I'll never give o'er. First, a very excellent  
good-conceited thing; after, a wonderful sweet air,  
with admirable rich words to it,—and then let her consider.

D

SONG.

## S O N G.

*Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,  
 And Phœbus 'gins arise,  
 His steeds to water at those springs  
 On chalic'd flowers that lies;  
 And winking Mary-buds begin  
 To ope their golden eyes;  
 With every thing that pretty bin:  
 My lady sweet, arise;  
 Arise, arise.*

So, get you gone: If this penetrate, I will consider  
 musick the better: if it do not, it is a vice in her  
 which horse-hairs, and cats-guts, not the voice of un-  
 eunuch to boot, can never amend. [Exeunt Musi

*Enter CYMBELINE and Queen.*

*2 Lord.* Here comes the king.

*Clo.* I am glad, I was up so late; for that's the re-  
 was up so early: He cannot choose but take this ser-  
 have done, fatherly.—Good morrow to your majesty  
 to my gracious mother.

*Cym.* Attend you here the door of our stern daug-  
 Will she not forth?

*Clo.* I have assail'd her with musick, but she vouch-  
 no notice.

*Cym.* The exile of her minion is too new;  
 She hath not yet forgot him: some more time  
 Must wear the print of his remembrance out,  
 And then she's yours.

*Queen.*

You are most bound to the ki

Who lets go by no vantages, that may  
 Prefer you to his daughter : Frame yourself  
 To orderly solicits ; and be friended  
 With aptness of the season : make denials  
 Increase your services : so seem, as if  
 You were inspir'd to do those duties which  
 You tender to her ; that you in all obey her,  
 Save when command to your dismissal tends,  
 And therein you are senseless.

*Clo.*

Senseless ? not so.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* So like you, sir, ambassadors from Rome ;  
 The one is Caius Lucius.

*Cym.* A worthy fellow,  
 Albeit he comes on angry purpose now ;  
 But that's no fault of his : We must receive him  
 According to the honour of his sender ;  
 And towards himself his goodness forespent on us  
 We must extend our notice.—Our dear son,  
 When you have given good morning to your mistress,  
 Attend the queen, and us ; we shall have need  
 To employ you towards this Roman.—Come, our queen.

*[Exeunt Cym. Queen, Lords, and Mess.]*

*Clo.* If she be up, I'll speak with her ; if not,  
 Let her lie still and dream.—By your leave, ho !—

*[Knocks.]*

I know her women are about her ; What  
 If I do line one of their hands ? 'Tis gold  
 Which buys admittance ; oft it doth ; yea, and makes  
 Diana's rangers false themselves, yield up  
 Their deer to the stand of the stealer : and 'tis gold  
 Which makes the true man kill'd, and saves the thief ;

D 2

Nay,



Nay, sometime, hangs both thief and true man :  
 Can it not do, and undo ? I will make  
 One of her women lawyer to me ; for  
 I yet not understand the case myself.  
 By your leave.

*Enter a Lady.*

*Lady.* Who's there, that knocks ?

*Clo.*

A gentleman.

*Lady.*

*Clo.* Yes, and a gentlewoman's son.

*Lady.*

That's m

Than some, whose tailors are as dear as yours,  
 Can justly boast of : What's your lordship's plea ?

*Clo.* Your lady's person : Is she ready ?

*Lady.*

Ay,

To keep her chamber.

*Clo.* There's gold for you ; sell me your good

*Lady.* How ! my good name ? or to report of  
 What I shall think is good ?—The prince's—

*Enter IMOGEN.*

*Clo.* Good-morrow, fairest sister : Your sweet

*Imo.* Good-morrow, sir : You lay out too much  
 For purchasing but trouble : the thanks I give,  
 Is telling you that I am poor of thanks,  
 And scarce can spare them.

*Clo.*

Still, I swear, I lov

*Imo.* If you but said so, 'twere as deep with  
 If you swear still, your recompence is still  
 That I regard it not.

*Clo.*

This is no answer.

*Imo.* But that you shall not say I yield, being silent,  
I would not speak. I pray you, spare me : 'faith,  
I shall unfold equal discourtesy  
To your best kindness : one of your great knowing  
Should learn, being taught, forbearance.

*Clo.* To leave you in your madness, 'twere my sin :  
I will not.

*Imo.* Fools are not mad folks.

*Clo.*

Do you call me fool ?

*Imo.* As I am mad, I do :

If you'll be patient, I'll no more be mad ;  
That cures us both. I am much sorry, fir,  
You put me to forget a lady's manners,  
By being so verbal : and learn now, for all,  
That I, which know my heart, do here pronounce,  
By the very truth of it, I care not for you ;  
And am so near the lack of charity,  
(To accuse myself) I hate you : which I had rather  
You felt, than make 't my boast.

*Clo.*

You sin against  
Obedience, which you owe your father. For  
The contract you pretend with that base wretch,  
(One, bred of alms, and foster'd with cold dishes,  
With scraps o' the court,) it is no contract, none ;  
And though it be allow'd in meaner parties,  
(Yet who, than he, more mean ?) to knit their souls  
(On whom there is no more dependency  
But brats and beggary) in self-figur'd knot ;  
Yet you are curb'd from that enlargement by  
The consequence o' the crown ; and must not soil  
The precious note of it with a base slave,  
A hilding for a livery, a squire's cloth,  
A pantler, not so eminent.

*Imo.*

Profane fellow !

D 3

Wert

Wert thou the son of Jupiter, and no more,  
 But what thou art, besides, thou wert too base  
 To be his groom: thou wert dignified enough,  
 Even to the point of envy, if 'twere made  
 Comparative for your virtues, to be styl'd  
 The under-hangman of his kingdom; and hated  
 For being preferr'd so well.

*Clo.* The fourth-fog rot him!

*Imo.* He never can meet more mischance, than come  
 To be but nam'd of thee. His meanest garment,  
 That ever hath but clipp'd his body, is dearer,  
 In my respect, than all the hairs above thee,  
 Were they all made such men.—How now, Pisanio?

*Enter PISANIO.*

*Clo.* His garment? Now, the devil—

*Imo.* To Dorothy my woman bid thee presently!

*Clo.* His garment?

*Imo.* I am sprighted with a fool;  
 Frighted, and anger'd worse:—Go, bid my woman  
 Search for a jewel, that too casually  
 Hath left mine arm; it was thy master's: 'threw me,  
 If I would lose it for a revenue  
 Of any king's in Europe. I do think,  
 I saw 't this morning: confident I am,  
 Last night 'twas on mine arm; I kiss'd it:  
 I hope, it be not gone, to tell my lord  
 That I kiss aught but he.

*Pis.* 'Twill not be lost.

*Imo.* I hope so: go, and search. [Exit I

*Clo.* You have abus'd me

His meanest garment?

Ay; I said so, fir.

I make 't an action, call witness to 't.  
I'll inform your father.

Your mother too:

good lady; and will conceive, I hope,  
Ort of me. So I leave you, fir,  
Ort of discontent. [Exit.

I'll be reveng'd:—  
My garment?—Well. [Exit.

## SCENE IV.

Enter. *An Apartment in Philario's House.*

*Enter POSTHUMUS and PHILARIO.*

War it not, fir: I would, I were so sure  
Of the king, as I am bold, her honour  
Lies in hers.

What means do you make to him?  
Not any; but abide the change of time;  
The present winter's state, and wish  
New days would come: In these fear'd hopes,  
Satisfy your love; they failing,  
I'm much your debtor.  
For my very goodness, and your company,  
All I can do. By this, your king  
Is of great Augustus: Caius Lucius  
Is commission'd thoroughly: And, I think,  
To the tribute, send the arrearages,  
Upon our Romans, whose remembrance  
Lies in their grief.

I do believe,  
Though I am none, nor like to be,)
 

D 4
That

That this will prove a war ; and you shall hear  
The legions, now in Gallia, sooner landed  
In our not-fearing Britain, than have tidings  
Of any penny tribute paid. Our countrymen  
Are men more order'd, than when Julius Cæsar  
Smil'd at their lack of skill, but found their courage  
Worthy his frowning at : Their discipline  
(Now mingled with their courages) will make known  
To their approvers, they are people, such  
That mend upon the world.

*Enter IACHIMO.*

*Phi.* See ! Iachimo !

*Post.* The swiftest harts have posted you by land ;  
And winds of all the corners kiss'd your sails,  
To make your vessel nimble.

*Phi.* Welcome, sir.

*Post.* I hope, the briefness of your answer made  
The speediness of your return.

*Iach.* Your lady  
Is one the fairest that I have look'd upon.

*Post.* And, therewithal, the best ; or let her beauty  
Look through a casement to allure false hearts,  
And be false with them.

*Iach.* Here are letters for you.

*Post.* Their tenour good, I trust.

*Iach.* 'Tis very like.

*Phi.* Was Caius Lucius in the Britain court,  
When you were there ?

*Iach.* He was expected then,  
But not approach'd.

*Post.* All is well yet,—

Spark

Sparkles this stone as it was wont ? or is 't not  
Too dull for your good wearing ?

*Iach.* If I have lost it,

I should have lost the worth of it in gold.

I'll make a journey twice as far, to enjoy

A second night of such sweet shortness, which

Was mine in Britain ; for the ring is won.

*Post.* The stone's too hard to come by.

*Iach.* Not a whit,

Your lady being so easy.

*Post.* Make not, sir,

Your loss your sport : I hope, you know that we

Must not continue friends.

*Iach.* Good sir, we must,

If you keep covenant : Had I not brought

The knowledge of your mistress home, I grant

We were to question further : but I now

Profess myself the winner of her honour,

Together with your ring ; and not the wronger

Of her, or you, having proceeded but

By both your wills.

*Post.* If you can make 't apparent

That you have tasted her in bed, my hand,

And ring, is yours : If not, the foul opinion

You had of her pure honour, gains, or loses,

Your sword, or mine ; or masterless leaves both

To who shall find them.

*Iach.* Sir, my circumstances,

Being so near the truth, as I will make them,

Must first induce you to believe : whose strength

I will confirm with oath ; which, I doubt not,

You'll give me leave to spare, when you shall find

You need it not.

*Post.* Proceed.

*Iach.*

*Iach.* First, her bed-chamber,  
 (Where, I confess, I slept not; but, profess,  
 Had that was well worth watching,) It was hang'd  
 With tapestry of silk and silver; the story  
 Proud Cleopatra, when she met her Roman,  
 And Cydnus swell'd above the banks, or for  
 The press of boats, or pride: A piece of work  
 So bravely done, so rich, that it did strive  
 In workmanship, and value; which, I wonder'd,  
 Could be so rarely and exactly wrought,  
 Since the true life on't was——

*Post.* This is true;  
 And this you might have heard of here, by me,  
 Or by some other.

*Iach.* More particulars  
 Must justify my knowledge.

*Post.* So they must,  
 Or do your honour injury.

*Iach.* The chimney  
 Is south the chamber; and the chimney-piece,  
 Chaste Dian, bathing: never saw I figures  
 So likely to report themselves: the cutter  
 Was as another nature, dumb; outwent her,  
 Motion and breath left out.

*Post.* This is a thing,  
 Which you might from relation likewise reap;  
 Being, as it is, much spoke of.

*Iach.* The roof o' the chamber  
 With golden cherubins is fretted: Her andirons  
 (I had forgot them) were two winking Cupids  
 Of silver, each on one foot standing, nicely  
 Depending on their brands.

*Post.* This is her honour!—  
 Let it be granted, you have seen all this, (and praise

Be given to your remembrance,) the description  
Of what is in her chamber, nothing saves  
The wager you have laid.

*Iach.*

Then, if you can,

[*Pulling out the bracelet.*]

Be pale; I beg but leave to air this jewel: See!—  
And now 'tis up again: It must be married  
To that your diamond; I'll keep them.

*Post.*

Jove!—

Once more let me behold it: Is it that  
Which I left with her?

*Iach.*

Sir, (I thank her,) that:

She stripp'd it from her arm; I see her yet;  
Her pretty action did outfell her gift,  
And yet enrich'd it too: She gave it me, and said,  
She priz'd it once.

*Post.*

May be, she pluck'd it off,

To send it me.

*Iach.*

She writes so to you? doth she?

*Post.* O, no, no, no; 'tis true. Here, take this too;

[*Gives the ring.*]

It is a basilisk unto mine eye,  
Kills me to look on't:—Let there be no honour,  
Where there is beauty; truth, where semblance; love,  
Where there's another man: The vows of women  
Of no more bondage be, to where they are made,  
Than they are to their virtues; which is nothing:—  
O, above measure false!

*Phi.*

Have patience, sir,

And take your ring again; 'tis not yet won:

It may be probable, she lost it; or,

Who knows if one of her women, being corrupted,

Hath stolen it from her.

*Post.*

Very true;

And



And so, I hope, he came by't :—Back my ring ;  
Render to me some corporal sign about her,  
More evident than this ; for this was stolen.

*Iach.* By Jupiter, I had it from her arm.

*Poff.* Hark you, he swears ; by Jupiter he swears.  
'Tis true ;—nay, keep the ring—'tis true : I am sure  
She would not lose it : her attendants are  
All sworn and honourable :—They induc'd to steal  
And by a stranger ?—No ; he hath enjoy'd her :  
The cognizance of her incontinency  
Is this,—she hath bought the name of whore thus dear !  
There, take thy hire ; and all the fiends of hell  
Divide themselves between you !

*Phi.*

Sir, be patient :

This is not strong enough to be believ'd  
Of one persuaded well of——

*Poff.*

Never talk on't :

She hath been colted by him.

*Iach.*

If you seek

For further satisfying, under her breast  
(Worthy the pressing,) lies a mole, right proud  
Of that most delicate lodging : By my life,  
I kiss'd it ; and it gave me present hunger  
To feed again, though full. You do remember  
This stain upon her ?

*Poff.*

Ay, and it doth confirm

Another stain, as big as hell can hold,  
Were there no more but it.

*Iach.*

Will you hear more ?

*Poff.* Spare your arithmetick : never count the ten  
Once, and a million !

*Iach.*

I'll be sworn,——

*Poff.*

No swearing

If you will swear you have not done't, you lie ;

and I will kill thee, if thou dost deny  
Thou hast made me cuckold.

*Iach.* I will deny nothing.

*Post.* O, that I had her here, to tear her limb-meal !  
I will go there, and do't; i'the court; before

Her father :—I'll do something—— [*Exit.*]

*Pbi.* Quite besides

The government of patience !—You have won :  
Let's follow him, and pervert the present wrath  
He hath against himself.

*Iach.* With all my heart. [*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE V.

*The same. Another Room in the same.*

*Enter POSTHUMUS.*

*Post.* Is there no way for men to be, but women  
Must be half-workers ? We are bastards all ;  
And that most venerable man, which I  
Did call my father, was I know not where  
When I was stamp'd ; some coiner with his tools  
Made me a counterfeit : Yet my mother seem'd  
The Dian of that time : so doth my wife  
The nonpareil of this.—O vengeance, vengeance !  
Me of my lawful pleasure she restrain'd,  
And pray'd me, oft, forbearance : did it with  
A pudency so rosy, the sweet view on't  
Might well have warm'd old Saturn ; that I thought her  
As chaste as unfunn'd snow :—O, all the devils !—  
This yellow Iachimo, in an hour,—was't not ?—  
Or less,—at first : Perchance he spoke not ; but,  
Like a full-acorn'd boar, a German one,

*Cry'd,*

Cry'd, *ob!* and mounted : found no opposition  
But what he look'd for should oppose, and she  
Should from encounter guard. Could I find out  
The woman's part in me ! For there's no motion  
That tends to vice in man, but I affirm  
It is the woman's part : Be it lying, note it,  
The woman's ; flattering, hers ; deceiving, hers ;  
Lust and rank thoughts, hers, hers ; revenges, hers ;  
Ambitions, covetings, change of prides, disdain,  
Nice longings, slanders, mutability,  
All faults that may be nam'd, nay, that hell knows,  
Why, hers, in part, or all ; but, rather, all :  
For ev'n to vice  
They are not constant, but are changing still  
One vice, but of a minute old, for one  
Not half so old as that. I'll write against them,  
Detest them, curse them :—Yet 'tis greater skill  
In a true hate, to pray they have their will :  
The very devils cannot plague them better. [E

ACT III. SCENE I.

Britain. *A Room of State in Cymbeline's Palace.*

*Enter CYMBELINE, Queen, CLOTEN, and Lords, at one door; and at another, CAIUS LUCIUS, and Attendants.*

*Cym.* Now say, what would Augustus Cæsar with us?

*Luc.* When Julius Cæsar (whose remembrance yet  
lives in men's eyes; and will to ears, and tongues,  
in theme, and hearing ever,) was in this Britain,  
and conquer'd it, Cassibelan, thine uncle,  
amous in Cæsar's praises, no whit less  
man in his feats deserving it,) for him,  
and his succession, granted Rome a tribute,  
early three thousand pounds; which by thee lately  
left untender'd.

*Queen.* And, to kill the marvel,  
it'll be so ever.

*Luc.* There be many Cæsars,  
such other Julius. Britain is  
world by itself; and we will nothing pay,  
wearing our own noses.

*Queen.* That opportunity,  
which then they had to take from us, to resume  
have again.—Remember, sir, my liege,  
the kings your ancestors; together with  
the natural bravery of your isle; which stands  
Neptune's park, ribbed and pale'd in  
with rocks unscaleable, and roaring waters;  
with sands, that will not bear your enemies' boats,  
suck them up to the top-mast. A kind of conquest  
Cæsar

Cæsar made here ; but made not here his brag  
 Of, *came*, and *saw*, and *overcame* : with shame  
 (The first that ever touch'd him,) he was carried  
 From off our coast, twice beaten ; and his shipping  
 (Poor ignorant baubles ! on our terrible seas,  
 Like egg-shells mov'd upon their surges, crack'd  
 As easily 'gainst our rocks : For joy whereof,  
 The fam'd Cassibelan, who was once at point  
 (O, giglot fortune !) to master Cæsar's sword,  
 Made Lud's town with rejoicing fires bright,  
 And Britons strut with courage.

*Clo.* Come, there's no more tribute to be p  
 kingdom is stronger than it was at that time ;  
 said, there is no more such Cæsars : other of t  
 have crook'd noses ; but, to owe such straight an

*Cym.* Son, let your mother end.

*Clo.* We have yet many among us can gripe a  
 Cassibelan : I do not say, I am one ; but I have :  
 Why tribute ? why should we pay tribute ? If  
 hide the sun from us with a blanket, or put the  
 his pocket, we will pay him tribute for light ; el  
 more tribute, pray you now.

*Cym.* You must know,  
 Till the injurious Romans did extort  
 This tribute from us, we were free : Cæsar's an  
 (Which swell'd so much, that it did almost stret  
 The sides o'the world,) against all colour, here  
 Did put the yoke upon us ; which to shake off,  
 Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon  
 Ourselves to be. We do say then to Cæsar,  
 Our ancestor was that Mulmutius, which  
 Ordain'd our laws ; (whose use the sword of Cæ  
 Hath too much mangled ; whose repair, and frai  
 Shall, by the power we hold, be our good deed,

Though Rome be therefore angry;) Mulmutius,  
Who was the first of Britain, which did put  
His brows within a golden crown, and call'd  
Himself a king.

*Luc.* I am sorry, Cymbeline,  
That I am to pronounce Augustus Cæsar  
(Cæsar, that hath more kings, his servants, than  
Thyself domestick officers,) thine enemy:  
Receive it from me then:—War, and confusion,  
In Cæsar's name pronounce I 'gainst thee: look  
For fury not to be resisted:—Thus defy'd,  
I thank thee for myself.

*Cym.* Thou art welcome, Caius.  
Thy Cæsar knighted me; my youth I spent  
Much under him; of him I gather'd honour;  
Which he, to seek of me again, perforce,  
Behoves me keep at utterance; I am perfect,  
That the Pannonians and Dalmatians, for  
Their liberties, are now in arms: a precedent  
Which, not to read, would show the Britons cold:  
So Cæsar shall not find them.

*Luc.* Let proof speak.

*Clo.* His majesty bids you welcome. Make pastime with  
as a day, or two, or longer: If you seek us afterwards in  
other terms, you shall find us in our salt-water girdle: if  
you beat us out of it, it is yours; if you fall in the ad-  
venture, our crowns shall fare the better for you; and  
here's an end.

*Luc.* So, sir.

*Cym.* I know your master's pleasure, and he mine:  
All the remain is, welcome. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.

*Another Room in the same.**Enter PISANIO.*

*Pis.* How! of adultery? Wherefore write you not  
What monster's her accuser?—Leonatus!  
O, master! what a strange infection  
Is fallen into thy ear? What false Italian  
(As poisonous tongu'd, as handed,) hath prevail'd  
On thy too ready hearing?—Disloyal? No:  
She's punish'd for her truth; and undergoes,  
More goddess-like than wife-like, such assaults  
As would take in some virtue.—O, my master!  
Thy mind to her is now as low, as were  
Thy fortunes.—How! that I should murder her?  
Upon the love, and truth, and vows, which I  
Have made to thy command?—I, her?—her blood?  
If it be so to do good service, never  
Let me be counted serviceable. How look I,  
That I should seem to lack humanity,  
So much as this fact comes to? *Do't: The letter [Reads]*  
*That I have sent her, by her own command*  
*Shall give thee opportunity:—O damn'd paper!*  
Black as the ink that's on thee! Senseless bauble,  
Art thou a feodary for this act, and look'ft  
So virgin-like without? Lo, here she comes.

*Enter IMOGEN.*

I am ignorant in what I am commanded.

*Imo.* How now, Pisanio?

*Pis.* Madam, here is a letter from my lord.

*Imo.* Who? thy lord? that is my lord? Leonatus?  
O, learn'd indeed were that astronomer,  
That knew the stars, as I his characters; —  
He'd lay the future open.—You good gods,  
Let what is here contain'd relish of love,  
Of my lord's health, of his content,—yet not,  
That we two are asunder, let that grieve him,—  
(Some griefs are med'cinable;) that is one of them,  
For it doth physick love;—of his content,  
All but in that!—Good wax, thy leave:—Blest be,  
You bees, that make these locks of counsel! Lovers,  
And men in dangerous bonds, pray not alike;  
Though forfeiters you cast in prison, yet  
You clasp young Cupid's tables.—Good news, gods!

[*Reads.*

*Justice, and your father's wrath, should be take me in his  
lominion, could not be so cruel to me, as you, O the dearest of  
reatures, would not even renew me with your eyes. Take  
otice, that I am in Cambria, at Milford-Haven: What your  
wn love will, out of this, advise you, follow. So, be wishes  
on all happiness, that remains loyal to his vow, and your, in-  
reasing in love,*

LEONATUS POSTHUMUS.

O, for a horse with wings!—Hear'st thou, Pisanio?  
He is at Milford-Haven: Read, and tell me  
How far 'tis thither. If one of mean affairs  
May plod it in a week, why may not I  
Slide thither in a day?—Then, true Pisanio,  
Who long'st, like me, to see thy lord; who long'st,—  
O, let me 'bate,—but not like me:—yet long'st,—  
but in a fainter kind:—O, not like me;

E 2

For



For mine's beyond beyond,) say, and speak thick,  
(Love's counsellor should fill the bores of hearing,  
To the smothering of the sense,) how far it is  
To this same blessed Milford: And, by the way,  
Tell me how Wales was made so happy, as  
To inherit such a haven: But, first of all,  
How we may steal from hence; and, for the gap  
That we shall make in time, from our hence-going,  
And our return, to excuse:—but first, how get hence:  
Why should excuse be born or e'er begot?  
We'll talk of that hereafter. Pr'ythee, speak,  
How many score of miles may we well ride  
'Twixt hour and hour?

*Pif.* One score, 'twixt sun and sun,  
Madam, 's enough for you; and too much too.

*Imo.* Why, one that rode to his execution, man,  
Could never go so slow: I have heard of riding wagers,  
Where horses have been nimbler than the sands  
That run i' the clock's behalf:—But this is foolery:—  
Go, bid my woman feign a sickness; say  
She'll home to her father: and provide me, presently,  
A riding suit; no costlier than would fit  
A franklin's housewife.

*Pif.* Madam, you're best consider.

*Imo.* I see before me, man, nor here, nor here,  
Nor what ensues; but have a fog in them,  
That I cannot look through. Away, I pr'ythee;  
Do as I bid thee: There's no more to say;  
Accesible is none but Milford way. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE III.

*Wales. A mountainous Country, with a Cave.*

*BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.*

A goodly day not to keep house, with such  
roof's as low as ours! Stoop, boys: This gate  
shows you how to adore the heavens; and bows you  
to the king's holy office: The gates of monarchs  
sh'd so high, that giants may jet through  
keep their impious turbands on, without  
narrow to the sun.—Hail, thou fair heaven!  
use i' the rock, yet use thee not so hardly  
as our livers do.

Hail, heaven!

Hail, heaven!

Now, for our mountain sport: Up to yon hill,  
as you are young; I'll tread these flats. Consider,  
you above perceive me like a crow,  
in this place, which lessens, and sets off.  
You may then revolve what tales I have told you,  
of princes, of the tricks in war:  
Service is not service, so being done,  
being so allow'd: To apprehend thus,  
as a profit from all things we see:  
Then, to our comfort, shall we find  
the murthered beetle in a safer hold  
than the full-wing'd eagle. O, this life  
is better, than attending for a check;  
Than doing nothing for a babe;  
Than rustling in unpaid-for silk;  
Than the cap of him, that makes them fine,  
To keep his book uncross'd: no life to ours.

E 3

*Gui.*

*Gui.* Out of your proof you speak : we, poor unfledg'd,  
 Have never wing'd from view o' the nest ; nor know not  
 What air's from home. Haply, this life is best,  
 If quiet life be best ; sweeter to you,  
 That have a sharper known ; well corresponding  
 With your stiff age : but, unto us, it is  
 A cell of ignorance ; travelling abed ;  
 A prison for a debtor, that not dares  
 To stride a limit.

*Arw.* What should we speak of,  
 When we are old as you ? when we shall hear  
 The rain and wind beat dark December, how,  
 In this our pinching cave, shall we discourse  
 The freezing hours away ? We have seen nothing :  
 We are beastly ; subtle as the fox, for prey ;  
 Like warlike as the wolf, for what we eat :  
 Our valour is, to chace what flies ; our cage  
 We make a quire, as doth the prison'd bird,  
 And sing our bondage freely.

*Bel.* How you speak !  
 Did you but know the city's usuries,  
 And felt them knowingly : the art o' the court,  
 As hard to leave, as keep ; whose top to climb  
 Is certain falling, or so slippery, that  
 The fear's as bad as falling : the toil of the war,  
 A pain that only seems to seek out danger  
 I' the name of fame, and honour ; which dies i' the search ;  
 And hath as oft a slanderous epitaph,  
 As record of fair act ; nay, many times,  
 Doth ill deserve by doing well ; what's worse,  
 Must court'ly at the censure :—O, boys, this story  
 The world may read in me : My body's mark'd  
 With Roman swords ; and my report was once  
 First with the best of note : Cymbeline lov'd me ;

And



The warlike feats I have done, his spirits fly out  
 Into my story: say,—*Thus mine enemy fell;*  
*And thus I set my foot on his neck;* even then  
 The princely blood flows in his cheek, he sweats,  
 Strains his young nerves, and puts himself in posture  
 That acts my words. The younger brother, Cadwal,  
 (Once, Arvirágus,) in as like a figure,  
 Strikes life into my speech, and shows much more  
 His own conceiving. Hark! the game is rous'd!—  
 O Cymbeline! heaven, and my conscience, knows,  
 Thou didst unjustly banish me: whereon,  
 At three, and two years old, I stole these babes;  
 Thinking to bar thee of succession, as  
 Thou rest'st me of my lands. Euriphile,  
 Thou wast their nurse; they took thee for their mother,  
 And every day do honour to her grave:  
 Myself, Belarius, that am Morgan call'd,  
 They take for natural father. The game is up. [Exit.]

## SCENE IV.

Near Milford-Haven.

Enter PISANIO and IMOGEN.

*Imo.* Thou told'st me, when we came from horse, the place  
 Was near at hand:—Ne'er long'd my mother so  
 To see me first, as I have now:—Pisanio! Man!  
 Where is Posthúmus? What is in thy mind,  
 That makes thee stare thus? Wherefore breaks that sigh  
 From the inward of thee? One, but painted thus,  
 Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd  
 Beyond self-explication: Put thyself  
 Into a haviour of less fear, ere wildness

Vanquish

inquisiſh my ſtaidſer ſenſes. What's the matter?  
thy tender'ſt thou that paper to me, with  
look untender? If it be ſummer news,  
wile to't before: if winterly, thou need'ſt  
it keep that countenance ſtill.—My husband's hand!  
hat drug-damn'd Italy hath out-craftied him,  
nd he's at ſome hard point.—Speak, man; thy tongue  
ay take off ſome extremity, which to read  
ould be even mortal to me.

*Pif.* Please you, read;  
nd you ſhall find me, wretched man, a thing  
he moſt diſdain'd of fortune.

*Imo.* [Reads.] *Thy miſtreſs, Piſanio, hath play'd the ſtrum-  
t in my bed; the teſtimonies whereof lie bleeding in me. I  
rak not out of weak ſurmiſes; but from proof as ſtrong as my  
ief, and as certain as I expect my revenge. That part, thou,  
ſanio, muſt act for me, if thy faith be not tainted with the  
each of hers. Let thine own hands take away her life: I  
all give thee opportunities at Milford-Haven: ſhe hath my  
ter for the purpoſe: Where, if thou fear to ſtrike, and to  
ake me certain it is done, thou art the pandar to her diſhonour,  
nd equally to me diſloyal.*

*Pif.* What ſhall I need to draw my ſword? the paper  
ath cut her throat already.—No, 'tis ſlander;  
whoſe edge is ſharper than the ſword; whoſe tongue  
utvenoms all the worms of Nile; whoſe breath  
ides on the poſting winds, and doth belie  
all corners of the world: kings, queens, and ſtates,  
laid, matrons, nay, the ſecrets of the grave  
his viperous ſlander enters.—What cheer, madam?  
*Imo.* False to his bed! What is it, to be false?  
o lie in watch there, and to think on him?

To

To weep 'twixt clock and clock ? if sleep charge nature,  
To break it with a fearful dream of him,  
And cry myself awake ? that's false to his bed ?  
Is it ?

*Pif.* Alas, good lady !

*Imo.* I false ? Thy conscience witness :—Iachimo,  
Thou didst accuse him of incontinency ;  
Thou then look'dst like a villain ; now, methinks,  
Thy favour's good enough.—Some jay of Italy,  
Whose mother was her painting, hath betray'd him :  
Poor I am stale, a garment out of fashion ;  
And, for I am richer than to hang by the walls,  
I must be ripp'd :—to pieces with me !—O,  
Men's vows are women's traitors ! All good seeming,  
By thy revolt, O husband, shall be thought  
Put on for villainy ; not born, where 't grows ;  
But worn, a bait for ladies.

*Pif.*

Good madam, hear me.

*Imo.* True honest men being heard, like false *Æneas*,  
Were, in his time, thought false : and *Sinon's* weeping  
Did scandal many a holy tear ; took pity  
From most true wretchedness : So, thou, *Posthúmus*,  
Wilt lay the heaven on all proper men ;  
Goodly, and gallant, shall be false, and perjur'd,  
From thy great fail.—Come, fellow, be thou honest :  
Do thou thy master's bidding : When thou see'st him,  
A little witness my obedience : Look !  
I draw the sword myself : take it ; and hit  
The innocent mansion of my love, my heart :  
Fear not ; 'tis empty of all things, but grief ;  
Thy master is not there ; who was, indeed,  
The riches of it : Do his bidding ; strike.  
Thou may'st be valiant in a better cause ;  
But now thou seem'st a coward.

*Pif.*

*Pis.* Hence, vile instrument!  
Thou shalt not damn my hand.

*Imo.* Why, I must die;  
And if I do not by thy hand, thou art  
No servant of thy master's: Against self-slaughter  
There is a prohibition so divine,  
That craves my weak hand. Come, here's my heart;  
Something's afore 't:—Soft, soft; we'll no defence;  
Obedient as the scabbard.—What is here?  
The scriptures of the loyal Leonatus,  
All turn'd to heresy? Away, away,  
Corrupters of my faith! you shall no more  
Be stomachers to my heart! Thus may poor fools  
Believe false teachers: Though those that are betray'd  
Do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor  
Stands in worse case of woe.

And thou, Posthumus, thou that did'st set up  
My disobedience 'gainst the king my father,  
And make me put into contempt the suits  
Of princely fellows, shalt hereafter find  
It is no act of common passage, but  
A strain of rareness: and I grieve myself,  
To think, when thou shalt be disedg'd by her  
That now thou tir'st on, how thy memory  
Will then be pang'd by me.—Pr'ythee, despatch:  
The lamb entreats the butcher: Where's thy knife?  
Thou art too slow to do thy master's bidding,  
When I desire it too.

*Pis.* O gracious lady,  
Since I receiv'd command to do this business,  
I have not slept one wink.

*Imo.* Do 't, and to bed then.

*Pis.* I'll wake mine eyeballs blind first.

*Imo.* Wherefore then  
Didst



Didst undertake it? Why hast thou abus'd  
 So many miles, with a pretence? this place?  
 Mine action, and thine own? our horses' labour?  
 The time inviting thee? the perturb'd court,  
 For my being absent; whereunto I never  
 Purpose return? Why hast thou gone so far,  
 To be unbent, when thou hast ta'en thy stand,  
 The elected deer before thee?

*Pif.* But to win time  
 To lose so bad employment: in the which  
 I have consider'd of a course; Good lady,  
 Hear me with patience.

*Imo.* Talk thy tongue weary; speak:  
 I have heard, I am a strumpet; and mine ear,  
 Therein false struck, can take no greater wound,  
 Nor tent to bottom that. But speak.

*Pif.* Then, madam,  
 I thought you would not back again.

*Imo.* Most like;  
 Bringing me here to kill me.

*Pif.* Not so, neither:  
 But if I were as wise as honest, then  
 My purpose would prove well. It cannot be,  
 But that my master is abus'd:  
 Some villain, ay, and singular in his art,  
 Hath done you both this curfed injury.

*Imo.* Some Roman courtezan.

*Pif.* No, on my life.  
 I'll give but notice you are dead, and send him  
 Some bloody sign of it; for 'tis commanded  
 I should do so: You shall be miss'd at court,  
 And that will well confirm it.

*Imo.* Why, good fellow,  
 What shall I do the while? Where bide? How live?

life what comfort, when I am  
my husband ?

If you'll back to the court,—  
to court, no father ; nor no more ado  
at harsh, noble, simple, nothing ;  
often, whose love-suit hath been to me  
all as a siege.

If not at court,  
what in Britain must you bide.

Where then ?  
tain all the fun that shines ? Day, night,  
not but in Britain ? I' the world's volume  
Britain seems as of it, but not in it ;  
the pool, a swan's nest : Pr'ythee, think  
livers out of Britain.

I am most glad  
of other place. The ambassador,  
the Roman, comes to Milford-Haven  
now : Now, if you could wear a mind  
your fortune is ; and but disguise  
rich, to appear itself, must not yet be,  
self-danger ; you should tread a course  
and full of view : yea, haply, near  
presence of Posthumus ; so nigh, at least,  
though his actions were not visible, yet  
could render him hourly to your ear,  
as he moves.

O, for such means !  
peril to my modesty, not death on't,  
adventure.

Well then, here's the point :  
not forget to be a woman ; change  
and into obedience ; fear, and niceness,  
admirers of all women, or, more truly,

Woman

Or common-killing Titan; and forget  
Your laboursome and dainty trims, wherein  
You made great Juno angry.

*Imo.*

Nay, be brief;

I see into thy end, and am almost  
A man already.

*Pif.*

First, make yourself but like one.

Fore-thinking this, I have already fit  
(’Tis in my cloak-bag,) doublet, hat, hose, all  
That answer to them: Would you, in their servi  
And with what imitation you can borrow  
From youth of such a season, ’fore noble Lucius  
Present yourself, desire his service, tell him  
Wherein you are happy, (which you’ll make him  
If that his head have ear in musick,) doubtless,  
With joy he will embrace you; for he’s honourab  
And, doubling that, most holy. Your means ab  
You have me, rich; and I will never fail  
Beginning, nor supplyment.

*Imo.*

Thou art all the cor

The gods will diet me with. Pr’ythee, away:  
There’s more to be consider’d; but we’ll even  
All that good time will give us: This attempt  
I’m soldier to, and will abide it with  
A prince’s courage. Away, I pr’ythee.

*Pif.*

Well, madam, we must take a short farewell  
Left, being miss’d, I be suspected of  
Your carriage from the court. My noble mistress

Here is a box ; I had it from the queen ;  
 What's in't is precious : if you are sick at sea,  
 Or stomach-qualm'd at land, a dram of this  
 Will drive away distemper.—To some shade,  
 And fit you to your manhood :—May the gods  
 Direct you to the best !

*Imo.*

Amen : I thank thee. [Exeunt.]

### SCENE V.

*A Room in Cymbeline's Palace.*

*Enter CYMBELINE, Queen, CLOTEN, LUCIUS, and  
 Lords.*

*Cym.* Thus far ; and so farewell.

*Luc.*

Thanks, royal sir.

My emperor hath wrote ; I must from hence ;  
 And am right sorry, that I must report ye  
 My master's enemy.

*Cym.*

Our subjects, sir,

Will not endure his yoke ; and for ourself  
 To show less sovereignty than they, must needs  
 Appear unkinglike.

*Luc.*

So, sir, I desire of you  
 A conduct over land, to Milford-Haven.—  
 Madam, all joy befall your grace, and you !

*Cym.* My lords, you are appointed for that office ;  
 The due of honour in no point omit :—  
 O, farewell, noble Lucius.

*Luc.*

Your hand, my lord.

*Clo.* Receive it friendly : but from this time forth  
 wear it as your enemy.

*Luc.*

*Luc.* Sir, the event  
Is yet to name the winner: Fare you well.  
*Cym.* Leave not the worthy Lucius, good my lord  
Till he have cross'd the Severn.—Happiness!

[*Exeunt LUCIUS, and*

*Queen.* He goes hence frowning: but it honours  
That we have given him cause.

*Cho.* 'Tis all the better;  
Your valiant Britons have their wishes in it.

*Cym.* Lucius hath wrote already to the emperor  
How it goes here. It fits us therefore, ripely,  
Our chariots and our horsemen be in readiness:  
The powers that he already hath in Gallia  
Will soon be drawn to head, from whence he move  
His war for Britain.

*Queen.* 'Tis not sleepy business;  
But must be look'd to speedily, and strongly.

*Cym.* Our expectation that it would be thus,  
Hath made us forward. But, my gentle queen,  
Where is our daughter? She hath not appear'd  
Before the Roman, nor to us hath tender'd  
The duty of the day: She looks us like  
A thing more made of malice, than of duty;  
We have noted it.—Call her before us; for  
We have been too slight in sufferance.

[*Exit an Attendant*

*Queen.* Royal sir,  
Since the exile of Posthumus, most retir'd  
Hath her life been; the cure whereof, my lord,  
'Tis time must do. 'Beseech your majesty,  
Forbear sharp speeches to her: She's a lady  
So tender of rebukes, that words are strokes,  
And strokes death to her.

*Re-enter an Attendant.*

*Cym.* Where is she, fir? How  
Can her contempt be answer'd?

*Atten.* Please you, fir,  
Her chambers are all lock'd; and there's no answer  
That will be given to the loud'st of noise we make.

*Queen.* My lord, when last I went to visit her,  
She pray'd me to excuse her keeping close;  
Whereto constrain'd by her infirmity,  
She should that duty leave unpaid to you,  
Which daily she was bound to proffer: this  
She wish'd me to make known; but our great court  
Made me to blame in memory.

*Cym.* Her doors lock'd?  
Not seen of late? Grant, heavens, that, which I fear,  
Prove false! [Exit.]

*Queen.* Son, I say, follow the king.

*Clot.* That man of hers, Pisanio, her old servant,  
I have not seen these two days.

*Queen.* Go, look after.—  
[Exit CLOTEN.]

Pisanio, thou that stand'st so for Posthúmus!—  
He hath a drug of mine: I pray, his absence  
Proceed by swallowing that; for he believes  
It is a thing most precious. But for her,  
Where is she gone? Haply, despair hath seiz'd her;  
Or, wing'd with fervour of her love, she's flown  
To her desir'd Posthúmus: Gone she is  
To death, or to dishonour; and my end  
Can make good use of either: She being down,  
Have the placing of the British crown.

*Re-enter CLOTEN.*

How now, my son?

*Clo.* 'Tis certain, she is fled:  
Go in, and cheer the king; he rages; none  
Dare come about him.

*Queen.* All the better: May  
This night forestall him of the coming day!  
[Exit Queen.]

*Clo.* I love, and hate her: for she's fair and royal;  
And that she hath all courtly parts more exquisite  
Than lady, ladies, woman; from every one  
The best she hath, and she, of all compounded,  
Outfells them all: I love her therefore; But,  
Disdaining me, and throwing favours on  
The low Posthúmus, slanders so her judgment,  
That what's else rare, is chok'd; and, in that point,  
I will conclude to hate her, nay, indeed,  
To be reveng'd upon her. For, when fools

*Enter PISANIO.*

Shall—Who is here? What! are you packing, firrah?  
Come hither: Ah, you precious pandar! Villain,  
Where is thy lady! In a word; or else  
Thou art straightway with the fiends.

*Pis.* O, good my lord!

*Clo.* Where is thy lady? or, by Jupiter,  
I will not ask again. Close villain,  
I'll have this secret from thy heart, or rip  
Thy heart to find it. Is she with Posthúmus?  
From whose so many weights of baseness cannot  
A dram of worth be drawn.

*Pis.* Alas, my lord,

How

can she be with him ? When was she miss'd ?  
in Rome.

Where is she, sir ? Come nearer ;  
rather halting : satisfy me home,  
what is become of her ?  
O, my all-worthy lord !

All-worthy villain !  
Wherever where thy mistress is, at once,  
the next word,—No more of worthy lord,—  
or thy silence on the instant is  
condemnation and thy death.

Then, sir,  
your paper is the history of my knowledge  
concerning her flight. [*Presenting a letter.*]

Let's see't:—I will pursue her  
to Augustus' throne.

Or this, or perish.  
Far enough ; and what he learns by this,  
he proves his travel, not her danger. [*Aside.*]

Humh !  
I'll write to my lord, she's dead. O Imogen,  
may'st thou wander, safe return again ! [*Aside.*]  
Sirrah, is this letter true ?

Sir, as I think.  
It is Posthumus' hand ; I know't.—Sirrah, if thou  
art not be a villain, but do me true service ; undergo  
employments, wherein I should have cause to use  
with a serious industry,—that is, what villainy thou  
wouldst do, to perform it, directly and truly,—I would  
thou wert an honest man : thou should'st neither want  
answering for thy relief, nor my voice for thy preferment.  
Well, my good lord.

Wilt thou serve me ? For since patiently and con-  
stantly thou hast stuck to the bare fortune of that beggar



wore when he took leave of my lady and mistress

*Clot.* The first service thou dost me, fetch that  
ther: let it be thy first service; go.

*Pis.* I shall, my lord.

*Clot.* Meet thee at Milford-Haven:—I forgot  
one thing; I'll remember't anon:—Even there,  
lain Posthumus, will I kill thee.—I would, these  
were come. She said upon a time, (the bitterness  
belch from my heart,) that she held the very  
Posthumus in more respect than my noble  
person, together with the adornment of my  
With that suit upon my back, will I ravish her:  
him, and in her eyes; there shall she see my valour  
will then be a torment to her contempt. To  
ground, my speech of insultment ended on  
body,—and when my lust hath dined, (which,  
vex her, I will execute in the clothes that she  
to the court I'll knock her back, foot her heels  
She hath despised me rejoicingly, and I'll be my  
révenge.

cond thing that I have commanded thee : the third is, that thou wilt be a voluntary mute to my design. Be but duteous, and true preferment shall tender itself to thee.—My revenge is now at Milford ; 'Would I had wings to follow it !—Come, and be true. [Exit.

*Pis.* Thou bidd'st me to my loss : for, true to thee, Were to prove false, which I will never be, To him that is most true.—To Milford go, And find not her whom thou pursu'st. Flow, flow, You heavenly blessings, on her ! This fool's speed Be cross'd with slowness ; labour be his meed ! [Exit.

SCENE VI.

*Before the Cave of Belarius.*

*Enter IMOGEN, in Boy's Clothes*

*Imo.* I see, a man's life is a tedious one : I have tir'd myself ; and for two nights together Have made the ground my bed. I should be sick, But that my resolution helps me.—Milford, When from the mountain top Pisanio show'd thee, Thou wast within a ken : O Jove ! I think, Foundations fly the wretched : such, I mean, Where they should be reliev'd. Two beggars told me, I could not miss my way : Will poor folks lie, That have afflictions on them ; knowing 'tis A punishment, or trial ? Yes : no wonder, When rich ones scarce tell true : To lapse in fullness Is sorer, than to lie for need ; and falsehood Is worse in kings, than beggars.—My dear lord ! Thou art one o'the false ones : Now I think on thee, My hunger's gone ; but even before, I was

At point to sink for food.—But what is this?  
 Here is a path to it: 'Tis some savage hold:  
 I were best not call; I dare not call: yet famine,  
 Ere clean it o'erthrow nature, makes it valiant.  
 Plenty, and peace, breeds cowards; hardness ever  
 Of hardness is mother.—Ho! who's here?  
 If any thing that's civil, speak; if savage,  
 Take, or lend.—Ho!—No answer? then I'll enter.  
 Best draw my sword; and if mine enemy  
 But fear the sword like me, he'll scarcely look on't.  
 Such a foe, good heavens! *[She goes into the cave.]*

*Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.*

*Bel.* You, Polydore, have prov'd best woodman, and  
 Are master of the feast: Cadwal, and I,  
 Will play the cook, and servant; 'tis our match:  
 The sweat of industry would dry, and die,  
 But for the end it works to. Come; our stomachs  
 Will make what's homely, savoury: Weariness  
 Can snore upon the flint, when restive sloth  
 Finds the down pillow hard.—Now, peace be here,  
 Poor house, that keep't thyself!

*Gui.* I am throughly weary.

*Arv.* I am weak with toil, yet strong in appetite.

*Gui.* There is cold meat i'the cave; we'll brouze on  
 that,

Whilst what we have kill'd be cook'd.

*Bel.* Stay; come not in:  
*[Looking in.]*

But that it eats our victuals, I should think  
 Here were a fairy.

*Gui.* What's the matter, fir?

*Bel.* By Jupiter, an angel! or, if not,

An

An earthly paragon!—Behold divineness  
No elder than a boy!

*Enter IMOGEN.*

*Imo.* Good masters, harm me not :  
Before I enter'd here, I call'd ; and thought  
To have begg'd, or bought, what I have took : Good  
troth,  
I have stolen nought ; nor would not, though I had found  
Gold strew'd o'the floor. Here's money for my meat :  
I would have left it on the board, so soon  
As I had made my meal ; and parted  
With prayers for the provider.

*Gui.* Money, youth ?

*Arv.* All gold and silver rather turn to dirt !  
As 'tis no better reckon'd, but of those  
Who worship dirty gods.

*Imo.* I see, you are angry :  
Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should  
Have died, had I not made it.

*Bel.* Whither bound ?

*Imo.* To Milford-Haven, sir.

*Bel.* What is your name ?

*Imo.* Fidele, sir : I have a kinsman, who  
bound for Italy ; he embark'd at Milford :  
to whom being going, almost spent with hunger,  
am fallen in this offence.

*Bel.* Pr'ythee, fair youth,  
think us no churls ; nor measure our good minds  
/ this rude place we live in. Well encounter'd !  
'tis almost night : you shall have better cheer  
ere you depart ; and thanks, to stay and eat it.—  
Oys, bid him welcome.

*Gui.* Were you a woman, youth,  
I should woo hard, but be your groom.—In honesty,  
I bid for you, as I'd buy.

*Arv.* I'll make't my comfort,  
He is a man; I'll love him as my brother:—  
And such a welcome as I'd give to him,  
After long absence, such is yours:—Most welcome!  
Be sprightly, for you fall 'mongst friends.

*Imo.* 'Mongst friends!  
If brothers?—'Would it had been so, that they  
Had been my father's sons! then had my prize  
Been less; and so more equal ballasting  
To thee, Polthumus. *[Aside.*

*Bel.* He wrings at some distress.

*Gui.* 'Would, I could free't!

*Arv.* Or I; whate'er it be,  
What pain it cost, what danger! Gods!

*Bel.* Hark, boys. *[Whispering.*

*Imo.* Great men,  
That had a court no bigger than this cave,  
That did attend themselves, and had the virtue  
Which their own conscience seal'd them, (laying by  
That nothing gift of differing multitudes,)  
Could not out-peer these twain. Pardon me, gods!  
I'd change my sex to be companion with them,  
Since Leonatus false.

*Bel.* It shall be so:  
Boys, we'll go dress our hunt.—Fair youth, come in:  
Discourse is heavy, fasting; when we have supp'd,  
We'll mannerly demand thee of thy story,  
So far as thou wilt speak it.

*Gui.* Pray, draw near.

*Arv.*

*Arv.* The night to the owl, and morn to the lark, lets welcome.

*Imo.* Thanks, sir.

*Arv.* I pray, draw near. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE VII.

Rome.

*Enter two Senators and Tribunes.*

*1 Sen.* This is the tenor of the emperor's writ ;  
That since the common men are now in action  
Against the Pannonians and Dalmatians ;  
And that the legions now in Gallia are  
Full weak to undertake our wars against  
The fallen-off Britons ; that we do incite  
The gentry to this business : He creates  
Lucius pro-consul : and to you the tribunes,  
For this immediate levy, he commands  
His absolute commission. Long live Cæsar !

*Tri.* Is Lucius general of the forces ?

*2 Sen.*

*Ay.*

*Tri.* Remaining now in Gallia ?

*1 Sen.*

With those legions  
Which I have spoke of, whereunto your levy  
Must be supplyant : The words of your commission  
Will tie you to the numbers, and the time  
Of their despatch.

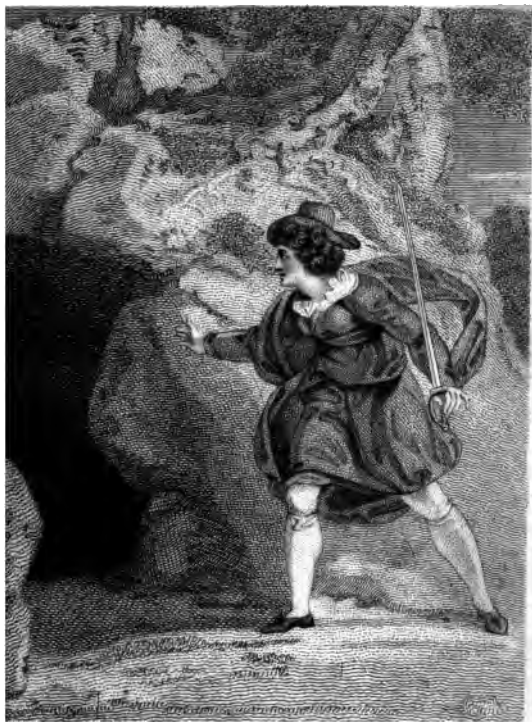
*Tri.*

We will discharge our duty. *Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.*The Forest, near the Cave.**Enter CLOTEN.*

*Clo.* I am near to the place where they should  
 Pisanio have mapp'd it truly. How fit his garments  
 me! Why should his mistress, who was made by  
 made the tailor, not be fit too? the rather (by the  
 ence of the word) for 'tis said, a woman's fit  
 by fits. Therein I must play the workman. I do  
 it to myself, (for it is not vain-glory, for a man  
 glaſs to confer; in his own chamber, I mean)  
 of my body are as well drawn as his; no less you  
 strong, not beneath him in fortunes, beyond the  
 advantage of the time, above him in birth, and  
 ſant in general ſervices, and more remarkable in  
 oppoſitions: yet this imperfeverant thing loves me  
 deſpite. What mortality is! Poſthumus, thy head  
 now is growing upon thy ſhoulders, ſhall within this  
 be off; thy miſtreſs enforced; thy garments cut to  
 before thy face: and all this done, ſpurn her home  
 father; who may, haply, be a little angry for my ſe  
 uſage: but my mother, having power of his teſtine  
 turn all into my commendations. My horſe is t  
 ſafe: Out, ſword, and to a ſore purpoſe! Fortu  
 them into my hand! This is the very deſcription o  
 meeting-place; and the fellow dares not deceive me



del.

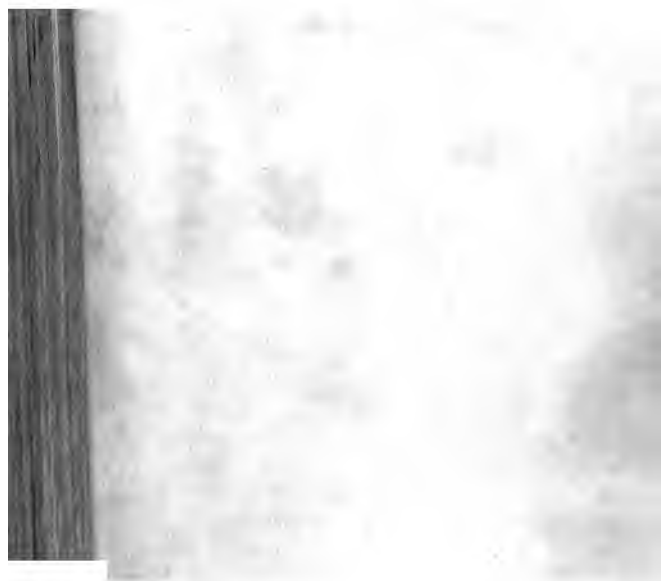
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*Cambelline.*

Act 3.<sup>d</sup> Scene 7<sup>th</sup>

*Published by Turner & Hoed at Pondry Jan<sup>y</sup> 1799.*





SCENE II.

*Before the Cave.*

*Enter, from the Cave, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS,  
ARVIRAGUS, and IMOGEN.*

*Bel.* You are not well : [*to IMOGEN.*] remain here in  
the cave ;

we'll come to you after hunting.

*Arv.*

Brother, stay here :

[*To IMOGEN.*]

Are we not brothers ?

*Imo.*

So man and man should be ;

yet clay and clay differs in dignity,

whose dust is both alike. I am very sick.

*Gui.* Go you to hunting, I'll abide with him.

*Imo.* So sick I am not ;—yet I am not well :

but not so citizen a wanton, as

to seem to die, ere sick : So please you, leave me ;

sick to your journal course : the breach of custom

breach of all. I am ill ; but your being by me

cannot amend me : Society is no comfort

to one not sociable : I'm not very sick,

hence I can reason of it. Pray you, trust me here :

will rob none but myself ; and let me die,

healing so poorly.

*Gui.*

I love thee ; I have spoke it :

how much the quantity, the weight as much,

as I do love my father.

*Bel.*

What ? how ? how ?

*Arv.* If it be sin to say so, sir, I yoke me

to my good brother's fault : I know not why

I love

I love this youth ; and I have heard you say,  
 Love's reason's without reason ; the bier at door,  
 And a demand who is't shall die, I'd say,  
*My father, not this youth.*

*Bel.*

O noble strain !

[*Aside.*

O worthiness of nature ! breed of greatness !  
 Cowards father cowards, and base things sire base :  
 Nature hath meal, and bran ; contempt, and grace.  
 I am not their father ; yet who this should be,  
 Doth miracle itself, lov'd before me.—  
 'Tis the ninth hour o'the morn.

*Arv.*

Brother, farewell.

*Imo.* I wish ye sport.

*Arv.*

You health.—So please you, sir.

*Imo.* [*Aside.*] These are kind creatures. Gods, what  
 lies I have heard !

Our courtiers say, all's savage, but at court :  
 Experience, O, thou disprov'st report !  
 The imperious seas breed monsters ; for the dish,  
 Poor tributary rivers as sweet fish.  
 I am sick still ; heart-sick :—Pisanio,  
 I'll now taste of thy drug.

*Gai.*

I could not stir him :

He said, he was gentle, but unfortunate ;  
 Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest.

*Arv.* Thus did he answer me : yet said, hereafter  
 I might know more.

*Bel.*

To the field, to the field :—

We'll leave you for this time ; go in, and rest.

*Arv.* We'll not be long away.

*Bel.*

Pray, be not sick,

For you must be our housewife.

*Imo.*

Well, or ill,

I am bound to you.

*Exe.*

And so shalt be ever.

[Exit IMOGEN.]

youth, howe'er distress'd, appears, he hath had  
ancestors.

7. How angel-like he sings!

8. But his neat cookery! He cut our roots in charac-  
ters;

sauc'd our broths, as Juno had been sick,  
he her dieter.

9. Nobly he yokes  
singing with a sigh: as if the sigh  
that it was, for not being such a smile;  
smile mocking the sigh, that it would fly  
so divine a temple, to commix  
winds that sailors rail at.

10. I do note,  
grief and patience, rooted in him both,  
he their spurs together.

11. Grow, patience!  
let the stinking elder, grief, untwine  
perishing root, with the increasing vine!  
12. It is great morning. Come; away.—Who's there?

*Enter CLOTEN.*

13. I cannot find those runagates; that villain  
mock'd me:—I am faint.

14. Those runagates!  
is he not us? I partly know him; 'tis  
him, the son o'the queen. I fear some ambush.  
I know him not these many years, and yet  
now 'tis he:—We are held as outlaws:—Hence.  
15. He is but one: You and my brother search

What

What companies are near: pray you, away;  
Let me alone with him.

[*Exeunt BELARIUS and ARVIRAGUS.*]

*Clo.* Soft! What are you  
That fly me thus? some villain mountaineers?  
I have heard of such.—What slave art thou?

*Gui.* A thing  
More slavish did I ne'er, than answering  
A slave without a knock.

*Clo.* Thou art a robber,  
A law-breaker, a villain: Yield thee, thief.

*Gui.* To who? to thee? What art thou? Have not I  
An arm as big as thine? a heart as big?  
Thy words, I grant, are bigger; for I wear not  
My dagger in my mouth. Say, what thou art;  
Why I should yield to thee?

*Clo.* Thou villain base,  
Know'st me not by my clothes?

*Gui.* No, nor thy tailor, rascal,  
Who is thy grandfather; he made those clothes,  
Which, as it seems, make thee.

*Clo.* Thou precious varlet,  
My tailor made them not.

*Gui.* Hence then, and thank  
The man that gave them thee. Thou art some fool;  
I am loath to beat thee.

*Clo.* Thou injurious thief,  
Hear but my name, and tremble.

*Gui.* What's thy name?

*Clo.* Cloten, thou villain.

*Gui.* Cloten, thou double villain, be thy name,  
I cannot tremble at it; were't toad, or adder, spider,  
'Twould move me sooner.

*Ch.* To thy further fear,

Nay

to thy mere confusion, thou shalt know  
on to the queen.

i. I'm sorry for't; not seeming  
worthy as thy birth.

Art not afraid?

i. Those that I reverence, those I fear; the wise  
fools I laugh, not fear them.

Die the death:

n I have slain thee with my proper hand,  
allow those that even now fled hence,  
on the gates of Lud's town set your heads:  
I, rustick mountaineer. [Exeunt, fighting.

*Enter BELARIUS and ARVIRAGUS.*

No company's abroad,

v. None in the world: You did mistake him, sure.

i. I cannot tell: Long is it since I saw him,  
time hath nothing blurr'd those lines of favour  
which then he wore; the snatches in his voice,  
burst of speaking, were as his: I am absolute,  
as very Cloten.

v. In this place we left them;  
may my brother make good time with him,  
say he is so fell.

Being scarce made up,  
man, to man, he had not apprehension  
of terrors; for the effect of judgement  
the cause of fear: But see, thy brother.

*Re-enter GUIDERIUS, with Cloten's head.*

i. This Cloten was a fool; an empty purse,  
he was no money in't: not Hercules.

Could have knock'd out his brains, for he had none  
Yet I not doing this, the fool had borne  
My head, as I do his.

*Bel.* What hast thou done?

*Gui.* I am perfect, what : cut off one Cloten's head  
Son to the queen, after his own report ;  
Who call'd me traitor, mountaineer ; and swore,  
With his own single hand he'd take us in,  
Displace our heads, where (thank the gods !) they grow  
And set them on Lud's town.

*Bel.* We are all undone.

*Gui.* Why, worthy father, what have we to lose,  
But, that he swore to take, our lives ? The law  
Protects not us : Then why should we be tender,  
To let an arrogant piece of flesh threat us ;  
Play judge, and executioner, all himself ;  
For we do fear the law ? What company  
Discover you abroad ?

*Bel.* No single soul

Can we set eye on, but, in all safe reason,  
He must have some attendants. Though his humour  
Was nothing but mutation ; ay, and that  
From one bad thing to worse ; not frenzy, not  
Absolute madness could so far have rav'd,  
To bring him here alone : Although, perhaps,  
It may be heard at court, that such as we  
Cave here, hunt here, are outlaws, and in time  
May make some stranger head : the which he hearing

Let ordinance

as the gods forefay it : howfoe'er,  
 ether hath done well.

I had no mind

at this day : the boy Fidele's sickness  
 ke my way long forth.

With his own sword,

he did wave againſt my throat, I have ta'en  
 d from him : I'll throw't into the creek  
 our rock ; and let it to the ſea,  
 ll the fiſhes, he's the queen's ſon, Cloten :  
 all I reck.

[Exit.

I fear, 'twill be reveng'd :

l, Polydore, thou haſt not done't ! though valour  
 :s thee well enough.

'Would I had done't,

revenge alone purſued me !—Polydore,  
 hee brotherly ; but envy much,  
 laſt robb'd me of this deed : I would, revenges,  
 offible ſtrength might meet, would ſeek us through,  
 it us to our answer.

Well, 'tis done :—

unt no more to-day, nor ſeek for danger  
 there's no profit. I pri'ythee, to our rock ;  
 d Fidele play the cooks : I'll ſtay  
 ty Polydore return, and bring him  
 ner preſently.

Poor ſick Fidele !

ingly to him : To gain his colour,  
 a pariſh of ſuch Clotens blood,  
 aiſe myſelf for charity.

[Exit.

O thou goddeſs,

livine Nature, how thyſelf thou blazon'ſt  
 : two princely boys ! They are as gentle

G

As



As zephyrs, blowing below the violet,  
 Not wagging his sweet head; and yet as rough,  
 Their royal blood enshaf'd, as the rud'ft wind,  
 That by the top doth take the mountain pine,  
 And make him stoop to the vale. 'Tis wonderful,  
 That an invifible inftinct should frame them  
 To royalty unlearn'd; honour untaught;  
 Civility not feen from other; valour,  
 That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop  
 As if it had been fow'd! Yet ftill it's ftrange,  
 What Cloten's being here to us portends;  
 Or what his death will bring us.

*Re-enter GUIDERIUS.*

*Gui.*

Where's my brother?

I have fent Cloten's clotpoll down the fream,  
 In embaffy to his mother; his body's hofage  
 For his return.

*[Solemn mufic]*

*Bel.*

My ingenious inftrument!

Hark, Polydore, it founds! But what occafion  
 Hath Cadwal now to give it motion! Hark!

*Gui.* Is he at home?

*Bel.*

He went hence even now.

*Gui.* What does he mean? fince death of my dear'ft mot  
 It did not fpeak before. All folemn things  
 Should answer folemn accidents. The matter?  
 Triumphs for nothing, and lamenting toys,  
 Is jollity for apes, and grief for boys.  
 Is Cadwal mad?

*Re-enter ARVIRAGUS, bearing IMOGEN as dead, in arms.*

*Bel.*

Look, here he comes,

the dire occasion in his arms,  
blame him for!

The bird is dead,  
we made so much on. I had rather  
d from sixteen years of age to sixty,  
rn'd my leaping time into a crutch,  
seen this.

O sweetest, fairest lily!  
wears thee not the one half so well,  
ou grew't thyself.

O, melancholy!  
et could sound thy bottom? find  
to show what coast thy sluggish crare  
est harbour in?—Thou blessed thing!  
what man thou might'st have made; but I,  
; a most rare boy, of melancholy!—  
you him?

Stark, as you see:  
g, as some fly had tickled slumber,  
i's dart, being laugh'd at: his right cheek  
a cushion.

Where?

O' the floor;  
us leagu'd: I thought, he slept; and put  
brogues from off my feet, whose rudeness  
y steps too loud.

Why, he but sleeps:  
ne, he'll make his grave a bed;  
e fairies will his tomb be haunted,  
will not come to thee.

With fairest flowers,  
mer lasts, and I live here, Fidele,  
thy sad grave: Thou shalt not lack  
, that's like thy face, pale primrose; nor

'The azur'd hare-bell, like thy veins ; no, nor  
 The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander,  
 Out-sweeten'd not thy breath : the ruddock would,  
 With charitable bill (O bill, fore-shaming  
 Those rich-left heirs, that let their fathers lie  
 Without a monument !) bring thee all this ;  
 Yea, and furr'd mofs besides, when flowers are none,  
 To winter-ground thy corse.

*Gui.*

*Pr'ythes, have done ;*

And do not play in wench-like words with that  
 Which is so serious. Let us bury him,  
 And not protract with admiration what  
 Is now due debt.—To the grave.

*Arv.*

*Say, where shall's lay !*

*Gui.* By good Euriphile, our mother.

*Arv.*

*Be't so :*

And let us, Polydore, though now our voices  
 Have got the mannish crack, sing him to the ground,  
 As once our mother ; use like note, and words,  
 Save that Euriphile must be Fidele.

*Gui.* Cadwal,

I cannot sing : I'll weep, and word it with thee :  
 For notes of sorrow, out of tune, are worse  
 Than priests and fanes that lie.

*Arv.*

*We'll speak it then.*

*Bel.* Great griefs, I see, medicine the less : for Clo  
 Is quite forgot. He was a queen's son, boys ;  
 And, though he came our enemy, remember,  
 He was paid for that : Though mean and mighty, re  
 Together, have one dust ; yet reverence,  
 (That angel of the world,) doth make distinction  
 Of place 'tween high and low. Our foe was prince:  
 And though you took his life, as being our foe,  
 Yet bury him as a prince,

Gui. Pray you, fetch him hither.  
 erites' body is as good as Ajax,  
 en neither are alive.

Arv. If you'll go fetch him,  
 'll say our song the whilst.—Brother, begin.

[Exit BELARIUS.]

Gui. Nay, Cadwal, we must lay his head to the east;  
 father hath a reason for 't.

Arv. 'Tis true.

Gui. Come on then, and remove him:

Arv. So,—Begin.

S O N G.

Gui. *Fear no more the heat o' the sun,  
 Nor the furious winter's rages;  
 Thou thy worldly task hast done,  
 Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:  
 Golden lads and girls all must,  
 As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.*

Arv. *Fear no more the frown o' the great,  
 Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;  
 Care no more to clothe, and eat;  
 To thee the reed is as the oak:  
 The scepter, learning, physick, must  
 All follow this, and come to dust.*

Gui. *Fear no more the lightning-flash,  
 Arv. Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;  
 Gui. Fear not slander, censure rash;  
 Arv. Thou hast stol'n'd joy and mean:  
 Both. All lovers young, all lovers must  
 Consign to thee, and come to dust.*

Gui. *No exorciser harm thee !*

Arv. *Nor no witchcraft charm thee !*

Gui. *Ghost unlaid forbear thee !*

Arv. *Nothing ill come near thee !*

Both. *Quiet consummation have ;  
And renowned be thy grave !*

*Re-enter BELARIUS, with the body of Cloten.*

Gui. We have done our obsequies : Come lay him down.

Bel. Here's a few flowers ; but about midnight, more :  
The herbs, that have on them cold dew o' the night,  
Are strewings fitt'ft for graves.—Upon their faces :—  
You were as flowers, now wither'd : even so  
These herb'lets shall, which we upon you strow.—  
Come on, away : apart upon our knees.  
The ground, that gave them first, has them again :  
Their pleasures here are past, so is their pain.

*[Exeunt BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.]*

Imo. *[Awaking.]* Yes, sir, to Milford-Haven ; Which is  
the way ?—

I thank you.—By yon bush ?—Pray, how far thither ?

'Ods pittikins !—can it be six miles yet ?—

I have gone all night :—'Faith, I'll lie down and sleep.

But, soft ! no bedfellow :—O, gods and goddesses !

*[Seeing the body.]*

These flowers are like the pleasures of the world ;

This bloody man, the care on't.—I hope, I dream ;

For, so, I thought I was a cave-keeper,

And cook to honest creatures : But 'tis not so ;

'Twas but a bolt of nothing, shot at nothing,

Which the brain makes of fumes : Our very eyes

Are sometimes like our judgements, blind. Good faith,

I tremble still with fear : But if there be

Yes

Yet left in heaven as small a drop of pity  
 As a wren's eye, fear'd gods, a part of it!  
 The dream's here still: even when I wake, it is  
 Without me, as within me; not imagin'd, felt.  
 A headless man!—The garments of Posthúmus!  
 I know the shape of his leg: this is his hand;  
 His foot Mercurial; his Martial thigh;  
 The brawns of Hercules: but his Jovial face—  
 Murder in heaven?—How?—'Tis gone.—Pisanio,  
 All curses madded Hecuba gave the Greeks,  
 And mine to boot, be darted on thee! Thou,  
 Conspir'd with that irregular devil, Cloten,  
 Hast here cut off my lord.—To write, and read,  
 Be henceforth treacherous! Damn'd Pisanio  
 Hath with his forged letters,—damn'd Pisanio—  
 From this most bravest vessel of the world  
 Struck the main-top!—O, Posthumus! alas,  
 Where is thy head? where's that! Ah me! where's that?  
 Pisanio might have kill'd thee at the heart,  
 And left this head on.—How should this be? Pisanio?  
 'Tis he, and Cloten: malice and lucre in them  
 Have laid this woe here. O, 'tis pregnant, pregnant!  
 The drug he gave me, which, he said, was precious  
 And cordial to me, have I not found it  
 Murd'rous to the senses? That confirms it home:  
 This is Pisanio's deed, and Cloten's: O!—  
 Give colour to my pale cheek with thy blood,  
 That we the horrid may seem to those  
 Which chance to find us: O, my lord, my lord!

*Enter LUCIUS, a Captain, and other Officers, and a  
 Soothsayer.*

*Cap. To them, the legions garrison'd in Gallia,*

G 4

*After*

After your will, have cross'd the sea; attending  
You here at Milford-Haven, with your ships:  
They are here in readiness.

*Luc.* But what from Rome?

*Cap.* The senate hath stirr'd up the confiners,  
And gentlemen of Italy; most willing spirits,  
That promise noble service: and they come  
Under the conduct of bold Iachimo,  
Sienna's brother.

*Luc.* When expect you them?

*Cap.* With the next benefit o' the wind.

*Luc.* This forwardness

Makes our hopes fair. Command, our present numbers  
Be muster'd; bid the captains look to't.—Now, sir,  
What have you dream'd, of late, of this war's purpose?

*Sooth.* Last night the very gods show'd me a vision:  
(I fast, and pray'd, for their intelligence,) Thus:—  
I saw Jove's bird, the Roman eagle, wing'd  
From the spungy south to this part of the west,  
There vanish'd in the sunbeams: which portends,  
(Unless my fins abuse my divination,)  
Success to the Roman host.

*Luc.* Dream often so,

And never false.—Soft, ho! what trunk is here,  
Without his top? The ruin speaks, that sometimes  
It was a worthy building.—How! a page!—  
Or dead, or sleeping on him? But dead, rather:  
For nature doth abhor to make his bed  
With the defunct, or sleep upon the dead.—  
Let's see the boy's face.

*Cap.* He is alive, my lord.

*Luc.* He'll then instruct us of this body.—Young one,  
Inform us of thy fortunes; for, it seems,  
They crave to be demanded: Who is this,

'Thou mak'st thy bloody pillow? Or who was he,  
That, otherwise than noble nature did,  
Hath alter'd that good picture? What's thy interest  
In this sad wreck? How came it? Who is it?  
What art thou?

*Imo.* I am nothing: or if not,  
Nothing to be were better. This was my master,  
A very valiant Briton, and a good,  
That here by mountaineers lies slain:—Alas!  
There are no more such masters: I may wander  
From east to occident, cry out for service,  
Fry many, all good, serve truly, never  
Find such another master.

*Luc.* Lack, good youth!  
Thou mov'st no less with thy complaining, than  
Thy master in bleeding: Say his name, good friend.

*Imo.* Richard du Champ. If I do lie, and do  
No harm by it, though the gods hear, I hope [Aside.  
They'll pardon it. Say you, sir?

*Luc.* Thy name?

*Imo.* Fidele.

*Luc.* Thou dost approve thyself the very same:  
Thy name well fits thy faith; thy faith, thy name.  
Wilt take thy chance with me? I will not say,  
Thou shalt be so well master'd; but, be sure,  
No less belov'd. The Roman emperor's letters,  
Sent by a consul to me, should not sooner  
Than thine own worth prefer thee: Go with me.

*Imo.* I'll follow, sir. But, first, an't please the gods,  
I'll hide my master from the flies, as deep  
As these poor pickaxes can dig: and when  
With wild wood-leaves and weeds I have strew'd his grave,  
And on it said a century of prayers,  
Such as I can, twice o'er, I'll weep, and sigh;

And,



And, leaving so his service, follow you,  
So please you entertain me.

*Luc.* Ay, good youth;  
And rather father thee, than master thee.  
My friends,  
The boy hath taught us manly duties: Let us  
Find out the prettiest daizied plot we can,  
And make him with our pikes and partisans  
A grave: Come, arm him.—Boy, he is preferr'd  
By thee to us; and he shall be interr'd,  
As soldiers can. Be cheerful; wipe thine eyes:  
Some falls are means the happier to arise. [*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III.

*A Room in Cymbeline's Palace.*

*Enter CYMBELINE, Lords, and PISANIO.*

*Cym.* Again; and bring me word, how 'tis with her.  
A fever with the absence of her son;  
A madness, of which her life's in danger:—Heavens,  
How deeply you at once do touch me! Imogen,  
The great part of my comfort, gone: my queen  
Upon a desperate bed; and in a time  
When fearful wars point at me; her son gone,  
So needful for this present: It strikes me, past  
The hope of comfort.—But for thee, fellow,  
Who needs must know of her departure, and  
Dost seem so ignorant, we'll enforce it from thee  
By a sharp torture.

*Pis.* Sir, my life is yours,  
I humbly set it at your will: But, for my mistress,  
I nothing know where she remains, why gone,

No

or when the purposes return. 'Beseech your highness,  
old me your loyal servant.

1 *Lord.* Good my liege,  
the day that she was missing, he was here :  
dare be bound he's true, and shall perform  
all parts of his subjection loyally.

or Cloten,—

There wants no diligence in seeking him,  
and will, no doubt, be found.

*Cym.* The time's troublesome ;  
We'll slip you for a season ; but our jealousy

[*To PISANIO.*

does yet depend.

1 *Lord.* So please your majesty,  
the Roman legions, all from Gallia drawn,  
are landed on your coast ; with a supply  
of Roman gentlemen, by the senate sent.

*Cym.* Now for the counsel of my son, and queen !—  
I am amaz'd with matter.

1 *Lord.* Good my liege,  
our preparation can affront no less  
than what you hear of : come more, for more you're ready ;  
the want is, but to put those powers in motion,  
that long to move.

*Cym.* I thank you : Let's withdraw ;  
and meet the time, as it seeks us. We fear not  
that can from Italy annoy us ; but  
we grieve at chances here.—Away.

[*Exeunt.*

*Pis.* I heard no letter from my master, since  
wrote him, Imogen was slain : 'Tis strange :  
or hear I from my mistress, who did promise  
to yield me often tidings : Neither know I  
what is betid to Cloten ; but remain  
complex'd in all. The heavens still must work :

Wherein,

Wherein I am false, I am honest; not true, to be true.  
 These present wars shall find I love my country,  
 Even to the note o' the king, or I'll fall in them.  
 All other doubts, by time let them be clear'd:  
 Fortune brings in some boats, that are not steer'd. [*Exit*]

## SCENE IV.

*Before the Cave.*

*Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.*

*Gui.* The noise is round about us.

*Bel.* Let us from it.

*Arv.* What pleasure, fir, find we in life, to lock it  
 From action and adventure?

*Gui.* Nay, what hope  
 Have we in hiding us? this way, the Romans  
 Mult or for Britons slay us; or receive us  
 For barbarous and unnatural revolts  
 During their use, and slay us after.

*Bel.* Sons,  
 We'll higher to the mountains; there secure us.  
 To the king's party there's no going: newwhefs  
 Of Cloten's death (we being not known, not must'rd  
 Among the bands) may drive us to a render  
 Where we have liv'd: and so extort from us  
 That which we've done, whose answer would be death  
 Drawn on with torture.

*Gui.* This is, fir, a doubt,  
 In such a time, nothing becoming you,  
 Nor satisfying us.

*Arv.* It is not likely,  
 That when they hear the Roman horses neigh,

*Behold*





Act. 3.

Scene 1.

*Enter the King*

*Act. 3. Scene 1*

Printed by J. Smith, in the Strand.

Behold their quarter'd fires, have both their eyes  
And ears so eley'd importantly as now,  
That they will waste their time upon our note,  
To know from whence we are.

*Ant.* O, I am known  
Of many in the army: many years,  
Though I were then but young, you see, not wore him  
From my remembrance. And, besides, the king  
Will not prefer'd my service, nor your loves;  
Who find in my exile the want of breeding,  
The certainty of this hard life; aye hopeless  
To have the courtesy your cradle promis'd,  
But to be still hot summer's tanlings, and  
The shrinking slaves of winter.

*Gai.* Than be so,  
Better to cease to be. Pray, sir, to the army:  
and my brother are not known; yourself,  
To out of thought, and thereto so o'ergrown,  
Cannot be question'd.

*Ant.* By this sun that shines,  
Neither: What thing is it, that I never  
Saw the man die? scarce ever look'd on blood,  
But that of coward hares, hot goats, and venison?  
Never befri'd a horse, save one, that had  
A rider like myself, who ne'er wore rowel  
Or iron on his heel? I am asham'd  
To look upon the holy sun, to have  
The benefit of his bless'd beams, remaining  
So long a poor unknown.

*Gai.* By heavens, I'll go:  
If you will bless me, sir, and give me leave,  
I'll take the better care; but if you will not,  
The hazard therefore due fall on me, by  
The hands of Romans!

*Ant.*

*Arw.*

So say I; Amen.

*Bel.* No reason I, since on your lives you set  
So slight a valuation, should reserve  
My crack'd one to more care. Have with you, boys:  
If in your country wars you chance to die,  
That is my bed too, lads, and there I'll lie:  
Lead, lead.—The time seems long; their blood thinks  
scorn, [*Afide.*  
Till it fly out, and show them princes born. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

*A Field between the British and Roman Camps.*

*Enter POSTHUMUS, with a bloody handkerchief.*

Post. Yea, bloody cloth, I'll keep thee; for I wish'd  
thou should'st be colour'd thus. You married ones,  
each of you would take this course, how many  
just murder wives much better than themselves,  
or wrying but a little?—O, Pisanio!  
very good servant does not all commands:  
so bond, but to do just ones.—Gods! if you  
should have ta'en vengeance on my faults, I never  
had liv'd to put on this: so had you saved  
the noble Imogen to repent; and struck  
the wretch, more worth your vengeance. But, alack,  
you snatch some hence for little faults; that's love,  
to have them fall no more: you some permit  
to second ills with ills, each elder worse;  
and make them dread it to the doer's thrift.  
But Imogen is your own: Do your best wills,  
and make me blest'd to obey!—I am brought hither  
among the Italian gentry, and to fight  
against my lady's kingdom: 'Tis enough  
that, Britain, I have kill'd thy mistress; peace!  
I'll give no wound to thee. Therefore, good heavens,  
hear patiently my purpose: I'll disrobe me  
of these Italian weeds, and suit myself  
as does a Briton peasant: so I'll fight  
against the part I come with; so I'll die



For thee, O Imogen, even for whom my life  
Is, every breath, a death: and thus, unknown,  
Pitied nor hated, to the face of peril  
Myself I'll dedicate. Let me make men know  
More valour in me than my habits show.  
Gods, put the strength o' the Leonati in me!  
To shame the guise o' the world, I will begin  
The fashion, less without, and more within: [

## SCENE II.

*The same.*

*Enter at one side, LUCIUS, IACHIMO, and the Roman army; at the other side, the British army; LEONATUS POSTHUMUS following it, like a poor soldier. They fight over, and go out. Alarums. Then enter again, in full armour, IACHIMO and POSTHUMUS: he vanquisheth and smothereth IACHIMO, and then leaves him.*

*Iach.* The heaviness and guilt within my bosom  
Takes off my manhood: I have belied a lady,  
The princess of this country, and the air on't  
Revengingly enfeebles me; Or could this carl,  
A very drudge of nature's, have subdu'd me,  
In my profession? Knighthoods and honours, borne  
As I wear mine, are titles but of scorn.  
If that thy gentry, Britain, go before  
This lout, as he exceeds our lords, the odds  
Is, that we scarce are men, and you are gods. [

*the continues; the Britons fly; CYMBELINE is taken; enter, to his rescue, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and VIRAGUS.*

Stand, stand! We have the advantage of the ground;  
 one is guarded; nothing routs us, but  
 the villainy of our fears.

*Arv.* Stand, stand, and fight!

*POSTHUMUS, and seconds the Britons: They rescue CYMBELINE, and exeunt. Then, enter LUCIUS, IACHIMUS, and IMOGEN.*

Away, boy, from the troops, and save thyself:  
 Friends kill friends, and the disorder's such  
 that were hoodwink'd.

'Tis their fresh supplies.

It is a day turn'd strangely: Or betimes  
 we enforce, or fly. [*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III.

*Another part of the Field.*

*Enter POSTHUMUS and a British Lord.*

*L.* Cam'st thou from where they made the stand?  
I did:

Though you, it seems, come from the fiers.

*L.* I did.

No blame be to you, sir; for all was lost,  
 that the heavens fought: The king himself  
 with wings destitute, the army broken,

*H*

*And*

And but the backs of Britons seen, all flying  
 Though a straight lane; the enemy full-hearted,  
 Lolling the tongue with slaughtering, having work  
 More plentiful than tools to do't, struck down  
 Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some falling  
 Merely through fear; that the strait pass was damm'd  
 With dead men, hurt behind, and cowards living  
 To die with lengthen'd shame.

Lord.

Where was this lane?

*Post.* Close by the battle, ditch'd, and wall'd with turf;  
 Which gave advantage to an ancient soldier,—  
 An honest one, I warrant; who deserv'd  
 So long a breeding, as his white beard came to,  
 In doing this for his country;—athwart the lane,  
 He, with two striplings, (lads more like to run  
 The country base, than to commit such slaughter;  
 With faces fit for masks, or rather fairer  
 Than those for preservation cas'd, or shame,)  
 Made good the passage; cry'd to those that fled,  
*Our Britain's harts die flying, not our men:*  
*To darkness fleet, souls that fly backwards! Stand;*  
*Or we are Romans, and will give you that*  
*Like beasts, which you shun beastly; and may save,*  
*But to look back in frown: stand, stand.*—These three,  
 'Three thousand confident, in act as many,  
 (For three performers are the file, when all  
 The rest do nothing,) with this word, *stand, stand,*  
 Accommodated by the place, more charming  
 With their own nobleness, (which could have turn'd  
 A distaff to a lance,) gilded pale looks,  
 Part, shame, part, spirit renew'd; that some, turn'd coward  
 But by example (O, a sin in war,  
 Damn'd in the first beginners!) 'gan to look  
 The way that they did, and to grin like lions

on the pikes o'the hunters. Then began  
 top i'the chafer, a retire; anon,  
 out, confusion thick: Forthwith, they fly  
 cken, the way which they stoop'd eagles; slaves,  
 : frides they victors made: And now our cowards,  
 ke fragments in hard voyages,) became  
 : life o'the need; having found the back-door open  
 the unguarded hearts, Heavens, how they wound!  
 e, slain before; some dying; some, their friends  
 r-borne i'the former wave: ten, chac'd by one,  
 now each one the slaughter-man of twenty:  
 ose, that would die or ere resist, are grown  
 e mortal bugs o'the field.

*ord.* This was strange chance's

narrow lane! an old man, and two boys!

*ost.* Nay, do not wonder at it: You are made  
 her to wonder at the things you hear,  
 an to work any. Will you rhyme upon't,  
 d vent it for a mockery? Here is one:

*o boys, an old man twice a boy, a lane,  
 serv'd the Britons, was the Romans' bane.*

*ord.* Nay, be not angry, sir.

*ost.*

'Lack, to what end?

no dares not stand his foe, I'll be his friend:

if he'll do, as he is made to do,

now, he'll quickly fly my friendship too.

I have put me into rhyme.

*ord.*

Farewell; you are angry.

[*Exit.*]

*ost.* Still going?—This is a lord! O noble misery!

be i'the field, and ask, what news, of me!

day, how many would have given their honours

have sav'd their carcases? took heel to do't,

d yet died too? I, in mine own woe charm'd,

H 2

Could

Could not find death, where I did hear him groan ;  
 Nor feel him, where he struck : Being an ugly monster,  
 'Tis strange, he hides him in fresh cups, soft beds,  
 Sweet words ; or hath more ministers than we  
 That draw his knives i'the war.—Well, I will find him :  
 For, being now a favourer to the Roman,  
 No more a Briton, I have resum'd again  
 The part I came in : Fight I will no more,  
 But yield me to the veriest hind, that shall  
 Once touch my shoulder. Great the slaughter is  
 Here made by the Roman ; great the answer be  
 Britons must take : For me, my ransom's death ;  
 On either side I come to spend my breath ;  
 Which neither here I'll keep, nor bear again,  
 But end it by some means for Imogen.

*Enter two British Captains, and Soldiers.*

1 *Cap.* Great Jupiter be prais'd ! Lucius is taken :  
 'Tis thought, the old man and his sons were angels.

2 *Cap.* There was a fourth man, in a silly habit,  
 That gave the affront with them.

1 *Cap.* So 'tis reported :  
 But none of them can be found.—Stand ! who is there ?

*Post.* A Roman ;  
 Who had not now been drooping here, if seconds  
 Had answer'd him.

2 *Cap.* Lay hands on him ; A dog !  
 A leg of Rome shall not return to tell  
 What crows have peck'd them here : He brags his service  
 As if he were of note : bring him to the king.

*Enter CYMBELINE, attended; BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, PISANIO, and Roman captives. The Captains present Posthumus to Cymbeline, who delivers him over to a Gaoler: after which, all go out.*

SCENE IV.

*A Prison.*

*Enter POSTHUMUS, and two Gaolers.*

1 *Gaol.* You shall not now be stolen, you have locks upon you;

So graze, as you find pasture.

2 *Gaol.*

Ay, or a stomach.

[*Exeunt Gaolers.*]

*Post.* Most welcome, bondage! for thou art a way,  
I think, to liberty: Yet am I better  
Than one that's sick o'the gout; since he had rather  
Groan so in perpetuity, than be cur'd  
By the sure physician, death; who is the key  
To unbar these locks. My conscience! thou art fetter'd  
More than my shanks, and wrists: You good gods, give  
me

The penitent instrument, to pick that bolt,  
Then, free for ever! Is't enough, I am sorry?  
So children temporal fathers do appease;  
Gods are more full of mercy. Must I repent?  
I cannot do it better than in gyves,  
Desir'd, more than constrain'd: to satisfy,  
If of my freedom 'tis the main part, take  
No stricter render of me, than my all.  
I know, you are more clement than vile men,  
Who of their broken debtors take a third,

H 3

A sixth,

A sixth, a tenth, letting them thrive again  
 On their abatement; that's not my desire:  
 For Imogen's dear life, take mine: and though  
 'Tis not so dear, yet 'tis a life; you coin'd it:  
 'Tween man and man, they weigh not every fl  
 Though light, take pieces for the figure's sake  
 You rather mine, being yours: And so, great  
 If you will take this audit, take this life,  
 And cancel these cold bonds. O Imogen!  
 I'll speak to thee in silence.

*Solemn musick. Enter, as in an apparition, Siciliu  
 father to Posthumus, an old man, attired like  
 leading in his hand an ancient matron, his wife,  
 to Posthumus, with musick before them. Then  
 musick, follow the two young Leonati, brothers  
 mus, with wounds as they died in the wars.  
 Posthumus round, as he lies sleeping.*

*Sici.* No more, thou thunder-master, show  
 Thy spite on mortal flies:  
 With Mars fall out, with Juno chide,  
 That thy adulteries  
 Rates, and revenges.  
 Hath my poor boy done aught but well,  
 Whose face I never saw?  
 I dy'd, whilst in the womb he stay'd,  
 Attending Nature's law.  
 Whose father then (as men report,  
 Thou orphan's father art,)  
 Thou should'st have been, and shielded him  
 From this earth-vexing snart.  
*Moth.* Lucina lent not me her aid,  
 But took me in my throes;

That from me was Posthúmus ript,

Came crying 'mongst his foes,

A thing of pity!

*Sici.* Great nature, like his ancestry,

Moulded the stuff so fair,

'hat he deserv'd the praise o'the world,

As great Sicilius' heir.

1 *Bro.* When once he was mature for man,

In Britain where was he

'hat could stand up his parallel;

Or fruitful object be

n eye of Imogen, that best

Could deem his dignity?

*Moth.* With marriage wherefore was he mock'd,

To be exil'd, and thrown

From Leonati' seat, and cast

From her his dearest one,

Sweet Imogen?

*Sici.* Why did you suffer Iachimo,

Slight thing of Italy,

To taint his nobler heart and brain

With needless jealousy;

And to become the geck and scorn

O' the other's villainy?

2. *Bro.* For this, from stiffer seats we came,

Our parents, and us twain,

That, striking in our country's cause,

Fell bravely, and were slain;

Our fealty, and Tenantius' right,

With honour to maintain.

1 *Bro.* Like hardiment Posthumus hath

To Cymbeline perform'd:

Then, Jupiter, thou king of gods,

Why hast thou thus adjourn'd



The graces for his merits due;  
Being all to dolours turn'd?

*Sici.* Thy crystal window ope; look out;  
No longer exercise,

Upon a valiant race, thy harsh  
And potent injuries:

*Moth.* Since, Jupiter, our son is good,  
Take off his miseries.

*Sici.* Peep through thy marble mansion; help!  
Or we poor ghosts will cry  
To the shining synod of the rest,  
Against thy deity.

2. *Bro.* Help, Jupiter; or we appeal,  
And from thy justice fly.

*JUPITER descends in thunder and lightning, sitting upon an eagle: he throws a thunder-bolt. The ghosts fall on their knees.*

*Jup.* No more, you petty spirits of region low,  
Offend our hearing; hush!—How dare you ghosts,  
Accuse the thunderer, whose bolt you know,  
Sky-planted, batters all rebelling coasts?  
Poor shadows of Elysium, hence; and rest  
Upon your never-withering banks of flowers:

Be not with mortal accidents oppress;  
No care of yours it is; you know, 'tis ours.  
Whom best I love, I cross; to make my gift,  
The more delay'd, delighted. Be content;  
Your low-laid son our godhead will uplift;  
His comforts thrive, his trials well are spent.  
Our Jovial star reign'd at his birth, and in  
Our temple was he married.—Rise, and fade!—

He

he lord of lady Imogen,  
 appier much by his affliction made.  
 let lay upon his breast; wherein  
 ease his full fortune doth confine;  
 away: no further with your din  
 is impatience, lest you stir up mine.—  
 t, eagle, to my palace crystalline. *[Ascends.]*  
 He came in thunder; his celestial breath  
 shurous to smell: the holy eagle  
 as to foot us: his ascension is  
 eet than our bless'd fields: his royal bird  
 he immortal wing, and cloyes his beak,  
 his god is pleas'd.

Thanks, Jupiter!  
 The marble pavement closes, he is enter'd  
 ant roof:—Away! and, to be blest,  
 ith care perform his great behest. *[Obst: vanish.*  
*Waking.]* Sleep, thou hast been a grandfire, and  
 begot  
 to me: and thou hast created  
 r, and two brothers: But (O scorn!)  
 hey went hence so soon as they were born,  
 I am awake.—Poor wretches that depend  
 tness' favour, dream as I have done;  
 and find nothing.—But, alas, I swerve:  
 eam not to find, neither deserve,  
 are steep'd in favours; so am I,  
 ve this golden chance, and know not why.  
 iries haunt this ground? A book? O, rare one!  
 as is our fangled world, a garment  
 han that it covers: let thy effects  
 w, to be most unlike our courtiers,  
 l as promise.

*[Reads.]*

[Reads.] *When as a lion's whelp shall, to himself unknown, without seeking find, and be embraced by a piece of tender air; and when from a stately cedar shall be lopped branches, which, being dead many years, shall after revive, be jointed to the old stock, and freshly grow; then shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britain be fortunate, and flourish in peace and plenty.*

'Tis still a dream; or else such stuff as madmen  
Tongue, and brain not: either both, or nothing;  
Or senseless speaking, or a speaking such  
As sense cannot untie. Be what it is,  
The action of my life is like it, which  
I'll keep, if but for sympathy.

*Re-enter Gaolers.*

*Gaol.* Come; sir, are you ready for death?

*Post.* Over-roasted rather: ready long ago.

*Gaol.* Hanging is the word, sir; if you be ready for that, you are well cook'd.

*Post.* So, if I prove a good repast to the spectators, the dish pays the shot.

*Gaol.* A heavy reckoning for you, sir: But the comfort is, you shall be call'd to no more payments, fear no more tavern bills; which are often the sadness of parting, as the procuring of mirth: you come in faint for want of meat, depart reeling with too much drink; sorry that you have paid too much, and sorry that you are paid too much; purse and brain both empty: the brain the heavier for being too light, the purse too light, being drawn of heaviness: O! of this contradiction you shall now be quit.—O the charity of a penny cord! it sums up thousands in a trice: you have no true debtor and creditor but it; of what's past, is, and to come, the discharge:—  
Your

Your neck, sir, is pen, book, and counters; so the acquittance follows.

*Post.* I am merrier to die, than thou art to live.

*Gaul.* Indeed, sir, he that sleeps feels not the tooth-ach: But a man that were to sleep your sleep, and a hangman to help him to bed, I think, he would change places with his officer: for, look you, sir, you know not which way you shall go.

*Post.* Yes, indeed, do I, fellow.

*Gaul.* Your death has eyes in's head then; I have not seen him so pictured: you must either be directed by some that take upon them to know; or take upon yourself that, which I am sure you do not know; or jump the after-enquiry on your own peril; and how you shall speed in your journey's end, I think, you'll never return to tell one.

*Post.* I tell thee, fellow, there are none want eyes to direct them the way I am going, but such as wink, and will not use them.

*Capl.* What an infinite mock is this, that a man should have the best use of eyes, to see the way of blindness! I am sure, hanging's the way of winking.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* Knock off his manacles; bring your prisoner to the king.

*Post.* Thou bring'st good news;—I am call'd to be made free.

*Gaul.* I'll be hang'd then.

*Post.* Thou shalt be then freer than a gaoler; no bolts for the dead.

[*Exeunt POSTHUMUS and Messenger.*]

*Gaul.* Unless a man would marry a gallows, and beget young gibbets, I never saw one so prone. Yet, on my conscience,

conscience, there are verier knaves desire to live, for all he be a Roman : and there be some of them too, that die against their wills ; so should I, if I were one. I would we were all of one mind, and one mind good ; O, there were desolation of gaolers, and gallowfes ! I speak against my present profit ; but my wish hath a preferment in't.

[Exit.

### SCENE V.

*Cymbeline's Tent.*

*Enter CYMBELINE, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, PISANIO, Lords, Officers, and Attendants.*

*Cym.* Stand by my side, you, whom the gods have made Preservers of my throne. Woe is my heart,  
That the poor soldier, that so richly fought,  
Whose rags sham'd gilded arms, whose naked breast  
Stepp'd before targe of proof, cannot be found :  
He shall be happy that can find him, if  
Our grace can make him so.

*Bel.*

I never saw

Such noble fury in so poor a thing ;  
Such precious deeds in one that promis'd nought  
But beggary and poor looks.

*Cym.*

No tidings of him ?

*Pis.* He hath been search'd among the dead and living,  
But no trace of him.

*Cym.*

To my grief, I am

The heir of his reward ; which I will add  
To you, the liver, heart, and brain of Britain,

[To BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

By

om, I grant, she lives : 'Tis now the time  
: of whence you are :—report it.

Sir,

nbrja are we born, and gentlemen :  
r to boast, were neither true nor modest,  
I add, we are honest.

Bow your knees :  
my knights o'the battle ; I create you  
nions to our person, and will fit you  
dignities becoming your estates.

*Enter CORNELIUS and Ladies.*

's business in these faces :—Why so sadly  
you our victory ? you look like Romans,  
ot o'the court of Britain.

Hail, great king !

ur your happiness, I must report  
een is dead.

Whom worse than a physician  
this report become ? But I consider,  
licine life may be prolong'd, yet death  
ize the doctor too.—How ended she ?

With horror, madly dying, like her life ;  
, being cruel to the world, concluded  
rueful to herself. What she confess'd,  
report, so please you : These her women  
p me, if I err ; who, with wet cheeks,  
resent when she finish'd.

Pr'ythee, say.

First, she confess'd she never lov'd you ; only  
d greatness got by you, not you ;  
d your royalty, was wife to your place ;  
r'd your person.

*Cym.* She alone knew this :  
And, but she spoke it dying, I would not  
Believe her lips in opening it. Proceed.

*Cor.* Your daughter, whom she bore in hand to love  
With such integrity, she did confess  
Was as a scorpion to her sight ; whose life,  
But that her flight prevented it, she had  
Ta'en off by poison.

*Cym.* O most delicate fiend !  
Who is't can read a woman ?—Is there more ?

*Cor.* More, sir, and worse. She did confess, she had  
For you a mortal mineral ; which, being took,  
Should by the minute feed on life, and, ling'ring,  
By inches waste you : In which time she purpos'd,  
By watching, weeping, tendance, kissing, to  
O'ercome you with her show : yes, and in time,  
(When she had fitted you with her craft,) to work  
Her son into the adoption of the crown.  
But failing of her end by his strange absence,  
Grew shameless-desperate ; open'd, in despite  
Of heaven and men, her purposes ; repented  
The evils she hatch'd were not effected ; so,  
Despairing, died.

*Cym.* Heard you all this, her women ?

*Lady.* We did, so please your highness.

*Cym.* Mine eyes  
Were not in fault, for she was beautiful ;  
Mine ears, that heard her flattery ; nor my heart,  
That thought her like her seeming ; it had been vicious  
To have mistrusted her : yet, O my daughter !  
That it was folly in me, thou may'st say,  
And prove it in thy feeling. Heaven mend all !

*Exit*

*Enter LUCIUS, IACHIMO, the Soothfayer, and other Roman prisoners, guarded; POSTHUMUS behind, and IMOGEN.*

Thou com'st not, Caius, now for tribute; that  
The Britons have raz'd out, though with the loss  
Of many a bold one; whose kinsmen have made suit,  
That their good souls may be appeas'd with slaughter  
Of you their captives, which our self have granted:  
So, think of your estate.

*Luc.* Consider, sir, the chance of war: the day  
Was yours by accident; had it gone with us,  
We should not, when the blood was cool, have threaten'd  
Our prisoners with the sword. But since the gods  
Will have it thus, that nothing but our lives  
May be call'd ransom, let it come: sufficeth,  
A Roman with a Roman's heart can suffer:  
Augustus lives to think on't: And so much  
For my peculiar care. This one thing only  
I will entreat; My boy, a Briton born,  
Let him be ransom'd: never master heard  
A page so kind, so duteous, diligent,  
So tender over his occasions, true,  
So feat, so nurse-like: let his virtue join  
With my request, which, I'll make bold, your highness  
Cannot deny; he hath done no Briton harm,  
Though he have serv'd a Roman: save him, sir,  
And spare no blood beside.

*Cym.* I have surely seen him;  
His favour is familiar to me.—

Boy, thou hast look'd thyself into my grace,  
And art mine own.—I know not why, nor wherefore,  
To say, live, boy: ne'er thank thy master; live:  
And ask of Cymbeline what boon thou wilt,  
Fitting my bounty, and thy state, I'll give it;

*Yes,*



Yea, though thou do demand a prisoner,  
The noblest ta'en.

*Imo.* I humbly thank your highness.

*Luc.* I do not bid thee beg my life, good lad;  
And yet, I know, thou wilt.

*Imo.* No, no; alack,  
There's other work in hand; I see a thing  
Bitter to me as death: your life, good master,  
Must shuffle for itself.

*Luc.* The boy disdains me,  
He leaves me, scorns me: Briefly die their joys,  
That place them on the truth of girls and boys.—  
Why stands he so perplex'd?

*Cym.* What would'st thou, boy?  
I love thee more and more; think more and more  
What's best to ask. Know'st him thou look'st on? speak,  
Wilt have him live? Is he thy kin? thy friend?

*Imo.* He is a Roman; no more kin to me,  
Than I to your highness; who, being born your vassal,  
Am something nearer.

*Cym.* Wherefore ey'st him so?

*Imo.* I'll tell you, sir, in private, if you please  
To give me hearing.

*Cym.* Ay, with all my heart,  
And lend my best attention. What's thy name?

*Imo.* Fidle, sir.

*Cym.* Thou art my good youth, my page;  
I'll be thy master: Walk with me; speak freely.

[CYMBELINE and IMOGEN converse apart.]

*Bel.* Is not this boy reviv'd from death?

*Arw.* One said another  
Not more resembles: That sweet rosy lad,  
Who died, and was Fidle:—What think you?

*Gui.* The same dead thing alive.

*Bel.*

Peace; peace! see further; he eyes us not; forbear;  
 'es may be alike: were't he, I am sure  
 Ild have spoke to us.

But we saw him dead.

Be silent; let's see further.

It is my mistress:

[*Aside.*]

He is living, let the time run on,  
 Good, or bad.

[CYMBELINE and IMOGEN *come forward.*]

Come, stand thou by our side;  
 I demand aloud.—Sir, [*to IACH.*] step you forth;  
 Answer to this boy, and do it freely;  
 Your greatness, and the grace of it,  
 Is our honour, bitter torture shall  
 Wipe the truth from falsehood.—On, speak to him.  
 My boon is, that this gentleman may render  
 To me he had this ring.

What's that to him? [*Aside.*]

That diamond upon your finger, say,  
 Is it yours?

Thou'lt torture me to leave unspoken that  
 I, to be spoke, would torture thee.

How! me?

I am glad to be constrain'd to utter that which  
 Constrains me to conceal. By villainy  
 I stole this ring; 'twas Leonatus' jewel:  
 Thou didst banish; and (which more may grieve  
 Thee,  
 I, loth me,) a nobler sir ne'er liv'd  
 In sky and ground. Wilt thou hear more, my lord?  
 All that belongs to this.

That paragon, thy daughter,—

I

For

For whom my heart drops blood, and my false spirit  
Quail to remember,—Give me leave, I faint.

*Cym.* My daughter! what of her? Renew thy fire,  
I had rather thou should'st live while nature will,  
Than die ere I hear more: strive, man, and speak.

*Iach.* Upon a time, (unhappy was the clock  
That struck the hour!) it was in Rome, (accurs'd  
The mansion where!) 'twas at a feast, (O 'would  
Our viands had been poison'd! or, at least,  
Those which I heav'd to head!) the good Posthumus  
(What should I say? he was too good, to be  
Where ill men were; and was the best of all  
Amongst the rar'st of good ones,) sitting sadly,  
Hearing us praise our loves of Italy  
For beauty that made barren the swell'd boast  
Of him that best could speak: for feature, laming  
The shrine of Venus, or straight-pight Minerva,  
Postures beyond brief nature; for condition,  
A shop of all the qualities that man  
Loves woman for; besides, that hook of wiving,  
Fairness, which strikes the eye:—

*Cym.*

I stand on fire:

Come to the matter.

*Iach.* All too soon I shall,  
Unless thou would'st grieve quickly.—This Posthumus  
(Most like a noble lord in love, and one  
That had a royal lover,) took his hint;  
And, not dispraising whom we prais'd, (therein  
He was as calm as virtue,) he began  
His mistress' picture; which by his tongue being said  
And then a mind put in't, either our brags  
Were crack'd of kitchen trulls, or his description  
Prov'd us unspeaking fops.

Cym.

Nay, nay to the purpose.

Iach. Your daughter's chastity—there it begins.

He spake of her, as Dian had hot dreams,  
 And she alone were cold: Whereat, I wretch!  
 Made scruple of his praise; and wager'd with him  
 Pieces of gold, 'gainst this which then he wore  
 Upon his honour'd finger, to attain  
 In suit the place of his bed, and win this ring  
 By hers and mine adultery: he, true knight  
 No lesser of her honour confident  
 Than I did truly find her, stakes this ring;  
 And would so, had it been a carbuncle  
 Of Phœbus' wheel; and might so safely, had it  
 Been all the worth of his car. Away to Britain  
 Post I in this design: Well may you, sir,  
 Remember me at court, where I was taught  
 Of your chaste daughter the wide difference  
 'Twixt amorous and villainous. Being thus quench'd  
 Of hope, not longing, mine Italian brain  
 'Gan in your duller Britain operate  
 Most vilely; for my vantage, excellent;  
 And, to be brief, my practice so prevail'd,  
 That I return'd with simular proof enough  
 To make the noble Leonatus mad,  
 By wounding his belief in her renown  
 With tokens thus, and thus; averring notes  
 Of chamber-hanging, pictures, this her bracelet,  
 (O, cunning, how I got it!) nay, some marks  
 Of secret on her person, that he could not  
 But think her bond of chastity quite crack'd,  
 I having ta'en the forfeit. Whereupon,—  
 Methinks, I see him now,—

Post.

Ay, so thou dost,

*{coming forward.}*

I 2.

Italian

Italian fiend!—Ah me, most credulous fool,  
 Egregious murderer, thief, any thing  
 That's due to all the villains past, in being,  
 To come!—O, give me cord, or knife, or poison,  
 Some upright justicer! Thou, king, send out  
 For tortures ingenious: it is I  
 That all the abhorred things o'the earth amend,  
 By being worse than they. I am Posthumus,  
 That kill'd thy daughter:—villain-like, I lie;  
 That caus'd a lesser villain than myself,  
 A sacrilegious thief, to do't:—the temple  
 Of virtue was she; yea, and she herself.  
 Spit, and throw stones, cast mire upon me, set  
 The dogs o'the street to bay me: every villain  
 Be call'd, Posthumus Leonatus; and  
 Be villainy less than 'twas!—O Imogen!  
 My queen, my life, my wife! O Imogen,  
 Imogen, Imogen!

*Imo.* Peace, my lord; hear, hear—

*Post.* Shall's have a play of this? Thou scornful page,  
 There lie thy part. [*Striking her: she falls.*]

*Pis.* O, Gentlemen, help, help  
 Mine, and your mistress:—O, my lord Posthumus!  
 You ne'er kill'd Imogen till now:—Help, help!—  
 Mine honour'd lady!

*Cym.* Does the world go round?

*Post.* How come these staggers on me?

*Pis.* Wake, my mistress!

*Cym.* If this be so, the gods do mean to strike me  
 To death with mortal joy.

*Pis.* How fares my mistress?

*Imo.* O, get thee from my sight;  
 Thou gav'st me poison: dangerous fellow, hence!  
 Breathe not where princes are.

*Cym.*

The tune of Imogen!

Lady,  
 ds throw stones of sulphur on me, if  
 ox I gave you was not thought by me  
 ous thing; I had it from the queen.  
 New matter still?

It poison'd me.

O Gods!—

ut one thing which the queen confess'd,  
 must approve thee honest: If Pisanio  
 said she, given his mistress that confection  
 I gave him for cordial, she is serv'd  
 ould serve a rat.

What's this, Cornelius?

The queen, sir, very oft importun'd me  
 per poisons for her; still pretending  
 tisfaction of her knowledge, only  
 ing creatures vile, as cats and dogs,  
 esteem: I, dreading that her purpose  
 f more danger, did compound for her  
 ain stuff, which, being ta'en, would cease  
 resent power of life; but, in short time,  
 ices of nature should again  
 ir due functions.—Have you ta'en of it?  
 Most like I did, for I was dead.

My boys,

was our error.

This is sure, Fidele.

Why did you throw your wedded lady from you?  
 , that you are upon a rock; and now  
 r me again. *[Embracing him.]*

. Hang there like fruit, my soul, till the tree die.

. How now, my flesh, my child?  
 , mak'st thou me a dullard in this act?  
 thou not speak to me?

I\_3

Imo.

*Imo.*Your blessing, sir. [*Exit*]

*Bel.* Though you did love this youth, I blame y  
 You had a motive for't.

[*To GUIDERIUS, and ARVIR.*]*Cym.*

My tears, that fall,

Prove holy water on thee! Imogen,

Thy mother's dead.

*Imo.*

I am sorry for't, my lord.

*Cym.* O, she was naught; and 'long of her it was  
 That we meet here so strangely: But her son  
 Is gone, we know not how, nor where.

*Pis.*

My lord,

Now fear is from me, I'll speak troth. Lord Clote  
 Upon my lady's missing, came to me  
 With his sword drawn; foam'd at the mouth, and  
 If I discover'd not which way she was gone,  
 It was my infant death: By accident,  
 I had a feigned letter of my master's  
 Then in my pocket; which directed him  
 To seek her on the mountains near to Milford;  
 Where, in a frenzy, in my master's garments,  
 Which he inforc'd from me, away he posts  
 With unchaste purpose, and with oath to violate  
 My lady's honour: what became of him,  
 I further know not.

*Gui.*

Let me end the story:

I slew him there.

*Cym.*

Marry, the gods forfend!

I would not thy good deeds should from my lips  
 Pluck a hard sentence: pr'ythee, valiant youth,  
 Deny't again.

*Gui.*

I have spoke it, and I did it.

*Cym.* He was a prince.*Gui.* A most uncivil one: The wrongs he did m

Were nothing prince-like ; for he did provoke me  
With language that would make me spurn the sea,  
If it could so roar to me : I cut off a head ;  
And am right glad, he is not standing here  
To tell this tale of mine.

*Cym.* I am sorry for thee :  
By thine own tongue thou art condemn'd, and must  
Endure our law : Thou art dead.

*Imo.* That headless man  
I thought had been my lord.

*Cym.* Bind the offender,  
And take him from our presence.

*Bel.* Stay, fir king :  
This man is better than the man he slew,  
As well descended as thyself ; and hath  
More of thee merited, than a band of Clotens  
Had ever scar for.—Let his arms alone ; [*To the Guard.*]  
They were not born for bondage.

*Cym.* Why, old foldier,  
Wilt thou undo the worth thou art unpaid for,  
By tasting of our wrath ? How of descent  
As good as we ?

*Arw.* In that he spake too far.

*Cym.* And thou shalt die for't.

*Bel.* We will die all three :  
But I will prove, that two of us are as good  
As I have given out him.—My sons, I must,  
For mine own part, unfold a dangerous speech,  
Though, haply, well for you.

*Arw.* Your danger is  
Ours.

*Gui.* And our good is his.

*Bel.* Have at it then.—



By leave ;—Thou hadst, great king, a subject, who  
Was call'd Belarius.

*Cym.* What of him ? he is  
A banish'd traitor.

*Bel.* He it is, that hath  
Assum'd this age : indeed, a banish'd man ;  
I know not how, a traitor.

*Cym.* Take him hence ;  
The whole world shall not save him.

*Bel.* Not too hot :  
First pay me me for the nursing of thy sons ;  
And let it be confiscate all, so soon  
As I have receiv'd it.

*Cym.* Nursing of my sons ?

*Bel.* I am too blunt, and saucy : Here's my knee ;  
Ere I arise, I will prefer my sons ;  
Then, spare not the old father. Mighty sir,  
These two young gentlemen, that call me father,  
And think they are my sons, are none of mine ;  
They are the issue of your loins, my liege,  
And blood of your begetting.

*Cym.* How ! my issue ?

*Bel.* So sure as you your father's. I, old Morgan,  
Am that Belarius whom you sometime banish'd :  
Your pleasure was my mere offence, my punishment  
Itself, and all my treason ; that I suffer'd,  
Was all the harm I did. These gentle princes  
(For such, and so they are,) these twenty years  
Have I train'd up : those arts they have, as I  
Could put into them ; my breeding was, sir, as  
Your highness knows. Their nurse, Euriphile,  
Whom for the theft I wedded, stole these children  
Upon my banishment : I mov'd her to't ;

Having receiv'd the punishment before;  
For that which I did then : Beaten for loyalty  
Excited me to treason : Their dear loss,  
The more of you 'twas felt, the more it shap'd  
Unto my end of stealing them. But, gracious sir,  
Here are your sons again ; and I must lose  
Two of the sweet'st companions in the world :—  
The benediction of these covering heavens  
Fall on their heads like dew ! for they are worthy  
To inlay heaven with stars.

*Cym.* Thou weep'st, and speak'st.  
The service, that you three have done, is more  
Unlike than this thou tell'st : I lost my children ;  
If these be they, I know not how to wish  
A pair of worthier sons.

*Bel.* Be pleas'd a while.—  
This gentleman, whom I call Polydore,  
Most worthy prince, as yours, is true Guiderius :  
This gentleman, my Cadwal, Arvirágus,  
Your younger princely son ; he, sir, was lapp'd  
In a most curious mantle, wrought by the hand  
Of his queen mother, which, for more probation,  
I can with ease produce.

*Cym.* Guiderius had  
Upon his neck a mole, a sanguine star ;  
It was a mark of wonder.

*Bel.* This is he ;  
Who hath upon him still that natural stamp :  
It was wise nature's end in the donation,  
To be his evidence now.

*Cym.* O, what am I  
A mother to the birth of three ? Ne'er mother  
Rejoic'd deliverance more :—Bless'd may you be,

That,

That, after this strange parting from your orbs,  
You may reign in them now!—O Imogen,  
Thou hast lost by this a kingdom.

*Imo.* No, my lord;  
I have got two worlds by't.—O my gentle brothers,  
Have we thus met? O never say hereafter,  
But I am truest speaker: you call'd me brother,  
When I was but your sister; I you brothers,  
When you were so indeed.

*Cym.* Did you e'er meet?

*Arw.* Ay, my good lord.

*Gui.* And at first meeting lov'd;  
Continued so, until we thought he died.

*Cor.* By the queen's dram she swallow'd.

*Cym.* O rare instinct!

When shall I hear all through? This fierce abridgement  
Hath to it circumstantial branches, which  
Distinction should be rich in.—Where? how liv'd you?  
And when came you to serve our Roman captive?  
How parted with your brothers? how first met them?  
Why fled you from the court? and whither? These,  
And your three motives to the battle, with  
I know not how much more, should be demanded;  
And all the other by-dependencies,  
From chance to chance; but nor the time, nor place,  
Will serve our long intergatories. See,  
Posthumus anchors upon Imogen;  
And she, like harmless lightning, throws her eye  
On him, her brothers, me, her master; hitting  
Each object with a joy; the counterchange  
Is severally in all. Let's quit this ground,  
And smoke the temple with our sacrifices.—  
Thou art my brother; so we'll hold thee ever.

[To BELARIUS.]

*Imo.*

*Imo.* You are my father too ; and did relieve me,  
To see this gracious season.

*Cym.* All o'erjoy'd,  
Save these in bonds ; let them be joyful too,  
For they shall taste our comfort.

*Imo.* My good master,  
I will yet do you service.

*Iuc.* Happy be you !

*Cym.* The forlorn foldier, that so nobly fought,  
He would have well becom'd this place, and grac'd  
The thankings of a king.

*Pos.* I am, sir,  
The foldier that did company these three  
In poor beseeching ; 'twas a fitment for  
The purpose I then follow'd ;—That I was he,  
Speak, Iachimo ; I had you down, and might  
Have made you finish.

*Iach.* I am down again : [*Kneeling.*  
But now my heavy conscience sinks my knee,  
As then your force did. Take that life, 'beseech you,  
Which I so often owe : but, your ring first ;  
And here the bracelet of the truest princess,  
That ever swore her faith.

*Pos.* Kneel not to me ;  
The power that I have on you, is to spare you ;  
The malice towards you, to forgive you : Live,  
And deal with others better.

*Cym.* Nobly doom'd ;  
We'll learn our freeness of a son-in-law ;  
Pardon's the word to all.

*Arr.* You help us, sir,  
As you did mean indeed to be our brother ;  
Joy'd are we, that you are.

*Pos.* Your servant, princes.—Good my lord of Rome,  
Call

Call forth your soothfayer: As I slept, methought,  
Great Jupiter, upon his eagle back'd,  
Appear'd to me, with other sprightly shows  
Of mine own kindred: when I wak'd, I found  
This label on my bosom; whose containing  
Is so from sense in hardness, that I can  
Make no collection of it: let him show  
His skill in the construction.

Luc. Philarmonus,——

Sooth. Here, my good lord.

Luc. Read, and declare the meaning.

Sooth. [Reads.] *When as a lion's whelp shall, to himself unknown, without seeking find, and be embraced by a piece of tender air; and when from a stately cedar shall be lopped branches, which, being dead many years, shall after revive, be jointed to the old stock, and freshly grow; then shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britain be fortunate, and flourish in peace and plenty.*

Thou, Leonatus, art the lion's whelp;  
The fit and apt construction of thy name,  
Being Leo-natus, doth import so much:  
The piece of tender air, thy virtuous daughter,

[To CYMBELINE.]

Which we call *mollis aer*; and *mollis aer*  
We term it *mulier*: which *mulier*, I divine,  
Is this most constant wife; who, even now,  
Answering the letter of the oracle,  
Unknown to you, unfought, were clipp'd about  
With this most tender air.

Cym. This hath some seeming.

Sooth. The lofty cedar, royal Cymbeline,  
Personates thee: and thy lopp'd branches point  
Thy two sons forth: who, by Belarius stolen,  
For many years thought dead, are now reviv'd,

'to the majestick cedar join'd ; whose issue  
promises Britain peace and plenty.

*Cym.*

Well,

My peace we will begin :—And, Caius Lucius,  
Although the victor, we submit to Cæsar,  
And to the Roman empire ; promising  
To pay our wonted tribute, from the which  
We were dissuaded by our wicked queen ;  
Whom heavens, in justice, (both on her, and hers,)  
Have laid most heavy hand.

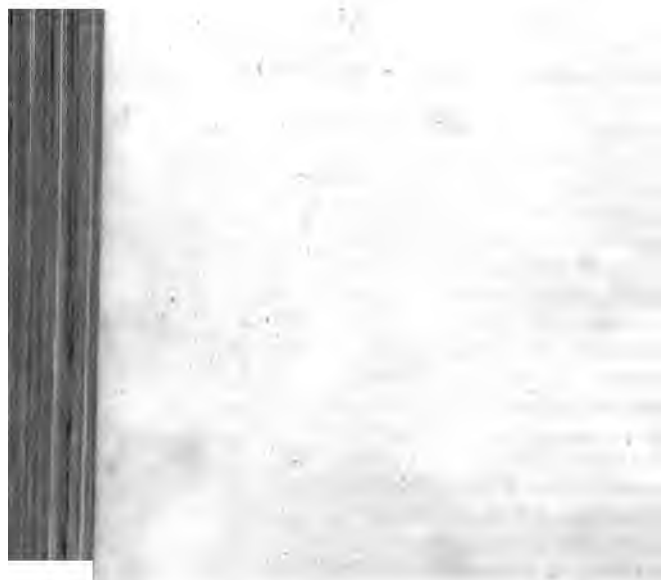
*Sooth.* The fingers of the powers above do tune  
The harmony of this peace. The vision  
Which I made known to Lucius, ere the stroke  
Of this yet scarce-cold battle, at this instant  
Is full accomplish'd : For the Roman eagle,  
From south to west on wing soaring aloft,  
Besett'n'd herself, and in the beams o'the sun  
Did vanish : which fore-show'd our princely eagle,  
The imperial Cæsar, should again unite  
His favour with the radiant Cymbeline,  
Which shines here in the west.

*Cym.*

Laud we the gods ;

And let our crooked smokes climb to their nostrils  
From our blest'd altars ! Publish we this peace  
To all our subjects. Set we forward : Let  
The Roman and a British ensign wave  
Friendly together : so through Lud's town march :  
And in the temple of great Jupiter  
Our peace we'll ratify ; seal it with feasts.—  
And on there :—Never was a war did cease,  
Nor bloody hands were wash'd, with such a peace.

[*Exeunt.*









*Titus Andronicus.*

*Act 1. Scene 2.*

*Published Oct. 1800, by Turner & Hood, Poulter.*

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Harding's Edition.

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TITUS ANDRONICUS,

A

TRAGEDY.

BY

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

ACCURATELY PRINTED

FROM THE TEXT OF

*Mr. STEEVENS'S LAST EDITION.*

*Ornamented with Plates.*

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London:

PUBLISHED BY E. HARDING, NO. 98, FALL-MALL;  
J. WRIGHT, PICCADILLY; G. SÆL, STRAND;  
AND VERNOR AND HOOD, POULTRY.

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1799.

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## OBSERVATIONS.

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IT is observable, that this play is printed in the quarto of 1611, with exactness equal to that of the other books of those times. The first edition was probably corrected by the author, so that here is very little room for conjecture or emendation; and accordingly none of the editors have much molested this piece with officious criticism. JOHNSON.

There is an authority for ascribing this play to Shakspeare, which I think a very strong one, though not made use of, as I remember, by any of his commentators. It is given to him, among other plays, which are undoubtedly his, in a little book, called *Palladis Tamia; or the Second Part of Wit's Commonwealth*, written by Francis Meres, Maister of arts, and printed at London in 1598. The other tragedies, enumerated as his in that book, are *King John*, *Richard the Second*, *Henry the Fourth*, *Richard the Third*, and *Romeo and Juliet*. The comedies are, the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, the *Gentlemen of Verona*, the *Comedy of Errors*, the *Love's Labour's Lost*, the *Love's Labour Won*, and the *Merchant of Venice*. I have given this list, as it serves so far to ascertain the date of these plays; and also, as it contains a notice of a comedy of Shakspeare, the *Love's Labour Won*, not included in any collection of his works; nor, as far as I know, attributed to him by any other authority. If there should be a play in being with that title, though without Shakspeare's name, I should be glad to see it; and I think the editor would be fure of the publick thanks, even if it should prove no better than the *Love's Labour's Lost*. TYRWHITT.

The work of criticism on the plays of our author, is, I believe, generally found to extend or contract itself in proportion to the value of the piece under consideration; and we shall always do little where we desire but little should be done. I know not that this piece stands in need of much emendation; though it might be treated as condemned criminals are in some countries,—any experiments might be justifiably made on it.

The author, whoever he was, might have borrowed the story, the names, the characters, &c. from an old ballad, which is entered in the books of the Stationers' Company immediately after the play on the same subject. "John Danter] Feb. 6, 1593. A book entitled *A Noble Roman Historie of Titus Andronicus*."

"Entered

entered unto him also the ballad thereof." entered again April 19, 1602, by Tho. Pavyer. Every reader will find it in Dr. Percy's *Reliques of ancient English Poetry*, Vol. I. Dr. Percy adds, that "there is reason to conclude his play was rather improved by Shakspeare with a few lines of his pen, than originally writ by him; for not to mention that he is less figurative than his others generally are, this tragedy is shewn with discredit in the induction to Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew* in 1614, as one that had been exhibited 'five-and-twenty or thirty' which, if we take the lowest number, throws it back to the 1589, at which time Shakspeare was but 25: an earlier date than is found for any other of his pieces, and if it does not clear him of it, shews at least it was a first attempt."

Though we are obliged to Dr. Percy for his attempt to clear our great tick writer from the imputation of having produced this sanguinary performance, yet I cannot admit that the circumstance of its being slightly mentioned by Ben Jonson, ought to have any weight; for it was not very sparingly censured *The Tempest*, and other pieces are undoubtedly among the most finished works of Shakspeare. The whole of Ben's Prologue to *Every Man in his Humour*, is a malice on him.

But in his *Palace of Pleasure*, Tom. II. speaks of the story of as well known, and particularly mentions the cruelty of *Tamora*: in *A Knack to know a Knave*, 1594, is the following allusion to

" ————— as welcome shall you be

" To me, my daughters, and my son in law,

" As *Titus* was unto the Roman senators,

" When he had made a conquest on the *Goths*."

Whatever were the motives of Heming and Condell for admitting this tragedy among those of Shakspeare, all it has gained by their favour, is to be delivered down to posterity with repeated remarks of commendation—a Therapist babbling among heroes, and introduced only to be despised. STEEVENS.

What principle the editors of the first complete edition of our poet's works admitted this into their volume, cannot now be ascertained. The probable reason that can be assigned, is, that he wrote a few lines or gave some assistance to the author, in revising it, or in some way aided him in bringing it forward on the stage. The tradition is maintained by Revenscroft in the time of King James II. warrants us in making one or other of these suppositions. "I have been told," he in his preface to an alteration of this play published in 1687, "some anciently conversant with the stage, that it was not originally brought by a private author to be acted, and he only gave master touches to one or two of the principal parts or characters."

"A booke entitled *A noble Roman Historie of Titus Andronicus*" was entered at Stationers-Hall, Feb. 6, 1593-4. This was undoubtedly the play, as it was printed in that year (according to Langbaine, who alone appears to have seen the first edition,) and acted by the servants of the Earls of Pembroke, Derby, and Suffex. It is observable that in the entry no author's name is mentioned, and that the play was originally performed by the same company of comedians who exhibited the old drama, entitled *The Contention of the Houses of Yorke and Lancaster*, *The old Taming of a Shrew*, and Marlowe's *King Edward II.* by whom not one of Shakspeare's plays is said to have been performed.

From Ben Jonson's Induction to *Bartholomew Fair*, 1614, we learn that *Andronicus* had been exhibited twenty-five or thirty years before; that is, according to the lowest computation, in 1589; or taking a middle period, which is perhaps more just, in 1587.

To enter into a long disquisition to prove this piece not to have been written by Shakspeare, would be an idle waste of time. To those who are not conversant with his writings, if particular passages were examined, more words would be necessary than the subject is worth; those who are well acquainted with his works, cannot entertain a doubt on the question.—I will however mention one mode by which it may be easily ascertained. Let the reader only peruse a few lines of *Appius and Virginia*, *Tamcred and Gismund*, *The Battle of Alcazar*, *Jeronimo*, *Selimus Emperor of the Turks*, *The Wounds of Civil War*, *The Wars of Cyrus*, *Lochrine*, *Arden of Feversham*, *King Edward I.* *The Spanish Tragedy*, *Solyman and Perseda*, *King Leir*, the old *King John*, or any other of the pieces that were exhibited before the time of Shakspeare, and he will at once perceive that *Titus Andronicus* was coined in the same mint.

The testimony of Meres, mentioned in a preceding note, alone remains to be considered. His enumerating this among Shakspeare's plays may be accounted for in the same way in which we may account for its being printed by his fellow-comedians in the first folio edition of his works. Meres was in 1598, when his book appeared, intimately connected with Drayton, and probably acquainted with some of the dramatick poets of the time, from some or other of whom he might have heard that Shakspeare interested himself about this tragedy, or had written a few lines for the author. The internal evidence furnished by the piece itself, and proving it not to have been the production of Shakspeare, greatly outweighs any single testimony on the other side. Meres might have been mis-informed, or inconsiderately have given credit to the rumour of the day. For six of the plays which he has mentioned, (exclusive of the evidence which the representation of the pieces themselves might have furnished,) he had perhaps no better authority than the whisper of the theatre; for they were not then printed. He could not have been deceived by a title-page, as Dr. Johnson supposes; for Shakspeare's name is *not* in the title-page of the edition

tion printed in quarto in 1611, and therefore we may conclude, was not in the title-page of that in 1594, of which the other was undoubtedly a re-impression. Had this mean performance been the work of Shakspeare, can it be supposed that the bookfellers would not have endeavoured to procure a sale for it by stamping his name upon it?

In short, the high antiquity of the piece, its entry on the Stationers' books, and being afterwards printed without the name of our author, its being performed by the servants of Lord Pembroke, &c. the stately march of the versification, the whole colour of the composition, its resemblance to several of our most ancient dramas, the dissimilitude of the style from our author's undoubted compositions, and the tradition mentioned by Ravenscroft, when some of his contemporaries had not been long dead, (for Lowin and Taylor, two of his fellow-comedians, were alive a few years before the Restoration, and Sir William D'Avenant, who had himself written for the stage in 1629, did not die till April 1668;) all these circumstances combined, prove with irresistible force that the play of *Titus Andronicus* has been erroneously ascribed to Shakspeare. MALONE.

## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

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**SATURNINUS**, *Son to the late Emperor of Rome, and afterwards declared Emperor himself.*

**BASSIANUS**, *Brother to Saturninus; in love with Lavinia.*

**TITUS ANDRONICUS**, *a noble Roman, General against the Goths.*

**MARCUS ANDRONICUS**, *Tribune of the People; and Brother to Titus.*

**LUCIUS,**  
**QUINTUS,** } *Sons to Titus Andronicus.*  
**MARTIUS,**  
**MUTIUS,**

*Young LUCIUS, a Boy, Son to Lucius.*

**PUBLIUS**, *Son to Marcus the Tribune.*

**ÆMILIUS**, *a noble Roman.*

**ALARBUS,**  
**CHIRON,** } *Sons to Tamora.*  
**DEMETRIUS,**

**AARON**, *a Moor, beloved by Tamora.*

*A Captain, Tribune, Messenger, and Clown; Romans, Goths, and Romans.*

**TAMORA**, *Queen of the Goths.*

**LAVINIA**, *Daughter to Titus Andronicus.*

*A Nurse, and a black Child.*

*Kinsmen of Titus, Senators, Tribunes, Officers, Soldier, Attendants.*

**SCENE**, *Rome; and the Country near it.*

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# TITUS ANDRONICUS.

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## ACT I. SCENE I.

Rome. *Before the Capitol.*

*The Tomb of the Andronici appearing; the Tribunes and Senators aloft, as in the Senate. Enter, below, SATURNINUS and his followers, on one side; and BASSIANUS and his followers, on the other; with drum and colours.*

*Saturninus.*

NOBLE patricians, patrons of my right,  
Defend the justice of my cause with arms;  
And, countrymen, my loving followers,  
Plead my successive title with your swords:  
I am his first-born son, that was the last  
That wore the imperial diadem of Rome;  
Then let my father's honours live in me,  
Nor wrong mine age with this indignity.

*Bas.* Romans,—friends, followers, favourers of my  
right,—

If ever Bassianus, Cæsar's son,  
Were gracious in the eyes of royal Rome,  
Keep then this passage to the Capitol;  
And suffer not dishonour to approach  
The imperial seat, to virtue consecrate,  
To justice, continence, and nobility.

B

But



But let desert in pure election shine ;  
And, Romans, fight for freedom in your choice.

*Enter MARCUS ANDRONICUS aloft, with the crown.*

*Mar.* Princes,—that strive by factions, and by friends  
Ambitiously for rule and empery,—  
Know, that the people of Rome, for whom we stand  
A special party, have, by common voice,  
In election for the Roman empery,  
Chosen Andronicus, surnamed Pius  
For many good and great deserts to Rome ;  
A nobler man, a braver warrior,  
Lives not this day within the city walls :  
He by the senate is accited home,  
From weary wars against the barbarous Goths ;  
That, with his sons, a terror to our foes,  
Hath yok'd a nation strong, train'd up in arms.  
Ten years are spent, since first he undertook  
This cause of Rome, and chastised with arms  
Our enemies' pride : Five times he hath return'd  
Bleeding to Rome, bearing his valiant sons  
In coffins from the field ;  
And now at last, laden with honour's spoils,  
Returns the good Andronicus to Rome,  
Renowned Titus, flourishing in arms.  
Let us entreat,—By honour of his name,  
Whom, worthily, you would have now succeed,  
And in the Capitol and senate's right,  
Whom you pretend to honour and adore,—  
That you withdraw you, and abate your strength ;  
Disinise your followers, and, as suitors should,  
Plead your deserts in peace and humbleness.  
*Sat.* How fair the tribune speaks to calm my thought

*Bas.* Marcus Andronicus, so I do affy  
thy uprightness and integrity,  
and so I love and honour thee and thine,  
thy noble brother Titus, and his sons,  
and her, to whom my thoughts are humbled all,  
gracious Lavinia, Rome's rich ornament,  
that I will here dismiss my loving friends;  
and to my fortunes, and the people's favour,  
commit my cause in balance to be weigh'd.

[*Exeunt the followers of* BASSIANUS.]

*Sat.* Friends, that have been thus forward in my right,  
thank you all, and here dismiss you all;  
and to the love and favour of my country  
commit myself, my person, and the cause.

[*Exeunt the followers of* SATURNINUS.]

come, be as just and gracious unto me,  
as I am confident and kind to thee.—  
open the gates, and let me in.

*Bas.* Tribunes! and me, a poor competitor.

[*SAT. and BAS. go into the Capitol, and exeunt with*  
*Senators, MARCUS, &c.*]

## SCENE II.

*The same.*

*Enter a Captain, and Others.*

*Cap.* Romans, make way; The good Andronicus,  
a champion of virtue, Rome's best champion,  
successful in the battles that he fights,  
with honour and with fortune is return'd,  
from where he circumscribed with his sword,  
and brought to yoke, the enemies of Rome.

*Flourish of trumpets, &c. Enter MUTIUS and MARTIUS after them, two men bearing a coffin cover'd with black; then QUINTUS and LUCIUS. After them, TITUS ANDRONICUS; and then TAMORA, with ALARBUS, CIRON, DEMETRIUS, AARON, and other Goths, prison soldiers and people, following. The bearers set down coffin, and TITUS speaks.*

*Tit.* Hail, Rome, victorious in thy mourning weeds  
Lo, as the bark, that hath discharg'd her fraught,  
Returns with precious lading to the bay,  
From whence at first she weigh'd her anchorage,  
Cometh Andronicus, bound with laurel boughs,  
To re-salute his country with his tears;  
Tears of true joy for his return to Rome.—  
Thou great defender of this Capitol,  
Stand gracious to the rites that we intend!—  
Romans, of five and twenty valiant sons,  
Half of the number that king Priam had,  
Behold the poor remains, alive, and dead!  
These, that survive, let Rome reward with love;  
These, that I bring unto their latest home,  
With burial amongst their ancestors:  
Here Goths have given me leave to sheath my sword.  
Titus, unkind, and careless of thine own,  
Why suffer'st thou thy sons, unburied yet,  
To hover on the dreadful shore of Styx?—  
Make way to lay them by their brethren.

*[The tomb is open]*

There greet in silence, as the dead are wont,  
And sleep in peace, slain in your country's wars!  
O sacred receptacle of my joys,  
Sweet cell of virtue and nobility,

How many sons of mine hast thou in store,  
That thou wilt never render to me more ?

*Luc.* Give us the proudest prisoner of the Goths,  
That we may hew his limbs, and, on a pile,  
*Ad manes fratrum* sacrifice his flesh,  
Before this earthly prison of their bones ;  
That so the shadows be not unappeas'd,  
Nor we disturb'd with prodigies on earth.

*Tit.* I give him you ; the noblest that survives,  
The eldest son of this distressed queen.

*Tam.* Stay, Roman brethren ;—Gracious conqueror,  
Victorious Titus, rue the tears I shed,  
A mother's tears in passion for her son :  
And, if thy sons were ever dear to thee,  
O, think my son to be as dear to me.  
Sufficeth not, that we are brought to Rome,  
To beautify thy triumphs, and return,  
Captive to thee, and to thy Roman yoke ;  
But must my sons be slaughter'd in the streets,  
For valiant doings in their country's cause ?  
O ! if to fight for king and common weal  
Were piety in thine, it is in these.

Andronicus, stain not thy tomb with blood :  
Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods ?  
Draw near them then in being merciful :  
Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge ;  
Thrice-noble Titus, spare my first-born son.

*Tit.* Patient yourself, madam, and pardon me.  
These are their brethren, whom you Goths beheld  
Alive, and dead ; and for their brethren slain,  
Religiously they ask a sacrifice :

To this your son is mark'd ; and die he must,  
To appease their groaning shadows that are gone.

*Luc.* Away with him ! and make a fire straight ;

And with our swords, upon a pile of wood,  
Let's hew his limbs, till they be clean consum'd.

[*Exeunt LUCIUS, QUINTUS, MARTIUS, and  
MUTIUS, with ALARBUS.*

*Tam.* O cruel, irreligious piety!

*Chi.* Was ever Scythia half so barbarous?

*Dem.* Oppose not Scythia to ambitious Rome.

Alarbus goes to rest; and we survive  
To tremble under Titus' threatening look.  
Then, madam, stand resolv'd; but hope withal,  
The self-same gods, that arm'd the queen of Troy  
With opportunity of sharp revenge  
Upon the Thracian tyrant in his tent,  
May favour Tamora, the queen of Goths,  
(When Goths were Goths, and Tamora was queen,)  
To quit the bloody wrongs upon her foes.

*Re-enter LUCIUS, QUINTUS, MARTIUS, and MUTIUS,  
with their swords bloody.*

*Luc.* See, lord and father, how we have perform'd  
Our Roman rites: Alarbus' limbs are lopp'd,  
And entrails feed the sacrificing fire,  
Whose smoke, like incense, doth perfume the sky.  
Remaineth nought, but to inter our brethren,  
And with loud 'larums welcome them to Rome.

*Tit.* Let it be so, and let Andronicus  
Make this his latest farewell to their souls.

[*Trumpets sounded, and the coffins laid in the tomb.*

In peace and honour rest you here, my sons;  
Rome's readiest champions, repose you here,  
Secure from worldly chances and mishaps!  
Here lurks no treason, here no envy swells,

Here

row no damned grudges ; here are no storms,  
 se, but silence and eternal sleep :

*Enter LAVINIA.*

ce and honour rest you here my sons !  
 . In peace and honour live lord Titus long ;  
 ble lord and father live in fame !  
 : this tomb my tributary tears  
 er, for my brethren's obsequies ;  
 t thy feet I kneel, with tears of joy  
 n the earth, for thy return to Rome :  
 fs me here with thy victorious hand,  
 fortunes Rome's best citizens applaud.  
 Kind Rome, that hast thus lovingly reserv'd  
 rdial of mine age to glad my heart !—  
 a, live ; outlive thy father's days,  
 ame's eternal date, for virtue's praise !

MARCUS ANDRONICUS, SATURNINUS, BASSI-  
 ANUS, *and Others.*

. Long live lord Titus, my beloved brother,  
 ous triumpher in the eyes of Rome !  
 Thanks, gentle tribune, noble brother Marcus.  
 . And welcome, nephews, from successful wars,  
 at survive, and you that sleep in fame.  
 rds, your fortunes are alike in all,  
 n your country's service drew your swords :  
 fer triumph is this funeral pomp,  
 ath aspir'd to Solon's happiness,  
 riumphs over chance, in honour's bed.—  
 Andronicus, the people of Rome,  
 : friend in justice thou hast ever been,  
 hee by me, their tribune, and their trust,

This palliament of white and spotless hue ;  
 And name thee in election for the empire,  
 With these our late-deceased emperor's sons :  
 Be *candidatus* then, and put it on,  
 And help to set a head on headless Rome.

*Tit.* A better head her glorious body fits,  
 Than his, that shakes for age and feebleness :  
 What ! should I don this robe, and trouble you ?  
 Be chosen with proclamations to-day ;  
 To-morrow, yield up rule, resign my life,  
 And set abroad new business for you all ?  
 Rome, I have been thy soldier forty years,  
 And led my country's strength successfully ;  
 And buried one and twenty valiant sons,  
 Knighted in field, slain manfully in arms,  
 In right and service of their noble country :  
 Give me a staff of honour for mine age,  
 But not a scepter to control the world :  
 Upright he held it, lords, that held it last.

*Mar.* Titus, thou shalt obtain and ask the empery.

*Sat.* Proud and ambitious tribune, canst thou tell ?—

*Tit.* Patience, prince Saturnine.

*Sat.* Romans, do me right ;—

Patricians, draw your swords, and sheath them not  
 Till Saturninus be Rome's emperor :—  
 Andronicus, 'would thou wert shipp'd to bell,  
 Rather than rob me of the people's hearts.

*Luc.* Proud Saturnine, interrupter of the good  
 That noble-minded Titus means to thee !

*Tit.* Content thee, prince ; I will restore to thee  
 The people's hearts, and wean them from themselves.

*Bas.* Andronicus, I do not flatter thee,  
 But honour thee, and will do till I die ;  
 My faction if thou strengthen with thy friends,

I wi

I will most thankful be : and thanks, to men  
Of noble minds, is honourable meed.

*Tit.* People of Rome, and people's tribunes here,  
I ask your voices, and your suffrages ;  
Will you bestow them friendly on Andronicus ?

*Trib.* To gratify the good Andronicus,  
And gratulate his safe return to Rome,  
The people will accept whom he admits.

*Tit.* Tribunes, I thank you : and this suit I make,  
That you create your emperor's eldest son,  
Lord Saturnine ; whose virtues will, I hope,  
Reflect on Rome, as Titan's rays on earth,  
And ripen justice in this common-weal :  
Then if you will elect by my advice,  
Crown him, and say,—*Long live our emperor !*

*Mar.* With voices and applause of every sort,  
Patricians, and plebeians, we create  
Lord Saturninus, Rome's great emperor ;  
And say,—*Long live our emperor Saturnine !*

[*A long flourish.*]

*Sat.* Titus Andronicus, for thy favours done  
To us in our election this day,  
I give thee thanks in part of thy deserts,  
And will with deeds requite thy gentleness :  
And, for an onset, Titus, to advance  
Thy name, and honourable family,  
Lavinia will I make my emperess,  
Rome's royal mistress, mistress of my heart,  
And in the sacred Pantheon her espouse :  
Tell me, Andronicus, doth this motion please thee ?

*Tit.* It doth, my worthy lord ; and, in this match,  
I hold me highly honour'd of your grace :  
And here, in sight of Rome, to Saturnine,—  
King and commander of our common-weal,

The



The wide world's emperor,—do I consecrate  
 My sword, my chariot, and my prisoners;  
 Presents well worthy Rome's imperial lord:  
 Receive them then, the tribute that I owe,  
 Mine honour's ensigns humbled at thy feet.

*Sat.* Thanks, noble Titus, father of my life!  
 How proud I am of thee, and of thy gifts,  
 Rome shall record; and, when I do forget  
 The least of these unspeakable deserts,  
 Romans, forget your fealty to me.

*Tit.* Now, madam, are you prisoner to an emperor;

[*To TAMORA.*

To him, that for your honour and your state,  
 Will use you nobly, and your followers.

*Sat.* A goodly lady, trust me; of the hue  
 That I would choose, were I to choose anew.—  
 Clear up, fair queen, that cloudy countenance;  
 Though chance of war hath wrought this change of cheer,  
 Thou com'st not to be made a scorn in Rome:  
 Princely shall be thy usage every way.  
 Rest on my word, and let not discontent  
 Daunt all your hopes; Madam, he comforts you,  
 Can make you greater than the queen of Goths.—  
 Lavinia, you are not displeas'd with this?

*Lav.* Not I, my lord; fith true nobility  
 Warrants these words in princely courtesy.

*Sat.* Thanks, sweet Lavinia.—Romans, let us go:  
 Ransomless here we set our prisoners free:  
 Proclaim our honours, lords, with trumpet and drum.

*Bas.* Lord Titus, by your leave, this maid is mine.

[*Seizing LAVINIA.*

*Tit.* How, sir? Are you in earnest then, my lord?

*Bas.* Ay, noble Titus; and resolv'd withal,

To do myself this reason and this right.

[*The Emperor courts TAMORA in dumb show.*]

Mar. *Suum cuique* is our Roman justice :

This prince in justice seizeth but his own.

Luc. And that he will, and shall, if Lucius live.

Tit. Traitors, avaunt ! Where is the emperor's guard ?  
Treason, my lord ; Lavinia is surpriz'd.

Sat. Surpriz'd ! By whom ?

Baf. By him that justly may  
Bear his betroth'd from all the world away.

[*Exeunt MARCUS and BASSIANUS, with LAVINIA.*]

Mut. Brothers, help to convey her hence away,  
And with my sword I'll keep this door safe.

[*Exeunt LUCIUS, QUINTUS, and MARTIUS.*]

Tit. Follow, my lord, and I'll soon bring her back.

Mut. My lord, you pass not here.

Tit. What, villain boy !  
Barr'ft me my way in Rome ? [TITUS kills MUTIUS.]

Mut. Help, Lucius, help !

*Re-enter LUCIUS.*

Luc. My lord, you are unjust ; and, more than so,  
In wrongful quarrel you have slain your son.

Tit. Nor thou, nor he, are any sons of mine ;  
My sons would never so dishonour me :  
Traitor, restore Lavinia to the emperor.

Luc. Dead, if you will ; but not to be his wife,  
That is another's lawful promis'd love. [*Exit.*]

Sat. No, Titus, no ; the emperor needs her not,  
Not her, nor thee, nor any of thy stock :  
I'll trust, by leisure, him that mocks me once ;  
Thee never, nor thy traitorous haughty sons,  
Confederates all thus to dishonour me.

Was

Was there none else in Rome to make a stale of,  
But Saturnine? Full well, Andronicus,  
Agree these deeds with that proud brag of thine,  
That said'st, I begg'd the empire at thy hands.

*Tit.* O monstrous! what reproachful words are these?

*Sat.* But go thy ways; go, give that changing piece  
To him that flourish'd for her with his sword:  
A valiant son-in-law thou shalt enjoy;  
One fit to bandy with thy lawless sons,  
To ruffle in the commonwealth of Rome.

*Tit.* These words are razors to my wounded heart.

*Sat.* And therefore, lovely Tamora, queen of Goths,—  
That, like the stately Phœbe 'mongst her nymphs,  
Dost overshine the gallant'st dames of Rome,—  
If thou be pleas'd with this my sudden choice,  
Behold, I choose thee, Tamora, for my bride,  
And will create thee emperess of Rome.  
Speak, queen of Goths, dost thou applaud my choice?  
And here I swear by all the Roman Gods,—  
Sith priest and holy water are so near,  
And tapers burn so bright, and every thing  
In readiness for Hymeneus stand,—  
I will not re-salute the streets of Rome,  
Or climb my palace, till from forth this place  
I lead espous'd my bride along with me.

*Tam.* And here, in sight of heaven, to Rome I swear,  
If Saturnine advance the queen of Goths,  
She will a handmaid be to his desires,  
A loving nurse, a mother to his youth.

*Sat.* Ascend, fair queen, Pantheon:—Lords, accom-  
pany  
Your noble emperor, and his lovely bride,  
Sent by the heavens for prince Saturnine,

Whose

Whose wisdom hath her fortune conquered :  
There shall we consummate our spousal rites.

[*Exeunt SATURNINUS, and his followers; TAMORA,  
and her Sons; AARON and Goths.*]

*Tit.* I am not bid to wait upon this bride;—  
Titus, when wert thou wont to walk alone,  
Dishonour'd thus, and challeng'd of wrongs?

*Re-enter MARCUS, LUCIUS, QUINTUS, and MARTIUS.*

*Mar.* O, Titus, see, O, see, what thou hast done!  
In a bad quarrel slain a virtuous son.

*Tit.* No, foolish tribune, no; no son of mine,—  
Nor thou, nor these, confederates in the deed  
That hath dishonour'd all our family;  
Unworthy brother, and unworthy sons!

*Luc.* But let us give him burial, as becomes;  
Give Mutius burial with our brethren.

*Tit.* Traitors, away! he rests not in this tomb.  
This monument five hundred years hath stood,  
Which I have sumptuously re-edified:  
Here none but soldiers, and Rome's servitors,  
Repose in fame; none basely slain in brawls:—  
Bury him where you can, he comes not here.

*Mar.* My lord, this is impiety in you:  
My nephew Mutius' deeds do plead for him;  
He must be buried with his brethren.

*Quin. Mart.* And shall, or him we will accompany.

*Tit.* And shall? What villain was it spoke that word?

*Quin.* He that would vouch't in any place but here.

*Tit.* What, would you bury him in my despite?

*Mar.* No, noble Titus; but entreat of thee  
To pardon Mutius, and to bury him.

*Tit.* Marcus, even thou hast struck upon my crest,  
And,

And, with these boys, mine honour thou hast wounded ;  
My foes I do repute you every one ;  
So trouble me no more, but get you gone.

*Mart.* He is not with himself ; let us withdraw.

*Quin.* Not I, till Mutius' bones be buried.

[*MARCUS and the sons of TITUS kneel.*]

*Mar.* Brother, for in that name doth nature plead.

*Quin.* Father, and in that name doth nature speak.

*Tit.* Speak thou no more, if all the rest will speed.

*Mar.* Renowned Titus, more than half my soul,—

*Luc.* Dear father, soul and substance of us all,—

*Mar.* Suffer thy brother Marcus to inter  
His noble nephew here in virtue's nest,  
That died in honour and Lavinia's cause.  
Thou art a Roman, be not barbarous.  
The Greeks, upon advice, did bury Ajax  
That slew himself ; and wife Laertes' son  
Did graciously plead for his funerals.  
Let not young Mutius then, that was thy joy,  
Be barr'd his entrance here.

*Tit.* Rife, Marcus, rise :—

The dismall'st day is this, that e'er I saw,  
To be dishonour'd by my sons in Rome !—  
Well, bury him, and bury me the next.

[*MUTIUS is put into the tomb.*]

*Luc.* There lie thy bones, sweet Mutius, with thy friends,  
Till we with trophies do adorn thy tomb !—

*All.* No man shed tears for noble Mutius ;  
He lives in fame that died in virtue's cause.

*Mar.* My lord,—to step out of these dreary dumps,—  
How comes it, that the subtle queen of Goths  
Is of a sudden thus advanc'd in Rome ?

*Tit.* I know not, Marcus ; but, I know, it is ;  
Whether by device, or no, the heavens can tell ;

Is she not then beholden to the man  
That brought her for this high good turn so far?  
Yes, and will nobly him remunerate.

*Flourish. Re-enter, at one side, SATURNINUS, attended;  
TAMORA, CHIRON, DEMETRIUS, and AARON: At  
the other, BASSIANUS, LAVINIA, and Others.*

*Sat.* So Bassianus, you have play'd your prize;  
God give you joy, sir, of your gallant bride.

*Bas.* And you of yours, my lord: I say no more,  
Nor wish no less; and so I take my leave.

*Sat.* Traitor, if Rome have law, or we have power,  
Thou and thy faction shall repent this rape.

*Bas.* Rape, call you it, my lord, to seize my own,  
My true-betrothed love, and now my wife?  
But let the laws of Rome determine all;  
Mean while I am possess'd of that is mine.

*Sat.* 'Tis good, sir: You are very short with us;  
But, if we live, we'll be as sharp with you.

*Bas.* My lord, what I have done, as best I may,  
Answer I must, and shall do with my life.  
Only thus much I give your grace to know,—  
By all the duties that I owe to Rome,  
This noble gentleman, lord Titus here,  
Is in opinion, and in honour, wrong'd;  
That, in the rescue of Lavinia,  
With his own hand did slay his youngest son,  
In zeal to you, and highly mov'd to wrath  
To be control'd in that he frankly gave:  
Receive him then to favour, Saturnine;  
That hath express'd himself, in all his deeds,  
A father, and a friend, to thee, and Rome.

*Tit.* Prince Bassianus, leave to plead my deeds;

'Tis

'Tis thou, and those, that have dishonour'd me :  
Rome and the righteous heavens be my judge,  
How I have lov'd and honour'd Saturnine !

*Tam.* My worthy lord, if ever Tamora  
Were gracious in those princely eyes of thine,  
Then hear me speak indifferently for all ;  
And at my suit, sweet, pardon what is past.

*Sat.* What ! madam ! be dishonour'd openly,  
And basely put it up without revenge ?

*Tam.* Not so, my lord ; The gods of Rome forefend  
I should be author to dishonour you !  
But, on mine honour, dare I undertake  
For good lord Titus' innocence in all,  
Whose fury, not dissembled, speaks his griefs :  
Then, at my suit, look graciously on him ;  
Lose not so noble a friend on vain suppose,  
Nor with four looks afflict his gentle heart.—  
My lord, be rul'd by me, be won at last,  
Dissemble all your griefs and discontents :  
You are but newly planted in your throne ;  
Left then the people, and patricians too,  
Upon a just survey, take Titus' part,  
And so supplant us for ingratitude,  
(Which Rome reputes to be a heinous sin,)  
Yield at entreats, and then let me alone :  
I'll find a day to massacre them all,  
And raze their faction, and their family,  
The cruel father, and his traitorous sons,  
To whom I sued for my dear son's life ;  
And make them know, what 'tis to let a queen  
Kneel in the streets, and beg for grace in vain.— [A  
Come, come, sweet emperor,—come, Andronicus,  
Take up this good old man, and cheer the heart  
That dies in tempest of thy angry frown.

*Sat.* Rise, Titus, rise; my empress hath prevail'd.

*Tit.* I thank your majesty, and her, my lord;  
These words, these looks, infuse new life in me.

*Tam.* Titus, I am incorporate in Rome,  
A Roman now adopted happily,  
And must advise the emperor for his good.  
This day all quarrels die, Andronicus;—  
And let it be mine honour, good my lord,  
That I have reconcil'd your friends and you.—  
For you, prince Bassianus, I have pass'd  
My word and promise to the emperor,  
That you will be more mild and tractable.—  
And fear not, lords,—and you, Lavinia;—  
By my advice, all humbled on your knees,  
You shall ask pardon of his majesty.

*Luc.* We do; and vow to heaven, and to his highness,  
That, what we did, was mildly, as we might,  
Tend'ring our sister's honour, and our own.

*Mar.* That on mine honour here I do protest.

*Sat.* Away, and talk not; trouble us no more.—

*Tam.* Nay, nay, sweet emperor, we must all be friends:  
The tribune and his nephews kneel for grace;  
I will not be denied. Sweet heart, look back.

*Sat.* Marcus, for thy sake, and thy brother's here,  
And at my lovely Tamora's entreats,  
I do remit these young men's heinous faults.  
Stand up.

Lavinia, though you left me like a churl,  
I found a friend; and sure as death I swore,  
I would not part a bachelor from the priest.  
Come, if the emperor's court can feast two brides,  
You are my guest, Lavinia, and your friends:  
This day shall be a love-day, Tamora.



*Tit.* To-morrow, an it please your majesty,  
To hunt the panther and the hart with me,  
With horn and hound, we'll give your grace *bon-jour*.

*Sat.* Be it so, Titus, and gramercy too.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.*The same. Before the Palace.**Enter AARON.*

Now climbeth Tamora Olympus' top,  
 it of fortune's shot; and sits aloft,  
 of thunder's crack, or lightning flash;  
 c'd above pale envy's threat'ning reach.  
 en the golden sun salutes the morn,  
 having gilt the ocean with his beams,  
 s the zodiack in his glistering coach,  
 verlooks the highest-peering hills;  
 nora.—

er wit doth earthly honour wait,  
 irtue stoops and trembles at her frown.

Aaron, arm thy heart, and fit thy thoughts,  
 unt aloft with thy imperial mistress,  
 ount her pitch; whom thou in triumph long  
 risoner held, fetter'd in amorous chains;  
 after bound to Aaron's charming eyes,  
 is Prometheus tied to Caucasus.

with slavish weeds, and idle thoughts!  
 be bright, and shine in pearl and gold,  
 it upon this new-made emperess.  
 it, said I? to wanton with this queen,  
 goddess, this Semiramis;—this queen,  
 yren, that will charm Rome's Saturnine,  
 ee his shipwreck, and his commonweal's.  
 ! what form is this?

C 2

*Enter*

*Enter CHIRON and DEMETRIUS, braving.*

*Dem.* Chiron, thy years want wit, thy wit wants  
And manners, to intrude where I am grac'd;  
And may, for aught thou know'st, affected be.

*Chi.* Demetrius, thou dost over-ween in all;  
And so in this to bear me down with braves.

'Tis not the difference of a year, or two,  
Makes me less gracious, thee more fortunate;  
I am as able, and as fit, as thou,

To serve, and to deserve my mistress' grace;  
And that my sword upon thee shall approve,  
And plead my passions for Lavinia's love.

*Aar.* Clubs, clubs! these lovers will not keep thee!

*Dem.* Why, boy, although our mother, unadvised,  
Gave you a dancing-rapier by your side,  
Are you so desperate grown, to threat your friends?  
Go to; have your lath glued within your sheath,  
Till you know better how to handle it.

*Chi.* Mean while, sir, with the little skill I have,  
Full well shalt thou perceive how much I dare.

*Dem.* Ay, boy, grow ye so brave? [*They exit*]

*Aar.* Why, how now, I

So near the emperor's palace dare you draw,  
And maintain such a quarrel openly?

Full well I wot the ground of all this grudge;  
I would not for a million of gold,

The cause were known to them it most concerns;

Nor would your noble mother, for much more,

Be so dishonour'd in the court of Rome.

For shame, put up.

*Dem.* Not I; till I have sheath'd  
My rapier in his bosom, and, withal,

Thrust these reproachful speeches down his throat,  
That he hath breath'd in my dishonour here.

*Cbi.* For that I am prepar'd and full resolv'd,—  
Foul-spoken coward! that thunder'ft with thy tongue,  
And with thy weapon nothing dar'ft perform.

*Aar.* Away, I say.—

Now by the gods, that warlike Goths adore,  
This petty brabble will undo us all.—  
Why, lords,—and think you not how dangerous

It is to jut upon a prince's right?

What, is Lavinia then become so loose,

Or Bassianus so degenerate,

That for her love such quarrels may be broach'd,

Without controlment, justice, or revenge?

Young lords, beware!—an should the empress know

This discord's ground, the musick would not please.

*Cbi.* I care not, I, knew she and all the world;  
I love Lavinia more than all the world.

*Dem.* Youngling, learn thou to make some meaner  
choice:

Lavinia is thine elder brother's hope.

*Aar.* Why, are ye mad? or know ye not, in Rome  
How furious and impatient they be,  
And cannot brook competitors in love?  
I tell you, lords, you do but plot your deaths  
By this device.

*Cbi.* Aaron, a thousand deaths  
Would I propose, to achieve her whom I love.

*Aar.* To achieve her!—How?

*Dem.* Why mak'ft thou it so strange?  
She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd;  
She is a woman, therefore may be won;  
She is Lavinia, therefore must be lov'd.  
What, man! more water glideth by the mill

Than wots the miller of; and easy it is  
Of a cut loaf to steal a shive, we know :  
Though Bassianus be the emperor's brother,  
Better than he have yet worn Vulcan's badge.

*Aar.* Ay, and as good as Saturninus may. }

*Dem.* Then why should he despair, that knows to  
it

With words, fair looks, and liberality ?  
What, hast thou not full often struck a doe,  
And borne her cleanly by the keeper's nose ?

*Aar.* Why then, it seems, some certain snatch or  
Would serve your turns.

*Chi.* Ay, so the turn were serv'd

*Dem.* Aaron, thou hast hit it.

*Aar.* 'Would you had hit it

Then should not we be tir'd with this ado.

Why, hark ye, hark ye,—And are you such fools,  
To square for this ? Would it offend you then  
That both should speed ?

*Chi.* I'faith, not me.

*Dem.* Nor me,

So I were one.

*Aar.* For shame, be friends ; and join for that ye  
'Tis policy and stratagem must do  
That you affect ; and so must you resolve ;  
That what you cannot, as you would, achieve,  
You must perforce accomplish as you may.  
Take this of me. Lucrece was not more chaste  
Than this Lavinia, Bassianus' love.  
A speedier course than lingering languishment  
Must we pursue, and I have found the path.  
My lords, a solemn hunting is in hand ;  
There will the lovely Roman ladies troop :  
The forest walks are wide and spacious ;

id many unfrequented plots there are,  
 ted by kind for rape and villainy :  
 iple you thither then this dainty doe,  
 id strike her home by force, if not by words :  
 his way, or not at all, stand you in hope.  
 me, come, our empress, with her sacred wit,  
 o villainy and vengeance consecrate,  
 ill we acquaint with all that we intend ;  
 nd she shall file our engines with advice,  
 hat will not suffer you to square yourselves,  
 it to your wishes' height advance you both.  
 he emperor's court is like the house of fame,  
 he palace full of tongues, of eyes, of ears :  
 he woods are ruthless, dreadful, deaf, and dull ;  
 here speak, and strike, brave boys, and take your turns ;  
 here serve your lust, shadow'd from heaven's eye,  
 nd revel in Lavinia's treasury.

*Chi.* Thy counsel, lad, smells of no cowardice.

*Dem.* *Sit fas aut nefas*, till I find the stream  
 o cool this heat, a charm to calm these fits,  
 r *Styga, per manes uebor*.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.

*A Forest near Rome. A Lodge seen at a distance. Horns,  
 and cry of hounds, heard.*

*Enter* TITUS ANDRONICUS, *with Hunters, &c.* MAR-  
 CUS, LUCIUS, QUINTUS, and MARTIUS.

*Tit.* The hunt is up, the morn is bright and grey,  
 he fields are fragrant, and the woods are green :  
 incouple here, and let us make a bay,  
 nd wake the emperor and his lovely bride,

And rouse the prince; and ring a hunter's peal,  
That all the court may echo with the noise.  
Sons, let it be your charge, as it is ours,  
To tend the emperor's person carefully:  
I have been troubled in my sleep this night,  
But dawning day new comfort hath inspir'd.

*Horns wind a peal. Enter SATURNINUS, TAMORA,  
BASSIANUS, LAVINIA, CHIRON, DEMETRIUS, and  
Attendants.*

*Tit.* Many good morrows to your majesty;—  
Madam, to you as many and as good!—  
I promised your grace a hunter's peal.

*Sat.* And you have rung it lustily, my lords,  
Somewhat too early for new-married ladies.

*Bas.* Lavinia, how say you?

*Lav.* I say, no;  
I have been broad awake two hours and more.

*Sat.* Come on then, horse and chariots let us have,  
And to our sport:—Madam, now shall ye see  
Our Roman hunting. [To TAMORA.

*Mar.* I have dogs, my lord,  
Will rouse the proudest panther in the chafe,  
And climb the highest promontory top.

*Tit.* And I have horse will follow where the game  
Makes way, and run like swallows o'er the plain.

*Dem.* Chiron, we hunt not, we, with horse nor hound,  
But hope to pluck a dainty doe to ground. [Exeunt.

SCENE







*Titus Andronicus.*

*Act 2. Scene 3.*

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## SCENE III.

*A desert part of the Forest.**Enter AARON, with a bag of gold.*

*Aar.* He, that had wit, would think that I had none,  
To bury so much gold under a tree,  
And never after to inherit it.  
Let him, that thinks of me so abjectly,  
Know, that this gold must coin a stratagem;  
Which, cunningly effected, will beget  
A very excellent piece of villainy:  
And so repose, sweet gold, for their unrest,  
[*Hides the gold.*  
That have their alms out of the emperors' chest.

*Enter TAMORA.*

*Tam.* My lovely Aaron, wherefore look'st thou sad,  
When every thing doth make a gleeful boast?  
The birds chaunt melody on every bush;  
The snake lies rolled in the cheerful sun;  
The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind,  
And make a checquer'd shadow on the ground:  
Under their sweet shade, Aaron, let us sit,  
And—whilst the babbling echo mocks the hounds,  
Replying shrilly to the well-tun'd horns,  
As if a double hunt were heard at once,—  
Let us sit down, and mark their yelling noise:  
And—after conflict, such as was suppos'd  
The wandering prince and Dido once enjoy'd,  
When with a happy storm they were surpriz'd,

And

And curtain'd with a counsel-keeping cave,—  
We may, each wreathed in the other's arms,  
Our pastimes done, possess a golden slumber;  
Whiles hounds, and horns, and sweet melodious birds,  
Be unto us, as is a nurse's song  
Of lullaby, to bring her babe asleep.

*Aar.* Madam, though Venus govern your desires,  
Saturn is dominator over mine;  
What signifies my deadly-standing eye,  
My silence, and my cloudy melancholy?  
My fleece of woolly hair that now uncurls,  
Even as an adder, when she doth unroll  
To do some fatal execution?  
No, madam, these are no venereal signs;  
Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand,  
Blood and revenge are hammering in my head.  
Hark, Tamora,—the empress of my soul,  
Which never hopes more heaven than rests in thee,—  
This is the day of doom for Bassianus;  
His Philomel must lose her tongue to-day:  
Thy sons make pillage of her chastity,  
And wash their hands in Bassianus' blood.  
Seest thou this letter? take it up, I pray thee,  
And give the king this fatal-plotted scroll:—  
Now question me no more, we are espied;  
Here comes a parcel of our hopeful booty,  
Which dreads not yet their lives' destruction.

*Tam.* Ah, my sweet Moor, sweeter to me than life!

*Aar.* No more, great empress, Bassianus comes:  
Be cross with him; and I'll go fetch thy sons  
To back thy quarrels, whatso'er they be.

[*Exit.*

*Enter*

*Enter BASSIANUS and LAVINIA.*

*Bas.* Who have we here ? Rome's royal emperers,  
Unfurnish'd of her well-beseeming troop ?  
Or is it Dian, habited like her ;  
Who hath abandoned her holy groves,  
To see the general hunting in this forest ?

*Tam.* Saucy controller of our private steps !  
Had I the power, that some say, Dian had,  
Thy temples should be planted presently  
With horns, as was Actæon's ; and the hounds  
Should drive upon thy new-transformed limbs,  
Unmannerly intruder as thou art !

*Lav.* Under your patience, gentle emperers,  
'Tis thought you have a goodly gift in horning ;  
And to be doubted, that your Moor and you  
Are singled forth to try experiments :  
Jove shield your husband from his hounds to-day !  
'Tis pity, they should take him for a stag.

*Bas.* Believe me, queen, your swarth Cimmerian  
Doth make your honour of his body's hue,  
Spotted, detested, and abominable.  
Why are you sequester'd from all your train ?  
Dismounted from your snow-white goodly steed,  
And wander'd hither to an obscure plot,  
Accompanied with a barbarous Moor,  
If foul desire had not conducted you ?

*Lav.* And, being intercepted in your sport,  
Great reason that my noble lord be rated  
For sauciness.—I pray you, let us hence,  
And let her 'joy her raven-colour'd love ;  
This valley fits the purpose passing well.

*Bas.* The king, my brother, shall have note of this.

*Lav.*

*Lav.* Ay, for these slips have made him noted long :  
Good king ! to be so mightily abus'd !

*Tam.* Why have I patience to endure all this ?

*Enter CHIRON and DEMETRIUS.*

*Dem.* How now, dear sovereign, and our gracious mother,

Why doth your highness look so pale and wan ?

*Tam.* Have I not reason, think you, to look pale ?

These two have tic'd me hither to this place,

A barren detested vale, you see, it is :

The trees, though summer, yet forlorn and lean,  
O'ercome with moss, and baleful mistletoe.

Here never shines the sun ; here nothing breeds,  
Unless the nightly owl, or fatal raven.

And, when they show'd me this abhorred pit,  
They told me, here, at dead time of the night,

A thousand fiends, a thousand hissing snakes,

Ten thousand swelling toads, as many urchins,

Would make such fearful and confused cries,

As any mortal body, hearing it,

Should straight fall mad, or else die suddenly.

No sooner had they told this hellish tale,

But straight they told me, they would bind me here  
Unto the body of a dismal yew ;

And leave me to this miserable death.

And then they call'd me, foul adulteress,

Lascivious Goth, and all the bitterest terms

That ever ear did hear to such effect.

And, had you not by wondrous fortune come,

This vengeance on me had they executed :

Revenge it, as you love your mother's life,

Or be ye not henceforth call'd my children.

*Dem.*

*Dem.* This is a witness that I am thy son.

[*Stabs* *BASSIANUS*.]

*Chi.* And this for me, struck home to show my strength.

[*Stabbing him likewise*.]

*Lav.* Ay come, Semiramis,—nay, barbarous Tamora!  
For no name fits thy nature but thy own!

*Tam.* Give me thy poniard; you shall know, my boys,  
Your mother's hand shall right your mother's wrong.

*Dem.* Stay, madam, here is more belongs to her;  
First, thrash the corn, then after burn the straw:  
This minion stood upon her chastity,  
Upon her nuptial vow, her loyalty,  
And with that painted hope braves your mightiness;  
And shall she carry this unto her grave?

*Chi.* An if she do, I would I were an eunuch.  
Drag hence her husband to some secret hole,  
And make his dead trunk pillow to our lust.

*Tam.* But when you have the honey you desire,  
Let not this wasp outlive, us both to sting.

*Chi.* I warrant you, madam; we will make that sure,—  
Come, mistress, now perforce we will enjoy  
That nice-preserved honesty of yours.

*Lav.* O Tamora! thou bear'st a woman's face,—

*Tam.* I will not hear her speak; away with her.

*Lav.* Sweet lords, entreat her hear me but a word.

*Dem.* Listen, fair madam: Let it be your glory,  
To see her tears; but be your heart to them,  
As unrelenting flint to drops of rain.

*Lav.* When did the tiger's young ones teach the dam?  
O, do not learn her wrath; she taught it thee:  
The milk, thou suck'dst from her, did turn to marble;  
Even at thy teat thou hadst thy tyranny.—  
Yet every mother breeds not sons alike;  
Do thou entreat her show a woman pity.

[*To* *CHIRON*.]

*Chi.* What ! would'st thou have me prove myself a tard ?

*Lav.* 'Tis true ; the raven doth not hatch a lark :  
Yet I have heard, (O could I find it now !)  
The lion, mov'd with pity, did endure  
To have his princely paws par'd all away.  
Some say, that ravens foster forlorn children,  
The whilst their own birds famish in their nests :  
O, be to me, though thy hard heart say no,  
Nothing so kind, but something pitiful !

*Tam.* I know not what it means ; away with her.

*Lav.* O, let me teach thee : for my father's sake,  
That gave thee life, when well he might have slain thee  
Be not obdurate, open thy deaf ears.

*Tam.* Hadst thou in person ne'er offended me,  
Even for his sake am I pitiless :—  
Remember, boys, I pour'd forth tears in vain,  
To save your brother from the sacrifice ;  
But fierce Andronicus would not relent ;  
Therefore away with her, and use her as you will ;  
The worse to her, the better lov'd of me.

*Lav.* O Tamora, be call'd a gentle queen,  
And with thine own hands kill me in this place :  
For 'tis not life, that I have begg'd so long ;  
Poor I was slain, when Bassianus died.

*Tam.* What begg'st thou then ? fond woman, let  
go.

*Lav.* 'Tis present death I beg ; and one thing more  
That womanhood denies my tongue to tell :  
O, keep me from their worse than killing lust,  
And tumble me into some loathsome pit ;  
Where never man's eye may behold my body :  
Do this, and be a charitable murderer.

*Tam.* So should I rob my sweet sons of their fee :  
No, let them satisfy their lust on thee.

*Dem.* Away ; for thou hast staid us here too long.

*Lav.* No grace ? no womanhood ? Ah beastly creature !  
The blot and enemy to our general name !  
Confusion fall——

*Chi.* Nay, then I'll stop your mouth :—Bring thou her  
husband ; [ *Dragging off LAVINIA.*  
This is the hole where Aaron bid us hide him. [ *Exeunt.*

*Tam.* Farewell, my sons : see, that you make her sure :  
Ne'er let my heart know merry cheer indeed,  
Till all the Andronici be made away.  
Now will I hence to seek my lovely Moor,  
And let my spleenful sons this trull devour. [ *Exit.*

## SCENE IV.

*The same.*

*Enter AARON, with QUINTUS and MARTIUS.*

*Aar.* Come on, my lords ; the better foot before :  
Straight will I bring you to the loathsome pit,  
Where I espy'd the panther fast asleep.

*Quin.* My sight is very dull, whate'er it bodes.

*Mart.* And mine, I promise you ; wer't not for shame,  
Well could I leave our sport to sleep awhile.

[ *MARTIUS falls into the pit.*

*Quin.* What, art thou fallen ? What subtle hole is this,  
Whose mouth is cover'd with rude-growing briars ;  
Upon whose leaves are drops of new-shed blood,  
As fresh as morning's dew distill'd on flowers ?  
A very fatal place it seems to me :—  
Speak, brother, hast thou hurt thee with the fall ?



*Mart.* O, brother, with the dismallest object  
That ever eye, with sight, made heart lament.

*Aar.* [*Aside.*] Now will I fetch the king to find them  
here;  
That he thereby may give a likely guess,  
How these were they, that made away his brother.

[*Exit AARON.*]

*Mart.* Why dost not comfort me, and help me out  
From this unhallow'd and blood-stained hole?

*Quin.* I am surprized with an uncouth fear:  
A chilling sweat o'er-runs my trembling joints;  
My heart suspects more than mine eye can see.

*Mart.* To prove thou hast a true-divining heart,  
Aaron and thou look down into this den,  
And see a fearful sight of blood and death.

*Quin.* Aaron is gone; and my compassionate heart  
Will not permit mine eyes once to behold  
The thing, whereat it trembles by surmise:  
O, tell me how it is; for ne'er till now  
Was I a child, to fear I know not what.

*Mart.* Lord Bassianus lies embrewed here,  
All on a heap, like to a slaughter'd lamb,  
In this detested, dark, blood-drinking pit.

*Quin.* If it be dark, how dost thou know 'tis he?

*Mart.* Upon his bloody finger he doth wear  
A precious ring, that lightens all the hole,  
Which, like a taper in some monument,  
Doth shine upon the dead man's earthy cheeks,  
And shows the ragged entrails of this pit:  
So pale did shine the moon on Pyramus;  
When he by night lay bath'd in maiden blood.  
O brother, help me with thy fainting hand,—  
If fear hath made thee faint, as me it hath,—

Out of this fell devouring receptacle,  
As hateful as Cocytus' misty mouth.

*Quin.* Reach me thy hand, that I may help thee out;  
Or, wanting strength to do thee so much good,  
I may be pluck'd into the swallowing womb  
Of this deep pit, poor Bassianus' grave.  
I have no strength to pluck thee to the brink.

*Mart.* Nor I no strength to climb without thy help.

*Quin.* Thy hand once more; I will not loose again,  
Till thou art here aloft, or I below:  
Thou canst not come to me, I come to thee. [*Falls in.*]

*Enter SATURNINUS and AARON.*

*Sat.* Along with me:—I'll see what hole is here,  
And what he is, that now is leap'd into it.—  
Say, who art thou, that lately dost descend  
Into this gaping hollow of the earth?

*Mart.* The unhappy son of old Andronicus;  
Brought hither in a most unlucky hour,  
To find thy brother Bassianus dead.

*Sat.* My brother dead? I know, thou dost but jest:  
He and his lady both are at the lodge,  
Upon the north side of this pleasant chase;  
'Tis not an hour since I left him there.

*Mart.* We know not where you left him all alive,  
But, out alas! here have we found him dead.

*Enter TAMORA, with Attendants; TITUS ANDRONICUS,  
and LUCIUS.*

*Tam.* Where is my lord, the king?

*Sat.* Here, Tamora; though griev'd with killing grief.

*Tam.* Where is thy brother Bassianus?

D

*Sat.*

*Sat.* Now to the bottom dost thou search my woe  
 Poor Bassianus here lies murdered.

*Tam.* Then all too late I bring this fatal writ,  
 [Giving

The complot of this timeless tragedy ;  
 And wonder greatly, that man's face can fold  
 In pleasing smiles such murderous tyranny.

*Sat.* [Reads.] *An if we miss to meet him handsome  
 Sweet huntsman, Bassianus 'tis, we mean,—  
 Do thou so much as dig the grave for him ;  
 Thou know'st our meaning : Look for thy reward  
 Among the nettles at the elder tree,  
 Which overshades the mouth of that same pit,  
 Where we decreed to bury Bassianus.  
 Do this, and purchase us thy lasting friends.*  
 O, Tamora ! was ever heard the like ?  
 This is the pit, and this the elder-tree :  
 Look, sirs, if you can find the huntsman out,  
 That should have murder'd Bassianus here.

*Aar.* My gracious lord, here is the bag of gold  
 [Sh]

*Sat.* Two of thy whelps, [To TIT.] fell curs o  
 kind,

Have here bereft my brother of his life :—  
 Sirs, drag them from the pit unto the prison ;  
 There let them bide, until we have devis'd  
 Some never-heard-of torturing pain for them.

*Tam.* What, are they in this pit ? O wondrous  
 How easily murder is discovered !

*Tit.* High emperor, upon my feeble knees  
 I beg this boon, with tears nor lightly shed,  
 That this fell fault of my accursed sons,  
 Accursed, if the fault be prov'd in them,—

*Sat.* If it be prov'd! you see, it is apparent.—  
Who found this letter? Tamora, was it you?

*Tam.* Andronicus himself did take it up.

*Tit.* I did, my lord: yet let me be their bail:  
For by my father's reverend tomb, I vow,  
They shall be ready at your highness' will,  
To answer their suspicion with their lives.

*Sat.* Thou shalt not bail them; see, thou follow me.  
Some bring the murder'd body, some the murderers:  
Let them not speak a word, the guilt is plain;  
For, by my soul, were there worse end than death,  
That end upon them should be executed.

*Tam.* Andronicus, I will entreat the king;  
Fear not thy sons, they shall do well enough.

*Tit.* Come, Lucius, come; stay not to talk with them.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

# SCENE V.

*The same.*

*Enter DEMETRIUS and CHIRON, with LAVINIA, ravish'd;  
her hands cut off, and her tongue cut out.*

*Dem.* So, now go tell, an if thy tongue can speak,  
Who 'twas that cut thy tongue, and ravish'd thee.

*Chi.* Write down thy mind, bewray thy meaning so;  
And, if thy stumps will let thee, play the scribe.

*Dem.* See, how with signs and tokens she can scowl.

*Chi.* Go home, call for sweet water, wash thy hands.

*Dem.* She hath no tongue to call, nor hands to wash;  
And so let's leave her to her silent walks.

*Chi.* An 'twere my case, I should go hang myself.

D 2

*Dem.*

*Dem.* If thou hadst hands to help thee knit the cord.

[*Exeunt DEMETRIUS and CHIRON.*]

*Enter MARCUS.*

*Mar.* Who's this,—my niece, that flies away so fast?  
Cousin, a word; Where is your husband?—  
If I do dream, 'would all my wealth would wake me!  
If I do wake, some planet strike me down,  
That I may slumber in eternal sleep!—  
Speak, gentle niece, what stern ungentle hands  
Have lopp'd, and hew'd, and made thy body bare  
Of her two branches? those sweet ornaments,  
Whose circling shadows kings have sought to sleep in;  
And might not gain so great a happiness,  
As half thy love? Why dost not speak to me?—  
Alas, a crimson river of warm blood,  
Like to a bubbling fountain stirr'd with wind,  
Doth rise and fall between thy rosed lips,  
Coming and going with thy honey breath.  
But, sure, some Tereus hath deflower'd thee;  
And, lest thou should'st detect him, cut thy tongue.  
Ah, now thou turn'st away thy face for shame!  
And, notwithstanding all this loss of blood,—  
As from a conduit with three issuing spouts,—  
Yet do thy cheeks look red as Titan's face,  
Blushing to be encounter'd with a cloud.  
Shall I speak for thee? shall I say, 'tis so?  
O, that I knew thy heart; and knew the beast,  
That I might rail at him to ease my mind!  
Sorrow concealed, like an oven stopp'd,  
Doth burn the heart to cinders where it is.  
Fair Philomela, she but lost her tongue,  
And in a tedious sampler sew'd her mind:

But,

But, lovely niece, that mean is cut from thee;  
 A craftier Tereus hast thou met withal,  
 And he hath cut those pretty fingers off,  
 That could have better sew'd than Philomel.  
 O, had the monster seen those lily hands  
 Tremble, like aspen leaves, upon a lute,  
 And make the silken strings delight to kiss them;  
 He would not then have touch'd them for his life:  
 Or, had he heard the heavenly harmony,  
 Which that sweet tongue hath made,  
 He would have dropp'd his knife, and fell asleep,  
 As Cerberus at the Thracian poet's feet.  
 Come, let us go, and make thy father blind;  
 For such a sight will blind a father's eye:  
 One hour's storm will drown the fragrant meads;  
 What will whole months of tears thy father's eyes?  
 Do not draw back, for we will mourn with thee;  
 O, could our mourning ease thy misery! [Exeunt,

ACT III. SCENE I.

Rome. *A Street.*

*Enter Senators, Tribunes, and Officers of Justice, with MARTIUS and QUINTUS, bound, passing on to the place of execution; TITUS going before, pleading.*

*Tit.* Hear me, grave fathers! noble tribunes, stay!  
For pity of mine age, whose youth was spent  
In dangerous wars, whilst you securely slept;  
For all my blood in Rome's great quarrel shed;  
For all the frosty nights that I have watch'd;  
And for these bitter tears, which now you see  
Filling the aged wrinkles in my cheeks;  
Be pitiful to my condemned sons,  
Whose souls are not corrupted as 'tis thought!  
For two and twenty sons I never wept,  
Because they died in honour's lofty bed.  
For these, these, tribunes, in the dust I write

*[Throwing himself on the ground.*

My heart's deep languor, and my soul's sad tears.  
Let my tears stanch the earth's dry appetite;  
My sons' sweet blood will make it shame and blush.

*[Exeunt Senators, Tribunes, &c. with the prisoners.]*

O earth! I will befriend thee more with rain,  
That shall distil from these two ancient urns,  
Than youthful April shall with all his showers:  
In summer's drought, I'll drop upon thee still;  
In winter, with warm tears I'll melt the snow,

And

And keep eternal spring-time on thy face,  
So thou refuse to drink my dear sons' blood.

*Enter LUCIUS, with his sword drawn.*

O, reverend tribunes! gentle aged men!  
Unbind my sons, reverse the doom of death;  
And let me say, that never wept before,  
My tears are now prevailing orators.

*Luc.* O, noble father, you lament in vain;  
The tribunes hear you not, no man is by,  
And you recount your sorrows to a stone.

*Tit.* Ah, Lucius, for thy brothers let me plead:  
Grave tribunes, once more I entreat of you.

*Luc.* My gracious lord, no tribune hears you speak.

*Tit.* Why, 'tis no matter, man: if they did hear,  
They would not mark me; or, if they did mark,  
All bootless to them, they'd not pity me.  
Therefore I tell my sorrows to the stones;  
Who, though they cannot answer my distress,  
Yet in some sort they're better than the tribunes,  
For that they will not intercept my tale:  
When I do weep, they humbly at my feet  
Receive my tears, and seem to weep with me;  
And, were they but attired in grave weeds,  
Rome could afford no tribune like to these.  
A stone is soft as wax, tribunes more hard than stones:  
A stone is silent, and offendeth not;  
And tribunes with their tongues doom men to death.  
But wherefore stand'st thou with thy weapon drawn?

*Luc.* To rescue my two brothers from their death:  
For which attempt, the judges have pronounc'd  
My everlasting doom of banishment.

*Tit.* O happy man! they have befriended thee.



Why, foolish Lucius, dost thou not perceive,  
That Rome is but a wilderness of tigers ?  
Tigers must prey ; and Rome affords no prey,  
But me and mine : How happy art thou then,  
From these devourers to be banished ?  
But who comes with our brother Marcus here ?

*Enter MARCUS and LAVINIA.*

*Mar.* Titus, prepare thy noble eyes to weep ;  
Or, if not so, thy noble heart to break ;  
I bring consuming sorrow to thine age.

*Tit.* Will it consume me ? let me see it then.

*Mar.* This was thy daughter.

*Tit.* Why, Marcus, so she is.

*Luc.* Ah me ! this object kills me !

*Tit.* Faint-hearted boy, arise, and look upon her :—  
Speak, my Lavinia, what accursed hand  
Hath made thee helpless in thy father's fight ?  
What fool hath added water to the sea ?  
Or brought a faggot to bright-burning Troy ?  
My grief was at the height, before thou cam'st,  
And now, like Nilus, it disdaineth bounds.—  
Give me a sword, I'll chop off my hands too ;  
For they have fought for Rome, and all in vain ;  
And they have nurs'd this woe, in feeding life ;  
In bootless prayer have they been held up,  
And they have serv'd me to effectless use :  
Now, all the service I require of them  
Is, that the one will help to cut the other.—  
'Tis well, Lavinia, that thou hast no hands ;  
For hands, to do Rome service, are but vain.

*Luc.* Speak, gentle sister, who hath martyr'd thee ?

*Mar.* O, that delightful engine of her thoughts,

That blab'd them with such pleasing eloquence,  
Is torn from forth that pretty hollow cage ;  
Where, like a sweet melodious bird, it sung  
Sweet varied notes, enchanting every ear !

*Luc.* O, say thou for her, who hath done this deed ?

*Mar.* O, thus I found her, straying in the park,  
Seeking to hide herself ; as doth the deer,  
That hath receiv'd some unrecuring wound.

*Tit.* It was my deer ; and he, that wounded her,  
Hath hurt me more, than had he kill'd me dead ;  
For now I stand as one upon a rock,  
Environ'd with a wilderネス of sea ;  
Who marks the waxing tide grow wave by wave,  
Expecting ever when some envious surge  
Will in his brinish bowels swallow him.  
This way to death my wretched sons are gone ;  
Here stands my other son, a banish'd man ;  
And here my brother, weeping at my woes ;  
But that, which gives my soul the greatest spurn,  
Is dear Lavinia, dearer than my soul.—  
Had I but seen thy picture in this plight,  
It would have maddened me ; What shall I do  
Now I behold thy lively body so ?  
Thou hast no hands, to wipe away thy tears ;  
Nor tongue, to tell me who hath martyr'd thee :  
Thy husband he is dead ; and, for his death,  
Thy brothers are condemn'd, and dead by this :—  
Look, Marcus ! ah, son Lucius, look on her !  
When I did name her brothers, then fresh tears  
Stood on her cheeks ; as doth the honey dew  
Upon a gather'd lily almost wither'd.

*Mar.* Perchance, she weeps because they kill'd her husband :

Perchance, because she knows them innocent.

*Tit.*

*Tit.* If they did kill thy husband, then be joyful,  
Because the law hath ta'en revenge on them.—  
No, no, they would not do so foul a deed ;  
Witness the sorrow that their sister makes.—  
Gentle Lavinia, let me kiss thy lips ;  
Or make some sign how I may do thee ease :  
Shall thy good uncle, and thy brother Lucius,  
And thou, and I, sit round about some fountain ;  
Looking all downwards, to behold our cheeks  
How they are stain'd ; like meadows, yet not dry  
With miry slime left on them by a flood ?  
And in the fountain shall we gaze so long,  
Till the fresh taste be taken from that clearness,  
And made a brine-pit with our bitter tears ?  
Or shall we cut away our hands, like thine ?  
Or shall we bite our tongues, and in dumb shows  
Pass the remainder of our hateful days ?  
What shall we do ? let us, that have our tongues,  
Plot some device of further misery,  
To make us wonder'd at in time to come.

*Luc.* Sweet father, cease your tears ; for, at your grief,  
See, how my wretched sister sobs and weeps.

*Mar.* Patience, dear niece :—good Titus, dry thine eyes.

*Tit.* Ah, Marcus, Marcus ! brother, well I wot,  
Thy napkin cannot drink a tear of mine,  
For thou, poor man, hast drown'd it with thine own.

*Luc.* Ah, my Lavinia, I will wipe thy cheeks.

*Tit.* Mark, Marcus, mark ! I understand her signs :  
Had she a tongue to speak, now would she say  
That to her brother which I said to thee ;  
His napkin, with his true tears all bewet,  
Can do no service on her sorrowful cheeks.  
O, what a sympathy of woe is this !  
As far from help as limbo is from bliss.

*Enter AARON.*

*Aar.* Titus Andronicus, my lord the emperor  
Sends thee this word,—That, if thou love thy sons,  
Let Marcus, Lucius, or thyself, old Titus,  
Or any one of you, chop off your hand,  
And send it to the king: he for the same,  
Will send thee hither both thy sons alive;  
And that shall be the ransom for their fault.

*Tit.* O, gracious emperor! O, gentle Aaron!  
Did ever raven sing so like a lark,  
That gives sweet tidings of the sun's uprise?  
With all my heart, I'll send the emperor  
My hand;

Good Aaron, wilt thou help to chop it off?

*Luc.* Stay, father; for that noble hand of thine,  
That hath thrown down so many enemies,  
Shall not be sent; my hand will serve the turn;  
My youth can better spare my blood than you;  
And therefore mine shall save my brothers' lives.

*Mar.* Which of your hands hath not defended Rome,  
And rear'd aloft the bloody battle-ax,  
Writing destruction on the enemy's castle?  
O, none of both but are of high desert:  
My hand hath been but idle; let it serve  
To ransom my two nephews from their death;  
Then have I kept it to a worthy end.

*Aar.* Nay, come agree, whose hand shall go along,  
For fear they die before their pardon come.

*Mar.* My hand shall go.

*Luc.* By heaven, it shall not go.

*Tit.* Sirs, strive no more; such wither'd herbs as these  
Are meet for plucking up, and therefore mine.

*Luc.*

*Luc.* Sweet father, if I shall be thought thy son,  
Let me redeem my brothers both from death.

*Mar.* And, for our father's sake, and mother's care,  
Now let me show a brother's love to thee.

*Tit.* Agree between you ; I will spare my hand.

*Luc.* Then I'll go fetch an axe.

*Mar.*

But I will use the axe.

[*Exeunt LUCIUS and MARCUS.*]

*Tit.* Come hither, Aaron ; I'll deceive them both ;  
Lend me thy hand, and I will give thee mine.

*Aar.* If that be call'd deceit, I will be honest,  
And never, whilst I live, deceive men so :—

But I'll deceive you in another sort,

And that you'll say, ere half an hour can pass. [*Aside.*]

[*He cuts off TITUS's hand.*]

*Enter LUCIUS and MARCUS.*

*Tit.* Now, stay your strife ; what shall be, is despatch'd.—

Good Aaron, give his majesty my hand :

Tell him, it was a hand that warded him  
From thousand dangers ; bid him bury it ;  
More hath it merited, that let it have.

As for my sons, say, I account of them  
As jewels purchas'd at an easy price ;  
And yet dear too, because I bought mine own.

*Aar.* I go, Andronicus : and for thy hand,  
Look by and by to have thy sons with thee :—  
Their heads, I mean.—O, how this villainy [*Aside.*]  
Doth fat me with the very thoughts of it !  
Let fools do good, and fair men call for grace,  
Aaron will have his soul black like his face.

*Tit.* O, here I lift this one hand up to heaven,  
And bow this feeble ruin to the earth ;

If

If any power pities wretched tears,  
To that I call :—What, wilt thou kneel with me ?

[*To LAVINIA.*]

Do then, dear heart ; for heaven shall hear our prayers ;  
Or with our sighs we'll breathe the welkin dim,  
And stain the sun with fog, as sometime clouds,  
When they do hug him in their melting bosoms.

*Mar.* O ! brother speak with possibilities,  
And do not break into these deep extremes.

*Tit.* Is not my sorrow deep, having no bottom ?  
Then be my passions bottomless with them.

*Mar.* But yet let reason govern thy lament.

*Tit.* If there were reason for these miseries,  
Then into limits could I bind my woes :  
When heaven doth weep, doth not the earth o'erflow ?  
If the winds rage, doth not the sea wax mad,  
Threat'ning the welkin with his big-swoln face ?  
And wilt thou have a reason for this coil ?  
I am the sea ; hark, how her sighs do blow !  
She is the weeping welkin, I the earth :  
Then must my sea be moved with her sighs ;  
Then must my earth with her continual tears  
Become a deluge, overflow'd and drown'd :  
For why ? my bowels cannot hide her woes,  
But like a drunkard must I vomit them.  
Then give me leave ; for losers will have leave  
To ease their stomachs with their bitter tongues.

*Enter a Messenger, with two heads and a hand.*

*Mess.* Worthy Andronicus, ill art thou repay'd  
For that good hand thou sent'st the emperor.  
Here are the heads of thy two noble sons ;  
And here's thy hand, in scorn to thee sent back ;

Thy

Thy griefs their sports, thy resolution mock'd;  
That woe is me to think upon thy woes,  
More than remembrance of my father's death. [Exit.

*Mar.* Now let hot *Ætna* cool in *Sicily*,  
And be my heart an ever-burning hell!  
These miseries are more than may be borne!  
To weep with them that weep doth ease some deal,  
But sorrow flouted at is double death.

*Luc.* Ah, that this sight should make so deep a wound,  
And yet detested life not shrink threereat!  
That ever death should let life bear his name,  
Where life hath no more interest but to breathe!

[*LAVINIA kisses him.*

*Mar.* Alas, poor heart, that kifs is comfortless,  
As frozen water to a starved snake.

*Tit.* When will this fearful slumber have an end? .

*Mar.* Now, farewell, flattery: Die, *Andronicus*;  
Thou dost not slumber: see, thy two sons' heads;  
Thy warlike hand; thy mangled daughter here;  
Thy other banish'd son, with this dear sight  
Struck pale and bloodless; and thy brother, I,  
Even like a stony image, cold and numb.  
Ah! now no more will I control thy griefs:  
Rent off thy silver hair, thy other hand  
Gnawing with thy teeth; and be this dismal sight  
The closing up of our most wretched eyes!  
Now is a time to storm; why art thou still?

*Tit.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Mar.* Why dost thou laugh! it fits not with this hour.

*Tit.* Why, I have not another tear to shed;  
Besides, this sorrow is an enemy,  
And would usurp upon my watry eyes,  
And make them blind with tributary tears;  
Then which way shall I find revenge's cave?

For

ese two heads do seem to speak to me ;  
hreat me, I shall never come to bliss,  
l these mischiefs be return'd again,  
n their throats that have committed them.

let me see what task I have to do.—  
eavy people, circle me about ;  
I may turn me to each one of you,  
wear unto my soul to right your wrongs.  
ow is made.—Come, brother, take a head ;  
n this hand the other will I bear :  
a, thou shalt be employed in these things ;  
ou my hand, sweet wench, between thy teeth.  
thee, boy, go, get thee from my sight ;  
art an exile, and thou must not stay :  
the Goths, and raise an army there :  
if you love me, as I think you do,  
cifs and part, for we have much to do.

[*Exeunt* TITUS, MARCUS, and LAVINIA.]

Farewell, Andronicus, my noble father ;  
oeuful'st man that ever liv'd in Rome !  
ell, proud Rome ! till Lucius come again,  
ves his pledges dearer than his life.  
ell, Lavinia, my noble sister ;  
ould thou wert as thou 'tore hast been !  
ow nor Lucius, nor Lavinia lives,  
oblivion, and hateful griefs.  
cius live, he will requite your wrongs ;  
ake proud Saturninus and his empress  
the gates, like Tarquin and his queen.  
will I to the Goths, and raise a power,  
reveng'd on Rome and Saturnine.

[*Exit*.]

SCENE



## SCENE II.

*A Room in Titus's House. A banquet set out.*

*Enter* TITUS, MARCUS, LAVINIA, *and young* LUCIUS  
*a boy.*

*Tit.* So, so; now sit: and look, you eat no more  
Than will preserve just so much strength in us  
As will revenge these bitter woes of ours.  
Marcus, unknit that sorrow-wreathen knot;  
Thy niece and I, poor creatures, want our hands,  
And cannot passionate our tenfold grief  
With folded arms. This poor right hand of mine  
Is left to tyrannize upon my breast;  
And when my heart, all mad with misery,  
Beats in this hollow prison of my flesh,  
Then thus I thump it down.—  
Thou map of woe, that thus dost talk in signs!

[*To LAVINIA.*]

When thy poor heart beats with outrageous beating,  
Thou canst not strike it thus to make it still.  
Wound it with sighing, girl, kill it with groans;  
Or get some little knife between thy teeth,  
And just against thy heart make thou a hole;  
That all the tears that thy poor eyes let fall,  
May run into that sink, and soaking in,  
Drown the lamenting fool in sea-salt tears.

*Mar.* Fye, brother, fye! teach her not thus to lay  
Such violent hands upon her tender life.

*Tit.* How now! has sorrow made thee dote already?  
Why, Marcus, no man should be mad but I.  
What violent hands can she lay on her life?

A

Ah, wherefore dost thou urge the name of hands;—  
 To bid Æneas tell the tale twice o'er,  
 How Troy was burnt, and he made miserable?  
 O, handle not the theme, to talk of hands;  
 Lest we remember still, that we have none.—  
 Fye, fye, how frantickly I square my talk!  
 As if we should forget we had no hands,  
 If Marcus did not name the word of hands!—  
 Come, let's fall to; and, gentle girl, eat this:—  
 Here is no drink! Hark, Marcus, what she says;—  
 I can interpret all her martyr'd signs;—  
 She says, she drinks no other drink but tears,  
 Brew'd with her sorrows, mesh'd upon her cheeks:—  
 Speechless complainer, I will learn thy thought;  
 In thy dumb action will I be as perfect,  
 As begging hermits in their holy prayers:  
 Thou shalt not sigh, nor hold thy stumps to heaven,  
 Nor wink, nor nod, nor kneel, nor make a sign,  
 But I, of these, will wrest an alphabet,  
 And, by still practice, learn to know thy meaning.

*Boy.* Good grandfire, leave these bitter deep laments:  
 Make my aunt merry with some pleasing tale.

*Mar.* Alas, the tender boy, in passion mov'd,  
 Doth weep to see his grandfire's heaviness.

*Tit.* Peace, tender sapling; thou art made of tears,  
 And tears will quickly melt thy life away.—

[*MARCUS strikes the dish with a knife.*]

What dost thou strike at, Marcus, with thy knife?

*Mar.* At that that I have kill'd, my lord; a fly.

*Tit.* Out on thee, murderer! thou kill'st my heart;  
 Mine eyes are cloy'd with view of tyranny:  
 A deed of death, done on the innocent,  
 Becomes not Titus' brother; Get thee gone;  
 I see, thou art not for my company.

E

*Mar.*

*Mar.* Alas, my lord, I have but kill'd a fly.

*Tit.* But how, if that fly had a father and mother?  
How would he hang his slender gilded wings,  
And buz lamenting doings in the air?  
Poor harmless fly!

That with his pretty buzzing melody,  
Came here to make us merry; and thou hast kill'd him.

*Mar.* Pardon me, sir; 'twas a black ill-favour'd fly,  
Like to the empress' Moor; therefore I kill'd him.

*Tit.* O, O, O,  
Then pardon me for reprehending thee,  
For thou hast done a charitable deed.  
Give me thy knife, I will insult on him;  
Flattering myself, as if it were the Moor,  
Come hither purposely to poison me.—  
There's for thyself, and that's for Tamora.—  
Ah, sirrah!—

Yet I do think we are not brought so low,  
But that, between us, we can kill a fly,  
That comes in likeness of a coal-black Moor.

*Mar.* Alas, poor man! grief has so wrought on him,  
He takes false shadows for true substances.

*Tit.* Come, take away.—Lavinia, go with me:  
I'll to thy closet; and go read with thee  
Sad stories, chanced in the times of old.—  
Come, boy, and go with me; thy sight is young,  
And thou shalt read, when mine begins to dazzle.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT

# ACT IV. SCENE I.

*The same. Before Titus's House.*

*Enter TITUS and MARCUS. Then enter young LUCIUS,  
LAVINIA running after him.*

*Boy.* Help, grandfire, help! my aunt Lavinia  
Follows me every where, I know not why;—  
Good uncle Marcus, see how swift she comes!  
Alas, sweet aunt, I know not what you mean.

*Mar.* Stand by me, Lucius; do not fear thine aunt.

*Tit.* She loves thee, boy, too well to do thee harm.

*Boy.* Ay, when my father was in Rome, she did.

*Mar.* What means my niece Lavinia by these signs?

*Tit.* Fear her not, Lucius:—Somewhat doth she mean;  
See, Lucius, see, how much she makes of thee:  
Somewhither would she have thee go with her.  
Ah, boy, Cornelia never with more care  
Read to her sons, than she hath read to thee,  
Sweet poetry, and Tully's Orator.  
Canst thou not guess wherefore she plies thee thus?

*Boy.* My lord, I know not, I, nor can I guess,  
Unless some fit or frenzy do possess her:  
For I have heard my grandfire say full oft,  
Extremity of griefs would make men mad;  
And I have read, that Hecuba of Troy  
Went mad through sorrow: That made me to fear;  
Although, my lord, I know, my noble aunt  
Loves me as dear as e'er my mother did,  
And would not, but in fury, fright my youth:  
Which made me down to throw my books; and fly;

E 2

Causeless,

*bus ut jam.*

**Tit.** How now, Lavinia ?—Marcus, what me  
Some book there is that she desires to see :—  
Which is it, girl, of these ?—Open them, boy.  
But thou art deeper read, and better skill'd ;  
Come, and take choice of all my library,  
And so beguile thy sorrow, till the heavens  
Reveal the damn'd contriver of this deed.—  
Why lifts she up her arms in sequence thus ?

**Mar.** I think, she means, that there was  
one  
Confederate in the fact ;—Ay, more there was  
Or else to heaven she heaves them for revenge.

**Tit.** Lucius, what book is that she tosseth so

**Boy.** Grandfire, 'tis Ovid's *Metamorphosis* ;  
My mother gave't me.

**Mar.** For love of her that's g  
Perhaps she cull'd it from among the rest.

**Tit.** Soft ! see, how busily she turns the leav  
Help her —

What would she find ?—Lavinia, shall I read ?

See, see!—

Ay, such a place there is, where we did hunt,  
(O, had we never, never, hunted there!)  
Pattern'd by that the poet here describes,  
By nature made for murders, and for rapes.

Mar. O, why should nature build so foul a den,  
Unless the gods delight in tragedies!

Tit. Give signs, sweet girl,—for here are none but  
friends,—

What Roman lord it was durst do the deed;  
Or slunk not Saturnine, as Tarquin erst,  
That left the camp to sin in Lucrece' bed?

Mar. Sit down, sweet niece;—brother, sit down by  
me.—

Apollo, Pallas, Jove, or Mercury,  
Inspire me, that I may this treason find!—  
My lord, look here;—look here, Lavinia:  
This sandy plot is plain; guide, if thou canst,  
This after me, when I have writ my name  
Without the help of any hand at all.

*[He writes his name with his staff, and guides it with his  
feet and mouth.]*

Curs'd be that heart, that forc'd us to this shift!—  
Write thou, good niece; and here display, at last,  
What God will have discover'd for revenge:  
Heaven guide thy pen to print thy sorrows plain,  
That we may know the traitors, and the truth!

*[She takes the staff in her mouth, and guides it with her  
fingers, and writes.]*

Tit. O, do you read, my lord, what she hath writ?

Stuprum—Chiron—Demetrius.

Mar. What, what!—the lustful sons of Tamora  
Performers of this heinous, bloody deed?

*Tit. Magne Dominator poli,  
Tam lentus audis scelera? tam lentus vides?*

*Mar.* O, calm thee, gentle lord! although, I know,  
There is enough written upon this earth,  
To stir a mutiny in the mildest thoughts,  
And arm the minds of infants to exclams.  
My lord, kneel down with me; Lavinia, kneel;  
And kneel, sweet boy, the Roman Hector's hope;  
And swear with me,—as with the woful feere,  
And father, of that chaste dishonour'd dame,  
Lord Junius Brutus sware for Lucrece' rape,—  
That we will prosecute, by good advice,  
Mortal revenge upon these traitorous Goths,  
And see their blood, or die with this reproach.

*Tit.* 'Tis sure enough, an you knew how,  
But if you hurt these bear-whelps, then beware:  
The dam will wake; and, if she wind you once,  
She's with the lion deeply still in league,  
And lulls him whilst she playeth on her back,  
And, when he sleeps, will she do what she list.  
You're a young huntsman, Marcus; let it alone;  
And, come, I will go get a leaf of brasse,  
And with a gad of steel will write these words,  
And lay it by: the angry northern wind  
Will blow these sands, like Sybil's leaves, abroad,  
And where's your lesson then?—Boy, what say you?

*Boy.* I say, my lord, that if I were a man,  
Their mother's bed-chamber should not be safe  
For these bad-bondmen to the yoke of Rome.

*Mar.* Ay, that's my boy! thy father hath full oft  
For this ungrateful country done the like.

*Boy.* And, uncle, so will I, an if I live.

*Tit.* Come, go with me into mine armoury;  
Lucius, I'll fit thee; and withal, my boy

Shall carry from me to the empress' sons  
Presents, that I intend to send them both :  
Come, come ; thou'lt do thy message, wilt thou not ?

*Boy.* Ay, with my dagger in their bosoms, grandfire.

*Tit.* No, boy, not so ; I'll teach thee another course.

Lavinia, come :—Marcus, look to my house ;

Lucius and I'll go brave it at the court ;

Ay, marry, will we, sir ; and we'll be waited on.

[*Exeunt* TITUS, LAVINIA, and *Boy.*]

*Mar.* O heavens, can you hear a good man groan,

And not relent, or not compassion him ?

Marcus, attend him in his ecstasy ;

That hath more scars of sorrow in his heart,

Then foe-men's marks upon his batter'd shield :

But yet so just, that he will not revenge :—

Revenge the heavens for old Andronicus ! [Exit.]

## SCENE II.

*The same. A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter* AARON, CHIRON, and DEMETRIUS, at one door ;  
at another door, young LUCIUS, and an Attendant, with a  
bundle of weapons, and verses writ upon them.

*Cbi.* Demetrius, here's the son of Lucius ;  
He hath some message to deliver to us.

*Aar.* Ay, some mad message from his mad grandfather.

*Boy.* My lords, with all the humbleness I may,  
I greet your honours from Andronicus ;—  
And pray the Roman gods, confound you both. [*Aside.*]

*Dem.* Gramercy, lovely Lucius : What's the news ?

*Boy.* That you are both decypher'd, that's the news,  
For villains mark'd with rape. [*Aside.*] May it please you,  
My grandfire, well-advise'd, hath sent by me



The goodliest weapons of his armoury,  
 To gratify your honourable youth,  
 The hope of Rome; for so he bade me say;  
 And so I do, and with his gifts present  
 Your lordships, that whenever you have need,  
 You may be armed and appointed well:  
 And so I leave you both, [*Aside.*] like bloody villains.  
 [*Exeunt Boy and Attendant.*]

*Dem.* What's here? A scroll; and written round about?  
 Let's see;

*Integer vite, scelerisque purus,  
 Non eget Mauri jaculis, neque arcu.*

*Cbi.* O, 'tis a verse in Horace; I know it well;  
 I read it in the grammar long ago.

*Aar.* Ay, just!—a verse in Horace;—right, you have  
 it.

Now, what a thing it is to be an ass!  
 Here's no sound jest! the old man hath found their guilt;  
 And sends the weapons wrapp'd about with lines,  
 That wound, beyond their feeling, to the quick.  
 But were our witty empress well a-foot,  
 She would applaud Andronicus' conceit.  
 But let her rest in her unrest awhile.—

[*Aside.*]

And now, young lords, was't not a happy star  
 Led us to Rome, strangers, and more than so,  
 Captives, to be advanced to this height?  
 It did me good, before the palace gate  
 To brave the tribune in his brother's hearing.

*Dem.* But me more good, to see so great a lord  
 Safely insinuate, and send us gifts.

*Aar.* Had he not reason, lord Demetrius?  
 Did you not use his daughter very friendly?

*Dem.* I would, we had a thousand Roman dames  
 At such a bay, by turn to serve our lust.

*Ch.*

*Chi.* A charitable wish, and full of love.

*Aar.* Here lacks but your mother for to say amen.

*Chi.* And that would she for twenty thousand more.

*Dem.* Come, let us go; and pray to all the gods  
For our beloved mother in her pains.

*Aar.* Pray to the devils; the gods have given us o'er.

[*Aside. Flourish.*]

*Dem.* Why do the emperor's trumpets flourish thus?

*Chi.* Belike, for joy the emperor hath a son.

*Dem.* Soft; who comes here?

*Enter a Nurse, with a Black-a-moor Child in her arms.*

*Nur.* Good morrow, lords:

O, tell me, did you see Aaron the Moor?

*Aar.* Well, more, or less, or ne'er a whit at all,  
Here Aaron is; and what with Aaron now?

*Nur.* O gentle Aaron, we are all undone!  
Now help, or woe betide thee evermore!

*Aar.* Why, what a caterwauling doest thou keep?  
What doest thou wrap and fumble in thine arms?

*Nur.* O, that which I would hide from heaven's eye,  
Our empress' shame, and stately Rome's disgrace;—  
She is deliver'd, lords, she is deliver'd.

*Aar.* To whom?

*Nur.* I mean, she's brought to bed.

*Aar.* Well, God  
Give her good rest! What hath he sent her?

*Nur.* A devil.

*Aar.* Why, then she's the devil's dam; a joyful issue.

*Nur.* A joyless, dismal, black, and sorrowful issue:  
Here is the babe, as loathsome as a toad  
Amongst the fairest breeders of our clime.

The

The empress sends it thee, thy stamp, thy seal,  
And bids thee christen it with thy dagger's point.

*Aar.* Out, out, you whore! is black so base a hue?—  
Sweet blowse, you are a beauteous blossom, sure.

*Dem.* Villain, what hast thou done?

*Aar.* Done! that which thou  
Canst not undo.

*Chi.* Thou hast undone our mother.

*Aar.* Villain, I have done thy mother.

*Dem.* And therein, hellish dog, thou hast undone.  
Woe to her chance, and damn'd her loathed choice!  
Accurs'd the offspring of so foul a fiend!

*Chi.* It shall not live.

*Aar.* It shall not die.

*Nur.* Aaron, it must; the mother wills it so.

*Aar.* What, must it, nurse? then let no man, but I,  
Do execution on my flesh and blood.

*Dem.* I'll broach the tadpole on my rapier's point:  
Nurse, give it me; my sword shall soon despatch it.

*Aar.* Sooner this sword shall plough thy bowels up.

*[Takes the child from the Nurse, and draws it.]*

Stay, murderous villains! will you kill your brother?  
Now, by the burning tapers of the sky,  
That shone so brightly when this boy was got,  
He dies upon my scymitar's sharp point,  
That touches this my first-born son and heir!  
I tell you, younglings, not Enceladus,  
With all his threat'ning band of Typhon's brood,  
Nor great Alcides, nor the god of war,  
Shall seize this prey out of his father's hands.  
What, what; ye fanguine, shallow-hearted boys!  
Ye white-lim'd walls! ye alehouse painted signs!  
Coal-black is better than another hue,  
In that it scorns to bear another hue:

For

For all the water in the ocean  
Can never turn a swan's black legs to white,  
Although she lave them hourly in the flood.—  
Tell the empress from me, I am of age  
To keep mine own ; excuse it how she can.

*Dem.* Wilt thou betray thy noble mistress thus ?

*Aar.* My mistress is my mistress ; this, myself ;  
The vigour, and the picture of my youth :  
This, before all the world, do I prefer ;  
This, maugre all the world, will I keep safe,  
Or some of you shall smoke for it in Rome.

*Dem.* By this our mother is for ever sham'd.

*Chi.* Rome will despise her for this foul escape.

*Nur.* The emperor, in his rage, will doom her death.

*Chi.* I blush to think upon this ignomy.

*Aar.* Why there's the privilege your beauty bears :  
Fye, treacherous hue ! that will betray with blushing  
The close enacts and counsels of the heart !  
Here's a young lad fram'd of another leer :  
Look, how the black slave smiles upon the father ;  
As who should say, *Old lad, I am thine own.*  
He is your brother, lords ; sensibly fed  
Of that self-blood that first gave life to you ;  
And, from that womb, where you imprison'd were,  
He is enfranchis'd and come to light :  
Nay, he's your brother by the surer side,  
Although my seal be stamp'd in his face.

*Nur.* Aaron, what shall I say unto the empress ?

*Dem.* Advise thee, Aaron, what is to be done,  
And we will all subscribe to thy advice ;  
Save thou the child, so we may all be safe.

*Aar.* Then sit we down, and let us all consult.  
My son and I will have the wind of you :

Keep

Keep there: Now talk at pleasure of your safety.

*[They sit on the ground.]*

*Dem.* How many women saw this child of his?

*Aar.* Why, so, brave lords; When we all join in league,

I am a lamb: but if you brave the Moor,

The chafed boar, the mountain lionsess,

The ocean swells not so as Aaron storms.—

But, say again, how many saw the child?

*Nur.* Cornelia the midwife, and myself,  
And no one else, but the deliver'd empress.

*Aar.* The empress, the midwife, and yourself:

Two may keep counsel, when the third's away:

Go to the empress; tell her, this I said:— *[Stabbing her.]*

Weke, weke!—so cries a pig, prepar'd to the spit.

*Dem.* What mean'st thou, Aaron? Wherefore didst  
thou this?

*Aar.* O, lord, sir, 'tis a deed of policy:  
Shall she live to betray this guilt of ours?  
A long-tongu'd babbling gossip? no, lords, no.  
And now be it known to you my full intent.  
Not far, one Muliteus lives, my countryman,  
His wife but yesternight was brought to bed;  
His child is like to her, fair as you are:  
Go pack with him, and give the mother gold,  
And tell them both the circumstance of all;  
And how by this their child shall be advanc'd,  
And be received for the emperor's heir,  
And substituted in the place of mine,  
To calm this tempest whirling in the court;  
And let the emperor dandle him for his own.  
Hark ye, lords; ye see, that I have given her physick,

*[Pointing to the Nurse.]*

And you must needs bestow her funeral;

The fields are near, and you are gallant grooms:

**This**

This done, see that you take no longer days,  
But send the midwife presently to me.  
The midwife, and the nurse, well made away,  
Then let the ladies tattle what they please.

*Chi.* Aaron, I see, thou wilt not trust the air  
With secrets.

*Dem.* For this care of Tamora,  
Herself, and hers, are highly bound to thee.

[*Exeunt DEM. and CHI. bearing off the Nurse.*]

*Aar.* Now to the Goths, as swift as swallow flies;  
There to dispose this treasure in mine arms,  
And secretly to greet the empress' friends.—  
Come on, you thick-lipp'd slave, I'll bear you hence;  
For it is you that puts us to our shifts:  
I'll make you feed on berries, and on roots,  
And feed on curds and whey, and suck the goat,  
And cabin in a cave; and bring you up  
To be a warrior, and command a camp.

[*Exit.*]

### SCENE III.

*The same. A publick Place.*

*Enter TITUS, bearing arrows, with letters at the ends of them; with him MARCUS, young LUCIUS, and other Gentlemen, with bows.*

*Tit.* Come, Marcus, come;—Kinsmen, this is the way:—

Sir boy, now let me see your archery;  
Look ye draw home enough, and 'tis there straight:  
*Terras Astræa reliquit:—*

Be you remember'd, Marcus, she's gone, she's fled.  
Sir, take you to your tools. You, cousins, shall

Go

Go sound the ocean, and cast your nets ;  
Happily you may find her in the sea ;  
Yet there's as little justice as at land :—  
No ; Publius and Sempronius, you must do it ;  
'Tis you must dig with mattock, and with spade,  
And pierce the inmost center of the earth ;  
Then, when you come to Pluto's region,  
I pray you, deliver him this petition :  
Tell him, it is for justice, and for aid ;  
And that it comes from old Andronicus,  
Shaken with sorrows in ungrateful Rome.—  
Ah, Rome !—Well, well ; I made thee miserable,  
What time I threw the people's suffrages  
On him that thus doth tyrannize o'er me.—  
Go, get you gone ; and pray be careful all,  
And leave you not a man of war unsearch'd ;  
This wicked emperor may have shipp'd her hence,  
And, kinsmen, then we may go pipe for justice.

*Mar.* O, Publius, is not this a heavy case,  
To see thy noble uncle thus distract ?

*Pub.* Therefore, my lord, it highly us concerns,  
By day and night to attend him carefully ;  
And feed his humour kindly as we may,  
Till time beget some careful remedy.

*Mar.* Kinsmen, his sorrows are past remedy,  
Join with the Goths ; and with revengeful war  
Take wreak on Rome for this ingratitude,  
And vengeance on the traitor Saturnine.

*Tit.* Publius, how now ? how now, my masters ? Wh  
Have you met with her ?

*Pub.* No, my good lord ; but Pluto sends you word  
If you will have revenge from hell, you shall ;  
Marry, for justice, she is so employ'd,

He thinks, with Jove in heaven, or somewhere else,  
So that perforce you must needs stay a time.

*Tit.* He doth me wrong, to feed me with delays.

I'll dive into the burning lake below,

And pull her out of Acheron by the heels.—

Marcus, we are but shrubs, no cedars we ;

No big-bon'd men, fram'd of the Cyclops' size :

But metal, Marcus, steel to the very back ;

Yet wrung with wrongs, more than our backs can bear :—

And, fith there is no justice in earth nor hell,

We will solicit heaven ; and move the gods,

To send down justice for to wreak our wrongs :

Come, to this gear. You are a good archer, Marcus.

[*He gives them the arrows.*]

*Ad Jovem*, that's for you :—Here, *ad Apollinem* :—

*Ad Martem*, that's for myself ;—

Here, boy, to Pallas :—Here, to Mercury :

To Saturn, Caius, not to Saturnine,—

You were as good to shoot against the wind.—

To it, boy. Marcus, loose when I bid :

O' my word, I have written to effect ;

There's not a god left unsolicited.

*Mar.* Kinsmen, shoot all your shafts into the court :

We will afflict the emperor in his pride.

*Tit.* Now, masters, draw. [*They shoot.*] O, well said,

Lucius !

Good boy, in Virgo's lap ; give it Pallas.

*Mar.* My lord, I aim a mile beyond the moon ;

Your letter is with Jupiter by this.

*Tit.* Ha ! Publius, Publius, what hast thou done !

See, see, thou hast shot off one of Taurus' horns.

*Mar.* This was the sport, my lord ; when Publius shot,

The bull being gall'd, gave Aries such a knock

That down fell both the ram's horns in the court ;

And



And who should find them but the empress' villain?  
She laugh'd, and told the Moor, he should not choose  
But give them to his master for a present.

*Tit.* Why, there it goes: God give your lordship joy.

*Enter a Clown, with a basket and two pigeons.*

News, news from heaven! Marcus, the post is come.  
Sirrah, what tidings? have you any letter?  
Shall I have justice? what says Jupiter?

*Clo.* Ho! the gibbet-maker? he says, that he hath taken  
them down again, for the man must not be hang'd till  
the next week.

*Tit.* But what says Jupiter, I ask thee?

*Clo.* Alas, sir, I know not Jupiter; I never drank with  
him in all my life.

*Tit.* Why, villain, art not thou the carrier?

*Clo.* Ay, of my pigeons, sir; nothing else.

*Tit.* Why, didst thou not come from heaven?

*Clo.* From heaven? alas, sir, I never came there: God  
forbid, I should be so bold to press to heaven in my young  
days. Why, I am going with my pigeons to the tribunal  
plebs, to take up a matter of brawl betwixt my uncle and  
one of the imperial's men.

*Mar.* Why, sir, that is as fit as can be, to serve for  
your oration; and let him deliver the pigeons to the em-  
peror from you.

*Tit.* Tell me, can you deliver an oration to the emperor  
with a grace?

*Clo.* Nay, truly, sir, I could never say grace in all my  
life.

*Tit.* Sirrah, come hither; make no more ado,  
But give your pigeons to the emperor:  
By me thou shalt have justice at his hands.

Hold,

Hold, hold ;—mean while, here's money for thy charges.  
Give me a pen and ink.—

Sirrah, can you with a grace deliver a supplication ?

*Clo.* Ay, sir.

*Tit.* Then here is a supplication for you. And when you come to him, at the first approach, you must kneel ; then kiss his foot ; then deliver up your pigeons ; and then look for your reward. I'll be at hand, sir ; see you do it bravely.

*Clo.* I warrant you, sir ; let me alone.

*Tit.* Sirrah, hast thou a knife ? Come, let me see it.  
Here Marcus, fold it in the oration ;  
For thou hast made it like an humble suppliant :—  
And when thou hast given it to the emperor,  
Knock at my door, and tell me what he says.

*Clo.* God be with you, sir ; I will.

*Tit.* Come, Marcus, let's go :—Publius, follow me.

*[Exeunt.]*

SCENE IV.

*The same. Before the Palace.*

*Enter SATURNINUS, TAMORA, CHIRON, DEMETRIUS,  
Lords, and Others: SATURNINUS with the arrows in his  
hand, that TITUS shot.*

*Sat.* Why, lords, what wrongs are these ? Was ever  
seen

An emperor of Rome thus overborne,  
Troubled, confronted thus ; and, for the extent  
Of legal justice, us'd in such contempt ?  
My lords, you know, as do the mighty gods,  
However these disturbers of our peace

F

Bus

Buz in the people's ears, there nought hath pass'd,  
But even with law, against the wilful sons  
Of old Andronicus. And what an if  
His sorrows have so overwhelm'd his wits,  
Shall we be thus afflicted in his wrecks,  
His fits, his frenzy, and his bitterness?  
And now he writes to heaven for his redress:  
See, here's to Jove, and this to Mercury;  
This to Apollo; this to the god of war:  
Sweet scrolls to fly about the streets of Rome!  
What's this, but libelling against the senate,  
And blazoning our injustice every where?  
A goodly humour, is it not, my lords?  
As who would say, in Rome no justice were.  
But, if I live, his feigned ecstasies  
Shall be no shelter to these outrages:  
But he and his shall know, that justice lives  
In Saturninus' health; whom, if the sleep,  
He'll so awake, as she in fury shall  
Cut off the proud 'st conspirator that lives.

*Tam.* My gracious lord, my lovely Saturnine,  
Lord of my life, commander of my thoughts,  
Calm thee, and bear the faults of Titus' age,  
The effects of sorrow for his valiant sons,  
Whose loss hath pierc'd him deep, and scarr'd his heart;  
And rather comfort his distressed plight,  
'Than prosecute the meanest, or the best,  
For these contempts. Why, thus it shall become  
High-witted Tamora to glose with all: [*Aside.*]  
But, Titus, I have touch'd thee to the quick,  
Thy life blood out: if Aaron now be wise,  
Then is all safe, the anchor's in the port.—

*Exit*

*Enter Clown.*

How now, good fellow? would'st thou speak with us?

*Clo.* Yes, forsooth, an your misfortune be imperial.

*Tam.* Empress I am, but yonder sits the emperor.

*Clo.* 'Tis he.—God, and saint Stephen, give you good den: I have brought you a letter, and a couple of pigeons here.

[SATURNINUS reads the letter.]

*Sat.* Go, take him away, and hang him presently.

*Clo.* How much money must I have?

*Tam.* Come, sirrah, you must be hang'd.

*Clo.* Hang'd! By'r lady, then I have brought up a neck to a fair end.

[Exit, guarded.]

*Sat.* Despiteful and intolerable wrongs!

Shall I endure this monstrous villainy?

I know from whence this same device proceeds;

May this be borne?—as if his traitorous sons,

That died by law for murder of our brother,

Have by my means been butcher'd wrongfully.—

Go, drag the villain hither by the hair;

Nor age, nor honour, shall shape privilege:—

For this proud mock, I'll be thy slaughter-man;

Sly frantick wretch, that help'st to make me great,

In hope thyself should govern Rome and me.

*Enter ÆMILIUS.*

What news with thee, Æmilius?

*Æmil.* Arm, arm, my lords; Rome never had more cause!

The Goths have gather'd head; and with a power

Of high-resolved men, bent to the spoil,

They hither march amain, under conduct

Of Lucius, son to old Andronicus ;  
Who threats, in course of this revenge, to do  
As much as ever Coriolanus did.

*Sat.* Is warlike Lucius general of the Goths ?  
These tidings nip me ; and I hang the head  
As flowers with frost, or grass beat down with storms.  
Ay, now begin our sorrows to approach :  
'Tis he, the common people love so much ;  
Myself hath often over-heard them say,  
(When I have walked like a private man,)  
That Lucius' banishment was wrongfully,  
And they have wish'd that Lucius were their emperor.

*Tam.* Why should you fear ? is not your city strong ?

*Sat.* Ay, but the citizens favour Lucius ;  
And will revolt from me, to succour him.

*Tam.* King, be thy thoughts imperious, like thy name.  
Is the sun dimm'd, that gnats do fly in it ?  
The eagle suffers little birds to sing,  
And is not careful what they mean thereby ;  
Knowing, that with the shadow of his wings,  
He can at pleasure stint their melody :  
Even so may'st thou the giddy men of Rome.  
Then cheer thy spirit : for know, thou emperor,  
I will enchant the old Andronicus,  
With words more sweet, and yet more dangerous,  
Than baits to fish, or honey-stalks to sheep ;  
When as the one is wounded with the bait,  
The other rotted with delicious feed.

*Sat.* But he will not entreat his son for us.

*Tam.* If Tamora entreat him, then he will :  
For I can smooth, and fill his aged ear  
With golden promises ; that were his heart  
Almost impregnable, his old ears deaf,

Yet should both ear and heart obey my tongue.—  
Go thou before, be our ambassador: [To ÆMILIUS.  
Say, that the emperor requests a parley  
Of warlike Lucius, and appoint the meeting.

*Sat.* Æmilius, do this message honourably:  
And if he stand on hostage for his safety,  
Bid him demand what pledge will please him best.

*Æmil.* Your bidding shall I do effectually.

[Exit ÆMILIUS.]

*Tam.* Now will I to that old Andronicus;  
And temper him, with all the art I have,  
To pluck proud Lucius from the warlike Goths.  
And now, sweet emperor, be blithe again,  
And bury all thy fear in my devices.

*Sat.* Then go successfully, and plead to him. [Exit.]

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

ACT V. SCENE I.

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*Plains near Rome.*

*Enter LUCIUS, and Goths, with drum and colours.*

*Luc.* Approved warriors, and my faithful friends,  
I have received letters from great Rome,  
Which signify, what hate they bear their emperor,  
And how desirous of our fight they are.  
Therefore, great lords, be, as your titles witness,  
Imperious, and impatient of your wrongs;  
And, wherein Rome hath done you any scath,  
Let him make treble satisfaction.

*1 Goth.* Brave slip, sprung from the great Andronic  
Whose name was once our terror, now our comfort;  
Whose high exploits, and honourable deeds,  
Ingrateful Rome requites with foul contempt,  
Be bold in us: we'll follow where thou lead'st,—  
Like stinging bees in hottest summer's day,  
Led by their master to the flower'd fields,—  
And be aveng'd on cursed Tamora.

*Goths.* And, as he saith, so say we all with him.

*Luc.* I humbly thank him, and I thank you all.  
But who comes here, led by a lusty Goth?

*Enter a Goth, leading AARON, with his child in b*

*2 Goth.* Renowned Lucius, from our troops I  
To gaze upon a ruinous monastery;  
And as I earnestly did fix mine eye

Upon the wafted building, suddenly  
 I heard a child cry underneath a wall :  
 I made unto the noise ; when soon I heard  
 The crying babe controll'd with this discourse :  
*Peace, tawny slave ; half me, and half thy dam !  
 Did not thy bue bewray whose brat thou art,  
 Had nature lent thee but thy mother's look,  
 Villain, thou might'st have been an emperor :  
 But where the bull and cow are both milk-white,  
 They never do beget a coal-black calf.  
 Peace, villain, peace !—even thus he rates the babe,—  
 For I must bear thee to a trusty Goth ;  
 Who, when he knows thou art the empress' babe,  
 Will hold thee dearly for thy mother's sake.*  
 With this, my weapon drawn, I rush'd upon him,  
 Surpris'd him suddenly ; and brought him hither,  
 To use as you think needful of the man.

*Luc.* O worthy Goth ! this is the incarnate devil,  
 That robb'd Andronicus of his good hand :  
 This is the pearl that pleas'd your empress' eye ;  
 And here's the base fruit of his burning lust.—  
 Say, wall-ey'd slave, whither would'st thou convey  
 This growing image of thy fiend-like face ?  
 Why dost not speak ? What ! deaf ? No ; not a word ?  
 A halter, soldiers ; hang him on this tree,  
 And by his side his fruit of bastardy.

*Aar.* Touch not the boy, he is of royal blood.

*Luc.* Too like the fire for ever being good.—  
 First, hang the child, that he may see it sprawl ;  
 A sight to vex the father's soul withal.  
 Get me a ladder.

[*A ladder brought, which AARON is obliged to ascend.*

*Aar.* Lucius, save the child ;  
 And bear it from me to the emperess.



If thou do this, I'll show thee wond'rous things,  
That highly may advantage thee to hear :  
If thou wilt not, befall what may befall,  
I'll speak no more ; But vengeance rot you all !

*Luc.* Say on ; and, if it please me which thou speak'st,  
Thy child shall live, and I will see it nourish'd.

*Aar.* An if it please thee ? why, assure thee, Lucius,  
'Twill vex thy soul to hear what I shall speak ;  
For I must talk of murders, rapes, and massacres,  
Acts of black night, abominable deeds,  
Complots of mischiefs, treason ; villainies  
Ruthful to hear, yet pitiously perform'd :  
And this shall all be buried by my death,  
Unless thou swear to me, my child shall live.

*Luc.* Tell on thy mind ; I say, thy child shall live.

*Aar.* Swear, that he shall, and then I will begin.

*Luc.* Who should I swear by ? thou believ'st no god ;  
That granted, how canst thou believe an oath ?

*Aar.* What if I do not ? as, indeed, I do not ;  
Yet,—for I know thou art religious,  
And hast a thing within thee, called conscience ;  
With twenty popish tricks and ceremonies,  
Which I have seen thee careful to observe,—  
Therefore I urge thy oath ;—For that, I know,  
An idiot holds his bauble for a god,  
And keeps the oath, which by that god he swears ;  
To that I'll urge him :—Therefore, thou shalt vow  
By that same god, what god soe'er it be,  
That thou ador'st and hast in reverence,—  
To save my boy, to nourish, and bring him up ;  
Or else I will discover nought to thee.

*Luc.* Even by my god, I swear to thee, I will.

*Aar.* First, know thou, I begot him on the emper

*Luc.* O most insatiate, luxurious woman !

*Aar.* Tut, Lucius! this was but a deed of charity,  
To that which thou shalt hear of me anon.  
'Twas her two sons, that murder'd Bassianus:  
They cut thy sister's tongue, and ravish'd her;  
And cut her hands; and trimm'd her as thou saw'st.

*Luc.* O, détestable villain! call'st thou that trimming?

*Aar.* Why, she was wash'd, and cut, and trimm'd; and  
'twas

Trim sport for them that had the doing of it.

*Luc.* O, barbarous, beastly villains, like thyself!

*Aar.* Indeed, I was their tutor to instruct them;  
That coddling spirit had they from their mother,  
As sure a card as ever won the set;  
That bloody mind, I think, they learn'd of me,  
As true a dog as ever fought at head.—  
Well, let my deeds be witness of my worth.  
I train'd thy brethren to that guileful hole,  
Where the dead corpse of Bassianus lay:  
I wrote the letter that thy father found,  
And hid the gold within the letter mention'd,  
Confederate with the queen, and her two sons;  
And what not done, that thou hast cause to rue,  
Wherein I had no stroke of mischief in it?  
I play'd the cheater for thy father's hand;  
And, when I had it, drew myself apart,  
And almost broke my heart with extreme laughter.  
I pry'd me through the crevice of a wall,  
When, for his hand, he had his two sons' heads;  
Beheld his tears, and laugh'd so heartily,  
That both mine eyes were rainy like to his;  
And when I told the empress of this sport,  
She swooned almost at my pleasing tale,  
And, for my tidings, gave me twenty kisses.

*Goth.* What! canst thou say all this, and never blush?

*Aar.*

*Aar.* Ay, like a black dog, as the saying is.

*Luc.* Art thou not sorry for these heinous deeds?

*Aar.* Ay, that I had not done a thousand more.

Even now I curse the day, (and yet, I think,

Few come within the compass of my curse,)

Wherein I did not some notorious ill :

As kill a man, or else devise his death ;

Ravish a maid, or plot the way to do it ;

Accuse some innocent, and forswear myself :

Set deadly enmity between two friends ;

Make poor men's cattle break their necks ;

Set fire on barns and hay-stacks in the night,

And bid the owners quench them with their tears.

Oft have I digg'd up dead men from their graves,

And set them upright at their dear friends' doors,

Even when their sorrows almost were forgot ;

And on their skins, as on the bark of trees,

Have with my knife carved in Roman letters,

*Let not your sorrow die, though I am dead.*

Tut, I have done a thousand dreadful things,

As willingly as one would kill a fly ;

And nothing grieves me heartily indeed,

But that I cannot do ten thousand more.

*Luc.* Bring down the devil ; for he must not die

So sweet a death, as hanging presently.

*Aar.* If there be devils, 'would I were a devil,

To live and burn in everlasting fire ;

So I might have your company in hell,

But to torment you with my bitter tongue !

*Luc.* Sirs, stop his mouth, and let him speak no more

*Enter a Goth.*

*Goth.* My lord, there is a messenger from Rome,  
Desires to be admitted to your presence.

*Luc.* Let him come near.

*Enter ÆMILIUS.*

Welcome, Æmilius, what's the news from Rome?

*Æmil.* Lord Lucius, and you princes of the Goths,  
The Roman emperor greets you all by me :  
And, for he understands you are in arms,  
He craves a parley at your father's house,  
Willing you to demand your hostages,  
And they shall be immediately deliver'd.

*1 Goth.* What says our general?

*Luc.* Æmilius, let the emperor give his pledges  
Unto my father, and my uncle Marcus,  
And we will come.—March away.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Rome. *Before Titus's House.*

*Enter TAMORA, CHIRON, and DEMETRIUS, disguis'd.*

*Tam.* Thus, in this strange and sad habiliment,  
I will encounter with Andronicus ;  
And say, I am Revenge, sent from below,  
To join with him, and right his heinous wrongs.  
Knock at his study, where, they say, he keeps,  
To ruminate strange plots of dire revenge ;  
Tell him, Revenge is come to join with him,  
And work confusion on his enemies.

[*They knock.*]

*Enter TITUS, above.*

*Tit.* Who doth molest my contemplation ?  
Is it your trick, to make me open the door ;  
That so my sad decrees may fly away,

And

And all my study be to no effect?  
You are deceiv'd: for what I mean to do,  
See here, in bloody lines I have set down;  
And what is written shall be executed.

*Tam.* Titus, I am come to talk with thee.

*Tit.* No; not a word: How can I grace my talk,  
Wanting a hand to give it action?  
'Thou hast the odds of me, therefore no more.

*Tam.* If thou did'st know me, thou would'st talk with  
me.

*Tit.* I am not mad; I know thee well enough:  
Witness this wretched stump, these crimson lines;  
Witness these trenches, made by grief and care;  
Witness the tiring day, and heavy night;  
Witness all sorrow, that I know thee well  
For our proud empress, mighty Tamora:  
Is not thy coming for my other hand?

*Tam.* Know thou, sad man, I am not Tamora;  
She is thy enemy, and I thy friend:  
I am Revenge; sent from the infernal kingdom,  
To ease the gnawing vulture of thy mind,  
By working wreakful vengeance on thy foes.  
Come down, and welcome me to this world's light;  
Confer with me of murder and of death:  
There's not a hollow cave, or lurking-place,  
No vast obscurity, or misty vale,  
Where bloody murder, or detested rape,  
Can couch for fear, but I will find them out;  
And in their ears tell them my dreadful name,  
Revenge, which makes the foul offenders quake.

*Tit.* Art thou Revenge? and art thou sent to me,  
To be a torment to mine enemies?

*Tam.* I am; therefore come down, and welcome me.

*Tit.* Do me some service, ere I come to thee.

Lo, by thy side where Rape, and Murder, stands;  
Now give some 'surance that thou art Revenge,  
Stab them, or tear them on thy chariot wheels;  
And then I'll come, and be thy waggoner,  
And whirl along with thee about the globes.  
Provide thee proper palfries, black as jet,  
To hale thy vengeful waggon swift away,  
And find out murderers in their guilty caves:  
And, when thy car is loaden with their heads,  
I will dismount, and by the waggon wheel  
Trot, like a servile footman, all day long;  
Even from Hyperion's rising in the east,  
Until his very downfal in the sea.  
And day by day I'll do this heavy task,  
So thou destroy Rapine and Murder there.

*Tam.* These are my ministers, and come with me.

*Tit.* Are they thy ministers? what are they call'd?

*Tam.* Rapine, and Murder; therefore called so,  
'Cause they take vengeance of such kind of men.

*Tit.* Good lord, how like the empress' sons they are!  
And you, the empress! But we worldly men  
Have miserable, mad, mistaking eyes.  
O sweet Revenge, now do I come to thee:  
And, if one arm's embracement will content thee,  
I will embrace thee in it by and by.

[*Exit* TITUS, *from above.*]

*Tam.* This closing with him fits his lunacy:  
Whate'er I forge, to feed his brain-sick fits,  
Do you uphold and maintain in your speeches.  
For now he firmly takes me for Revenge;  
And, being credulous in this mad thought,  
I'll make him send for Lucius, his son;  
And, whilst I at a banquet hold him sure,  
I'll find some cunning practice out of hand.

To scatter and disperse the giddy Goths,  
Or, at the least, make them his enemies.  
See, here he comes, and I must ply my theme.

*Enter TITUS.*

*Tit.* Long have I been forlorn, and all for thee :  
Welcome, dread fury, to my woful house ;—  
Rapine, and Murder, you are welcome too ;—  
How like the empress and her sons you are !  
Well are you fitted, had you but a Moor :—  
Could not all hell afford you such a devil ?—  
For, well I wot, the empress never wags,  
But in her company there is a Moor ;  
And, would you represent our queen aright,  
It were convenient you had such a devil :  
But welcome, as you are. What shall we do ?

*Tam.* What would'st thou have us do, Andronicus ?

*Dem.* Show me a murderer, I'll deal with him.

*Cbi.* Show me a villain, that hath done a rape,  
And I am sent to be reveng'd on him.

*Tam.* Show me a thousand, that have done thee wrong  
And I will be revenged on them all.

*Tit.* Look round about the wicked streets of Rome ;  
And when thou find'st a man that's like thyself,  
Good Murder, stab him ; he's a murderer.—  
Go thou with him ; and, when it is thy hap,  
To find another that is like to thee,  
Good Rapine, stab him ; he is a ravisher.—  
Go thou with them ; and in the emperor's court  
There is a queen, attended by a Moor ;  
Well may'st thou know her by thy own proportion,  
For up and down she doth resemble thee ;  
I pray thee, do on them some violent death,  
They have been violent to me and mine.

*Tam.* Well hast thou lesson'd us ; this shall we do.  
 But would it please thee, good Andronicus,  
 To send for Lucius, thy thrice valiant son,  
 Who leads towards Rome a band of warlike Goths,  
 And bid him come and banquet at thy house :  
 When he is here, even at thy solemn feast,  
 I will bring in the empress and her sons,  
 The emperor himself, and all thy foes ;  
 And at thy mercy shall they stoop and kneel,  
 And on them shalt thou ease thy angry heart.  
 What says Andronicus to this device ?

*Tit.* Marcus, my brother !—'tis sad Titus calls.

*Enter* MARCUS.

Go, gentle Marcus, to thy nephew Lucius ;  
 Thou shalt inquire him out among the Goths :  
 Bid him repair to me, and bring with him  
 Some of the chiefest princes of the Goths ;  
 Bid him encamp his soldiers where they are :  
 Tell him, the emperor and the empress too  
 Feast at my house ; and he shall feast with them.  
 'Tis do thou for my love ; and so let him,  
 As he regards his aged father's life.

*Mar.* This will I do, and soon return again. [*Exit.*]

*Tam.* Now will I hence about thy business,  
 And take my ministers along with me.

*Tit.* Nay, nay, let Rape and Murder stay with me ;  
 Or else I'll call my brother back again,  
 And cleave to no revenge but Lucius.

*Tam.* What say you, boys ? will you abide with him,  
 Whiles I go tell my lord the emperor,  
 How I have govern'd our determin'd jest ?  
 Yield to his humour, smooth and speak him fair, [*Aside.*]  
 And tarry with him, till I come again.

*Tit.* I know them all, though they suppose me mad ;  
 And



And will o'er-reach them in their own devices,  
A pair of cursed hell-hounds, and their dam. [*Aside.*

*Dem.* Madam, depart at pleasure, leave us here.

*Tam.* Farewell, Andronicus: Revenge now goes  
To lay a complot to betray thy foes. [*Exit TAMORA.*

*Tit.* I know, thou dost; and, sweet Revenge, farewell.

*Chi.* Tell us, old man, how shall we be employ'd?

*Tit.* Tut, I have work enough for you to do.—

Publius, come hither, Caius, and Valentine!

*Enter PUBLIUS, and Others.*

*Pub.* What's your will?

*Tit.* Know you these two?

*Pub.* Th' empress' sons,

I take them, Chiron, and Demetrius.

*Tit.* Fye, Publius, fye! thou art too much deceiv'd;

The one is Murder, Rape is the other's name:

And therefore bind them, gentle Publius;

Caius, and Valentine, lay hands on them:

Oft have you heard me wish for such an hour,

And now I find it: therefore bind them sure;

And stop their mouths, if they begin to cry.

[*Exit TITUS.—PUBLIUS, &c. lay hold on CHIRON  
and DEMETRIUS.*

*Chi.* Villains, forbear; we are the empress' sons.

*Pub.* And therefore do we what we are commanded.—

Stop close their mouths, let them not speak a word:

Is he sure bound? look, that you bind them fast.

*Re-enter TITUS ANDRONICUS, with LAVINIA; she bearing  
a basin; and a knife.*

*Tit.* Come, come, Lavinia; look, thy foes are bound;—

Sirs, stop their mouths, let them not speak to me;

But let them hear what fearful words I utter.—

O villains, Chiron and Demetrius!

Here

Here stands the spring whom you have stain'd with mud;  
 This goodly summer with your winter mix'd.  
 You kill'd her husband; and, for that vile fault,  
 Two of her brothers were condemn'd to death:  
 My hand cut off, and made a merry jest:  
 Both her sweet hands, her tongue, and that, more dear  
 Than hands or tongue, her spotless chastity,  
 Inhuman traitors, you constrain'd and forc'd.  
 What would you say, if I should let you speak?  
 Villains, for shame you could not beg for grace.  
 Hark, wretches, how I mean to martyr you.  
 This one hand yet is left to cut your throats;  
 Whilst that Lavinia 'tween her stumps doth hold  
 The bason, that receives your guilty blood.  
 You know, your mother means to feast with me,  
 And calls herself, Revenge, and thinks me mad,—  
 Hark, villains; I will grind your bones to dust,  
 And with your blood and it, I'll make a paste;  
 And of the paste a coffin I will rear,  
 And make two pasties of your shameful heads;  
 And bid that strumpet, your unhallow'd dam,  
 Like to the earth, swallow her own increase.  
 This is the feast that I have bid her to,  
 And this the banquet she shall surfeit on;  
 For worse than Philomel you us'd my daughter,  
 And worse than Progne I will be reveng'd:  
 And now prepare your throats.—Lavinia, come,

*[He cuts their throats.]*

Receive their blood: and, when that they are dead,  
 Let me go grind their bones to powder small,  
 And with this hateful liquor temper it;  
 And in that paste let their vile heads be bak'd.  
 Come, come, be every one officious  
 To make this banquet; which I wish may prove

G

More

More stern and bloody than the Centaurs' feast.  
 So, now bring them in, for I will play the cook,  
 And see them ready 'gainst their mother comes.  
*[Exeunt, bearing the dead bodies.]*

## SCENE III.

*The same. A Pavilion, with tables, &c.*

*Enter LUCIUS, MARCUS, and Goths, with AARON, prisoner.*

*Luc.* Uncle Marcus, since 'tis my father's mind,  
 That I repair to Rome, I am content.

*1 Goth.* And ours with thine, befall what fortune will.

*Luc.* Good uncle, take you in this barbarous Moor,  
 This ravenous tiger, this accursed devil;  
 Let him receive no sustenance, fetter him,  
 Till he be brought unto the empress' face,  
 For testimony of her foul proceedings:  
 And see the ambush of our friends be strong;  
 I fear, the emperor means no good to us.

*Aar.* Some devil whisper curses in mine ear,  
 And prompt me, that my tongue may utter forth  
 The venomous malice of my swelling heart!

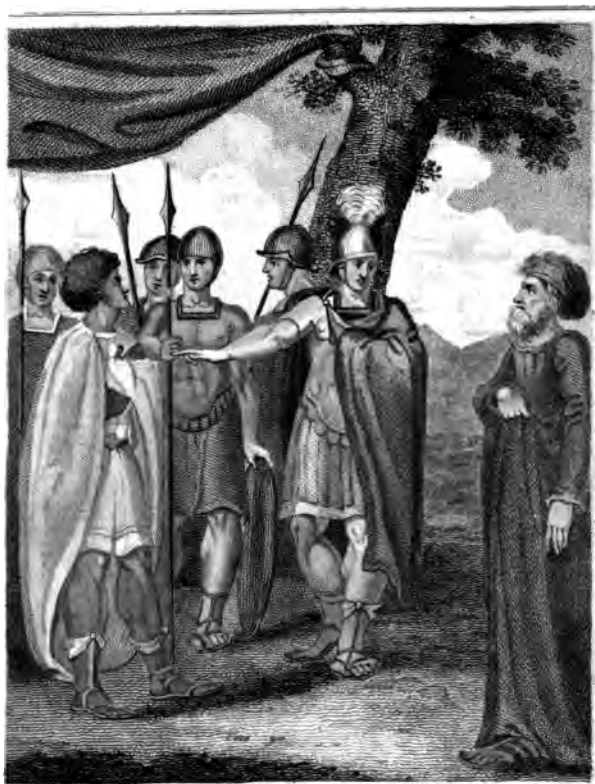
*Luc.* Away, inhuman dog! unhallow'd slave!—  
 Sirs, help our uncle to convey him in.—

*[Exeunt Goths, with AARON. Flourish.]*  
 The trumpets show, the emperor is at hand.

*Enter SATURNINUS and TAMORA, with Tribunes, Senators, and Others.*

*Sat.* What, hath the firmament more suns than one?

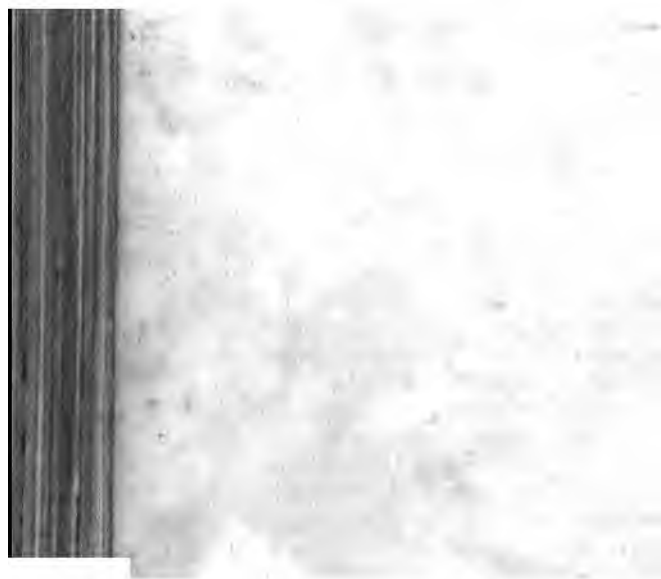
*Luc.*



*Titus Andronicus.*

*. Act. 5. Scene 3.*

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*Luc.* What boots it thee, to call thyself a fun ?

*Mar.* Rome's emperor, and nephew, break the parle ;  
These quarrels must be quietly debated.

The feast is ready, which the careful Titus

Hath ordain'd to an honourable end,

For peace, for love, for league, and good to Rome :

Please you, therefore, draw nigh, and take your places.

*Sat.* Marcus, we will.

[*Hautboys sound. The company sit down at table.*]

*Enter* TITUS, *dress'd like a cook* ; LAVINIA, *veiled* ; young  
LUCIUS, *and Others.* TITUS *places the dishes on the*  
*table.*

*Tit.* Welcome, my gracious lord ; welcome, dread  
queen ;

Welcome, ye warlike Goths ; welcome, Lucius ;

And welcome, all : although the cheer be poor,

'Twill fill your stomachs ; please you eat of it.

*Sat.* Why art thou thus attir'd, Andronicus ?

*Tit.* Because I would be sure to have all well,

To entertain your highness, and your empress.

*Tam.* We are beholden to you, good Andronicus.

*Tit.* An if your highness knew my heart, you were.

My lord the emperor, resolve me this ;

Was it well done of rash Virginius,

To slay his daughter with his own right hand,

Because she was enforc'd, stain'd, and deflour'd ?

*Sat.* It was,

Andronicus.

*Tit.* Your reason, mighty lord !

*Sat.* Because the girl should not survive her shame,

And by her presence still renew his sorrows.

*Tit.* A reason mighty, strong, and effectual;  
A pattern, precedent, and lively warrant,  
For me, most wretched, to perform the like :—  
Die, die, Lavinia, and thy shame with thee;

[*He kills LAVINIA,*

And, with thy shame, thy father's sorrow die !

*Sat.* What hast thou done, unnatural, and unkind ?

*Tit.* Kill'd her, for whom my tears have made me blind.  
I am as woful as Virginius was :

And have a thousand times more cause than he  
To do this outrage ;—and it is now done.

*Sat.* What, was she ravish'd ? tell, who did the deed.

*Tit.* Will't please you eat ? will't please your highness  
feed ?

*Tam.* Why hast thou slain thine only daughter thus ?

*Tit.* Not I ; 'twas Chiron, and Demetrius :  
They ravish'd her, and cut away her tongue,  
And they, 'twas they, that did her all this wrong.

*Sat.* Go, fetch them hither to us presently.

*Tit.* Why, there they are both, baked in that pie ;  
Whereof their mother daintily hath fed,  
Eating the flesh that she herself hath bred.  
'Tis true, 'tis true ; witness my knife's sharp point.

[*Killing TAMORA.*

*Sat.* Die, frantick wretch, for this accursed deed.

[*Killing TITUS.*

*Luc.* Can the son's eye behold his father bleed ?  
There's meed for meed, death for a deadly deed.

[*Kills SATURNINUS. A great tumult. The people in  
confusion disperse. MARCUS, LUCIUS, and their par-  
tisans ascend the steps before Titus's house.*

*Mar.* You sad-fac'd men, people and sons of Rome,  
By uproar sever'd, like a flight of fowl  
Scatter'd by winds and high tempestuous gusts,

O, let

O, let me teach you how to knit again  
This scatter'd corn into one mutual sheaf,  
These broken limbs again into one body.

*Sen.* Left Rome herself be bane unto herself;  
And she, whom mighty kingdoms court'fy to,  
Like a forlorn and desperate cast-away,  
Do shameful execution on herself.  
But if my frosty signs and chaps of age,  
Grave witness of true experience,  
Cannot induce you to attend my words,—  
Speak, Rome's dear friend; [*To LUCIUS.*] as erst our  
ancestor,

When with his solemn tongue he did discourse,  
To love-sick Dido's sad attending ear,  
The story of that baleful burning night,  
When subtle Greeks surpriz'd king Priam's Troy;  
Tell us, what Sinon hath bewitch'd our ears,  
Or who hath brought the fatal engine in,  
That gives our Troy, our Rome, the civil wound.—  
My heart is not compact of flint, nor steel;  
Nor can I utter all our bitter grief,  
But floods of tears will drown my oratory,  
And break my very utterance; even i'the time  
When it should move you to attend me most,  
Lending your kind commiseration:  
Here is a captain, let him tell the tale;  
Your hearts will throb and weep to hear him speak.

*Luc.* Then, noble auditory, be it known to you,  
That curst Chiron and Demetrius  
Were they that murdered our emperor's brother;  
And they it were that ravished our sister:  
For their fell faults our brothers were beheaded;  
Our father's tears despis'd; and basely cozen'd  
Of that true hand, that fought Rome's quarrel out,

And



And sent her enemies unto the grave.  
Lastly, myself unkindly banished,  
The gates shut on me, and turn'd weeping out,  
To beg relief among Rome's enemies;  
Who drown'd their enmity in my true tears,  
And op'd their arms to embrace me as a friend:  
And I am the turn'd-forth, be it known to you,  
That have preserv'd her welfare in my blood;  
And from her bosom took the enemy's point,  
Sheathing the steel in my advent'rous body.  
Alas! you know, I am no vaunter, I;  
My scars can witness, dumb although they are,  
That my report is just, and full of truth.  
But, soft, methinks, I do digress too much,  
Citing my worthless praise: O, pardon me;  
For when no friends are by, men praise themselves.

Mar. Now is my turn to speak; Behold this child,

*[Pointing to the child in the arms of an attendant.]*

Of this was Tamora delivered;  
The issue of an irreligious Moor,  
Chief architect and plotter of these woes;  
The villain is alive in Titus' house,  
Damn'd as he is, to witness this is true.  
Now judge, what cause had Titus to revenge  
These wrongs, unspeakable, past patience,  
Or more than any living man could bear.  
Now you have heard the truth, what say you, Romans?  
Have we done aught amiss? Show us wherein,  
And, from the place where you behold us now,  
The poor remainder of Andronici  
Will, hand in hand, all headlong cast us down,  
And on the ragged stones beat forth our brains,  
And make a mutual closure of our house.

Speak,

Speak, Romans, speak : and, if you say, we shall,  
Lo, hand in hand, Lucius and I will fall.

*Æmil.* Come, come, thou reverend man of Rome,  
And bring our emperor gently in thy hand,  
Lucius our emperor ; for, well I know,  
The common voice do cry, it shall be so.

*Rom.* [*Several speak.*] Lucius, all hail ; Rome's royal  
emperor !

LUCIUS, &c. *descend.*

*Mar.* Go, go into old Titus' sorrowful house ;

[*To an Attendant.*]

And hither hale that misbelieving Moor,  
To be adjudg'd some direful slaughtering death,  
As punishment for his most wicked life.

*Rom.* [*Several speak.*] Lucius, all hail ; Rome's graci-  
ous governor !

*Luc.* Thanks, gentle Romans ; May I govern so,  
To heal Rome's harms, and wipe away her woe !  
But, gentle people, give me aim awhile,—  
For nature puts me to a heavy task ;—  
Stand all aloof ;—but, uncle, draw you near,  
To shed obsequious tears upon this trunk :—  
O, take this warm kiss on thy pale cold lips,

[*Kisses* **TITUS.**]

These sorrowful drops upon thy blood-stain'd face,  
The last true duties of thy noble son !

*Mar.* Tear for tear, and loving kiss for kiss,  
Thy brother Marcus tenders on thy lips :  
O, were the sum of these that I should pay  
Countless and infinite, yet would I pay them !

*Luc.* Come hither, boy ; come, come, and learn of us  
To melt in showers : Thy grandfire lov'd thee well :

Many

Many a time he danc'd thee on his knee,  
 Sung thee asleep, his loving breast thy pillow;  
 Many a matter hath he told to thee,  
 Meet, and agreeing with thine infancy;  
 In that respect then, like a loving child,  
 Shed yet some small drops from thy tender spring,  
 Because kind nature doth require it so:  
 Friends should associate friends in grief and woe;  
 Bid him farewell; commit him to the grave;  
 Do him that kindness, and take leave of him.

*Boy.* O grandfire, grandfire! even with all my heart  
 'Would I were dead, so you did live again!—  
 O lord, I cannot speak to him for weeping;  
 My tears will choke me, if I ope my mouth.

*Enter Attendants, with AARON.*

*Rom.* You sad Andronici, have done with woes;  
 Give sentence on this execrable wretch,  
 That hath been breeder of these dire events.

*Luc.* Set him breast-deep in earth, and famish him;  
 There let him stand, and rave and cry for food:  
 If any one relieves or pities him,  
 For the offence he dies. This is our doom:  
 Some stay, to see him fasten'd in the earth.

*Aar.* O, why should wrath be mute, and fury dumb?  
 I am no baby, I, that, with base prayers,  
 I should repent the evils I have done;  
 Ten thousand, worse than ever yet I did,  
 Would I perform, if I might have my will;  
 If one good deed in all my life I did,  
 I do repent it from my very soul.

*Luc.* Some loving friends convey the emperor hence,  
 And give him burial in his father's grave:

My father, and Lavinia, shall forthwith  
 Be clos'd in our household's monument.  
 As for that heinous tiger, Tamora,  
 No funeral rite, nor man in mournful weeds,  
 No mournful bell shall ring her burial;  
 But throw her forth to beasts, and birds of prey:  
 Her life was beast-like, and devoid of pity;  
 And, being so, shall have like want of pity.  
 Set justice done to Aaron, that damn'd Moor,  
 By whom our heavy haps had their beginning;  
 Then, afterwards, to order well the state;  
 That like events may ne'er it ruinate. [Exit.

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